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AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE
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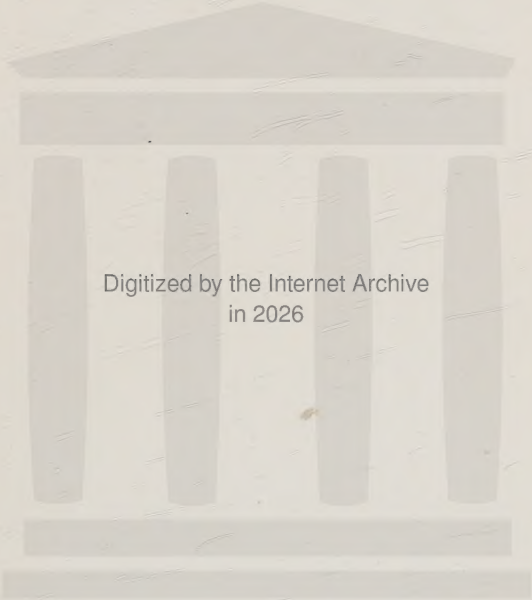
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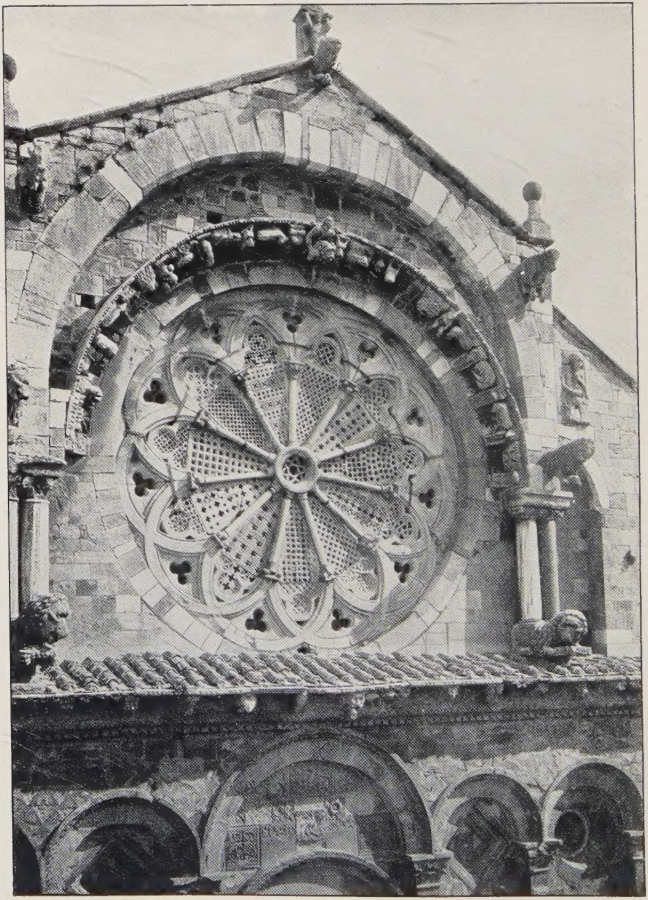

DUOMO, TROJA *Moscioni*

CITIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF

"WALKS IN ROME" "DAYS NEAR ROME" "SICILY" ETC.

EDITED BY

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY

AUTHOR OF "ROBERT THE WISE, KING OF NAPLES" ETC.

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1911

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TO
HIS MAJESTY
GUSTAF, KING OF SWEDEN
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

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NORMAN, 1042–1194

COUNTS OF APULIA

1042. William Bras-de-Fer, son of Tancred de Hauteville
1046. Drogo
1050. Humphrey
1054. Robert Guiscard, becomes Duke of Apulia and Calabria, 1060
1072. Roger, Count of Sicily, Duke of Apulia
1101. Roger II. [King of Sicily, 1130]
1154. William the Bad, I.
1166. William the Good, II.
1190. Tancred, Count of Lecce: grandson of King Roger
1194. William III., son of Tancred

HOUSE OF HOHENSTAUFEN

1194. Constance, dau. of K. Roger = Henry VI., Emp. of Germany
1198. Frederick II., their son: Emp. of Germany
1250. Conrad
1254. Manfred, nat. son of Frederick II.: killed at Benevento, 1266
1266. Conradin, defeated at Tagliacozzo: executed by Charles I. of Anjou, 1268

HOUSE OF ANJOU

KINGDOM OF NAPLES

1266. Charles I., c. of Provence (son of Louis VIII. of France) = Beatrice of Provence. Loses Sicily, 1282. Henceforward until 1456 *Sicily* was ruled by Aragonese Kings, who claimed through *Constance, daughter of Manfred* and Queen of *Pedro I.* of Aragon
1285. Charles II. (Il Zoppo)
1309. Robert the Wise
1343. Joan I., gr.-d., m. Andrew, son of *Carobert, K. of Hungary*, and gt.-gr.s. of Charles II.

1382. Charles III. (Durazzo)
1386. Ladislaus
1414. Joan II., sister of Ladislaus
1435. René of Anjou

HOUSE OF ARAGON

1442. Alfonso I. (Il Magnanimo), expelled René, June 2
1458. Ferrante I. or Ferdinand, nat. son of Alfonso I.
1494. Alfonso II.
1495. Ferrante II.
1496. Frederick, brother of Alfonso II. [Louis XII. of France seizes Naples]
1500. Louis XII. of France and Ferdinand of Spain divide Naples: the latter taking Apulia and Calabria. He was already King of Sicily
1502. Gonsalvo da Cordova conquers the French, and Naples becomes entirely Spanish

Ferdinand, the Catholic — *Viceroy:*
1507. Gonsalvo da Cordova
1508. Don John of Aragon
1509. Don Antonio Guevara
1515. Don Raimondo di Cardona
1516. Charles V., Emperor
1522. Don Carlos de Lannoia (Lannoy)
1527. Don Hugo de Monçada
1528. Philibert, P. of Orange
1529. Cardinal Pompeo Colonna
1532. Don Pedro di Toledo
1554. Cardinal Pacecho
1554. Philip II. of Spain
1555. Don Fernando A. de Toledo, D. of Alva
1558. Don Juan Manriquez de Leon
1559. Cardinal de la Cueva
1569. Don Parasan de Rivera, D. of Alcalá
1571. Antoine Perrenot, Card. de Granvelle
1575. Don Inigo Lopez, H. de Mendoza, M. of Mondejar
1579. Don Juan di Zuniga
1582. Don Pedro Giron, D. of Ossuna
1586. Don Juan di Zuniga, C. of Miranda
1595. Don Enrique de Guzman, C. di Olivares

1598. PHILIP III. of Spain
1621. PHILIP IV. (By Viceroys)
1665. CHARLES II. do.
1700. PHILIP V., declared heir to Spain, Naples, and Sicily, but Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, claimed it for the Archduke Charles, his son, as heir of the elder branch of the House of Austria. War for 11 years, and

THE GERMAN DOMINION, 1707–1734

1707. CHARLES VI. of Austria (later, Emperor of Austria). Sicily captured 1713 by Philip V., but restored to Naples in 1720, the dispossessed Duke Victor Amadeo of Savoy being given Sardinia in place of it, with the title of King

[The Peace of Utrecht, 1713, gave Naples to the German branch of the House of Hapsburg, though governed by Viceroys, German and Italian. Sicily was given to Duke Amadeo of Savoy.]

SPANISH BOURBON KINGS, 1734

1734. CHARLES III. of Spain : crowned at Palermo. Defeated the Austrians at Velletri, near Rome, 1738
1759. Ferdinand IV.
1799. General Championnet entered Naples Jan. 23 and proclaimed it a republic. But Cardinal Ruffo re-established the King
1806. Jan. 14. Massena proclaims *Joseph Bonaparte King of Naples*
1808. JOACHIM MURAT (July 15) by Decree of Napoleon

RESTORATION OF BOURBON DYNASTY

1815. Restored to FERDINAND IV. as FERDINAND I. of the Two Sicilies, 1816
1825. FRANCIS I., m. (2ndly) the Infanta Isabella of Spain, and had
1830. FERDINAND II., m. (1st) Maria Christina, dau. of Vittorio Emanuele I., K. of Sardinia, (2ndly) Maria Teresa Isabella of Austria
1859. FRANCIS II. — Maria Amelia, dau. of Louis, K. of Bavaria

HOUSE OF SAVOY

1860. Vittorio Emanuele II.
1878. Umberto I.
1901. Vittorio Emanuele III.

NOTABLE PAINTERS

Giotto was summoned to Naples by King Robert the Wise, and painted (1329–32) a series of frescoes in the Chapel of Castel Nuovo, which have long since perished

Simone Memmi of Siena and his followers (S. Lorenzo)

(?) Roberto Oderisio (1354). Ch. Sta. Maria dell' Incoronata

1484. Silvestro de' Buoni, probably from Lombardy

1475–1555. Giov. Ant. Amato

1495(?)– Cola dell' Amatrice, from Amatrice, near Aquila, the Abruzzi

1492–1543. Polidoro Caldara da Caravaggio, known to have come to Naples in 1527

1480–1545. Andrea (Sabbatini) da Salerno. *See* Museum

1560–1634. Fabrizio Santafede. Sta. Maria Nuova

1568–1640. Cavaliere D'Arpino (Giuseppe Cesari)

1558–1643. Belisario Corenzio

1569–1609. M. A. Amerighi da Caravaggio

1588–1656. Giuseppe Ribera (Lo Spagnoletto), native of Xativa in Spain.—St. Martino and Museum

1540(?)–1590. Pompeo d'Aquila

1600–1665. Aniello Falcone

1615–1675. Salvator Rosa

1613–1699. Mattia Prete (Il Calabrese)

1632–1705. Luca Giordano (Fa Presto)

1583–1656. Massimo Stanzioni

1657–1747. Fr. Solimena. Ch. S. Paolo

Whence it is seen that Naples has produced one or two second-rate artists only, and has had to rely on Tuscan and Spanish masters.

NOTABLE SCULPTORS

The so-called *Masuccio I., II., and III.* never existed at all.

The important tombs and effigies of the Angevin Period are by Tuscan masters chiefly ; the later ones also.

Tino da Camaino da Siena (Tomb of Carlo di Calabria, Sta. Chiara), d. 1337

Baccio e Giovanni da Firenze. (King Robert's tomb and relievi in Sta. Chiara.) 1345

Gagliardo Primario (Neapolitan). (Sta. Maria Donna Regina.) 1326

Isaia da Pisa, XV. cent. (Arch of Alfonso)

Andrea da Firenze (Tomb of King Ladislaus). 1455. (S. Giovann a Carbonara)

Bamboccio (Antonio) (XV. cent.)

Rossellino (Antonio) (d. 1490 ?)

Malvito, Tommaso, 1498 (da Como)

Maiano, Benedetto da (Tomb of Maria d'Aragona at Monte Oliveto

Mazzoni, Guido (da Modena), 1471

Laurana, Franc., 1458 (da Zara)

Andrea dall' Aquila, 1460

Paolo Romano, 1458

Pia, Jacopo della, 1502 (a Lombard)

Domenico D'Auria, d. 1575. (S. Domenico)

Giovanni Merliano da Nola, 1478. (S. Domenico)

Girolamo da Santacroce. XVI. cent.

M. Angelo Naccarino (fl. 1590–1610) (Cappella del Banco della Pietà), S. Carlo all' Arena, S. Restituta, Museum.

INTRODUCTION

THE attractions of **Naples** and its neighbourbood have always been familiar to travelling Englishmen, but, in publishing a book on the rest of Southern Italy, the author has an uncomfortable sense of sending forth what few will read, and fewer still will make use of on the spot. English travellers nearly always play at follow the leader, and there are probably not two hundred living who have ever closely explored the scenery of the Abruzzi, the characteristic cathedrals of Apulia, or the historic sites of Magna Graecia. Except the admirable *Unter-Italien* of Gsell-fells, *The Abruzzi* by Abbate, the *Grande Grèce* of François Lenormant, the chapters on the Abruzzi, Apulia, and Naples, in the *Italian Sculptors* of C. C. Perkins, and in the *Storia dell' Arte* of A. Venturi, little of other than scientific or archæological importance has been written about these places. It has not been considered worth while; and even the beautiful illustrations in Lear's *Journal of a Landscape Painter* and the cult of Garibaldi have failed to attract a stream of travellers as far south as Calabria.

The vastness and sometimes ugliness of the districts to be traversed, the bareness and filth of the inns, the roughness of the natives, the torment of *zanzare*, the terror of earthquakes, the insecurity of the roads, and the far more serious risk of malaria or of typhoid from the bad water, are natural causes which have hitherto kept strangers away from the south. But every year these risks are being lessened, and some of the travellers along the southern railways to Sicily may well be induced to linger on the way, though, with the exception of the rebuilt hotel at Reggio, the inns in **Calabria** are still such as none but hardy tourists may care to encounter, and the lower sites are seldom free from fever. There is not, however, the same reason for hurrying through **Apulia,** which is generally healthy, and where the more rapid improvement of the inns permits archæologists to explore certain of its wonderful old cities with some comfort.

Owing to rail and motor, every year the splendid land between Rome and Naples is becoming far better known. All the places near the Eternal City have been already fully described in *Days near Rome*, and the Italy of artists is to be found more amongst these mountain districts than in any other part of the peninsula. Here the costumes still glow with colour, and

the wonderful picturesqueness of the towns is only equalled by the exquisite beauty and variety of the scenery.

The way in which the national character alters, as Naples is approached, may seem incredible to those who have not lived in Italy. Within fifty miles of Rome, where the people have not been demoralised by travellers and their luxuries (as at Albano), cases of extortion or incivility are almost unknown, and the peasants are honest, fairly contented, and industrious. Some of the truest of gentlemen in Italy are the Campanian shepherds. But after crossing the Pontine marshes or passing the Garigliano into the former kingdom of Naples, the characteristics of the people are utterly changed, and all friendly confidence on the part of strangers (except, perhaps, in the islands of Capri and Ischia) would be misplaced. The degree to which a Neapolitan of the lower orders can cheat is only equalled by the degree to which he is in the habit of lying; while the ignorance of the people, and the extravagance of their superstitions, is such as can only be realised by long familiarity. The misgovernment of the Spanish viceroys and afterwards of the Bourbon princes accounts for much. There is possibly regret in Tuscany for the Grand Dukes: there are still some living who would restore the sovereignty of the Popes; but, with the exception of a few members of the rather extensive nobility, there is no Italian who would wish to bring back the Bourbons to Naples.

Since 1880, the old Neapolitan States have derived great advantage from the opening out of the country by railways, and in being freed from the thraldom of an ignorant and self-interested priesthood. But grinding misery and poverty are caused by the severe taxation, which absorbs nearly half the income of real property, while the corruption of the police and misprision of justice are still deplorable. In 1881, the Italian Minister of the Interior, Signor De Pretis, was compelled to issue a circular to all the prefects of the kingdom, calling their attention to the extraordinary number of arrests made by the police and not followed by a conviction, proving thereby that, on the average, 660 innocent persons were daily imprisoned through caprice, abuse, or paltry pretext. In 1910 things are of course better: but they are by no means perfect. Few words deserve more consideration from modern Italians than those of Massimo d'Azeglio, when, during the first exultation which prevailed in the meeting of the Italian Parliament at Turin in 1860, he exclaimed—"L'Italia e fatta, ma chi farâ ora gl' Italiani." In 1911 the noble Province of Basilicata suffers severely from over-emigration. The effectual men depart; the agriculture devolves upon the women: education is neglected; and consequently juvenile crime flourishes on an extraordinary scale.

With the exception of a few highly-favoured spots, the beauties of scenery in the old Neapolitan States on the mainland are confined to the neighbourhood of the capital, and this, with

the liveliness and originality of its inhabitants, will compensate the passing traveller for the disadvantages by which a resident in Naples is apt to be depressed. The spirit of fun which possesses Neapolitans is irresistible. To enjoy while you can is the apparent aim of every hour of life—to laugh at Pulcinella and Bailardo, to dance the tarantella, to listen to improvisatore, or to bagpipers—the *utricularii* of ancient days: these to Neapolitans are like duties. Prolonged gravity to them is impossible. They will be convulsed with laughter while they tell you they are starving, and the slightest joke will drive them from the excess of grief or anger into peals of merriment. Swinburne narrates how some malefactors, left all night upon a gibbet, were characteristically found the next morning with hats and long periwigs on their heads, and pipes of tobacco in their mouths: and how, on the feast of a patron of a church, a pasteboard Polichinello was exhibited on the front of the edifice administering a clyster to Scaramouche (Scaramuccia), and at a given signal the instrument took fire, and both apothecary and patient blew up in a volley of crackers.

"Le peuple napolitain, à quelques égards, n'est point du tout civilisé; mais il n'est point vulgaire à la manière des autres peuples. Sa grossièreté même frappe l'imagination. La rive africaine qui borde la mer de l'autre côté se fait presque déjà sentir, et il y a je ne sais quoi de Numidie dans les cris sauvages qu'on entend de toutes parts. Ces visages brunis, ces vêtements formés de quelques morceaux d'etoffe rouge ou violette, dont la couleur foncée attire les regards; ces lambeau d'habillements, que ce peuple artiste drape encore avec art, donnent quelque chose de pittoresque à la populace, tandis qu'ailleurs l'on ne peut voir en elle que les misères de la civilisation. Un certain goût pour la parure et les décorations se trouve souvent à Naples, à côté du manque absolu des choses nécessaires ou commodes. Les boutiques sont ornées agréablement avec des fleurs et des fruits. Quelques-unes ont un air de fête qui ne tient ni a l'abondance, ni à la félicité publique, mais seulement à la vivacité de l'imagination; on veut réjouir les yeux avant tout. La douceur du climat permet aux ouvriers, en tout genre, de travailler dans la rue. Les tailleurs y font des habits, les traiteurs leurs repas; et les occupations de la maison, se passant ainsi au dehors, multiplient le mouvement de mille manières. Les chants, les danses des jeux bruyants accompagnent assez bien tout ce spectacle; et il n'y a point de pays où l'on sent plus clairement la différence de l'amusement au bonheur; enfin, l'on sort de l'intérieur de la ville pour arriver sur les quais, d'où l'on voit et la mer et la Vésuve, et l'on oublie alors tout ce que l'on sait des hommes."—*Madame de Staël, Corinne.*

The grossest brutality to animals used to be a Neapolitan characteristic, and "Ma non sono cristiani"—"But they are not Christians"—was the universal answer to any remonstrance. For this the priest was chiefly responsible. Yet it must in justice be noticed that Naples has improved in this very matter more rapidly of late than has any other town in all Italy. The Neapolitans have outshone the Romans altogether in humanity, and they deserve exceptional praise for it.

A passion for gambling is universal, and is encouraged by all the popular games, especially by that of *morra:* and a belief in witchcraft (especially that kind called *la magia bianca,* or legitimate intercourse with spirits) is shown by the eagerness with which their advice is sought as to taking tickets in the

Government lottery. In this, an *ambo*, or two prize numbers, gives the fortunate speculator twenty times his money; a *terno*, or three prize numbers, a hundred times his investment; while a *cinquina*, or all the five prize numbers, is considered to make his fortune. The lottery, and which numbers seem likely to turn out lucky, is the most serious occupation of the Neapolitan intellect.

"C'est le peuple du monde qui aime le plus l'argent: si vous demandez à un homme du peuple votre chemin dans la rue, il tend la main après avoir fait un signe: car ils sont plus paresseux pour les paroles que pour les gestes, mais leur goût pour l'argent n'est point méthodique ni réfléchi; ils le dépensent aussitôt qu'ils le reçoivent. Si l'argent s'introduisait chez les sauvages, les sauvages le demanderaient comme cela."—*Madame de Staël, Corinne.*

The conversation of Neapolitans is more than half made up of gestures; it is amusing, and it saves trouble.

"Here are a few of the commonest signs. An outward wave of the hand, Adieu; an inward, Come; a downward, Stop. The thumb pointed backwards, Look; to the lips, with a slight toss of the head, drinking; passed across the forehead as though wiping away the perspiration, fatigue. The index finger drawn across the mouth, anger; across the clenched teeth, defiance; rapping the closed fingers against the lips, eating; passing the extended index and thumb in front of the mouth, hunger; twisting the end of the moustache, isn't it good to eat? a backward wave of the hand beneath the chin and a simultaneous toss of the head—not at any price, no, nothing; closing the fingers consecutively with a drawing motion of the hand—thievery; thumb and forefinger rubbed together, money, as with us; a prolonged shrug of the shoulders and both arms drawn back, gesture deprecatory; the open fingers of both hands crossed in front of the face to represent bars, prison; and so on *ad infinitum*."—*Stamer, Dolce Napoli.*

The exuberance of Neapolitan gesture comes to its climax in the popular dance of the tarantella.

"The tarantella is a choreographic love-story, the two dancers representing an enamoured swain and his mistress. It is the old theme—'the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.' Enraptured gaze, coy side-look; gallant advance, timid retrocession; impassioned declaration, supercilious rejection; piteous supplication, softening hesitation; worldly goods' oblation, gracious acceptation; frantic jubilation, maidenly resignation. Petting, wooing, billing, cooing. Jealous accusation, sharp recrimination; manly expostulation, shrewish aggravation; angry threat, summary dismissal. Fuming on one side, pouting on the other. Reaction, approximation, explanation, exoneration, reconciliation, osculation, winding up with a grand *pas de circonstance*, expressive of confidence re-established and joy unbounded."—*Stamer.*

The sights of Naples may be easily visited from Pozzuoli or Castellamare. Besides those at these places, tolerable inns may be found at S. Germano, Caserta, Capri, and Salerno; while at Sorrento, Ischia, La Cava, and Amalfi, the hotels are excellent. A summer may be spent delightfully at Ischia, Capri, or Sorrento, and no one has a real knowledge of what Italy can be who has not enjoyed the open-air life of these lovely places—the flowers, the fire-flies, the bathing, and, above all, the nights, of which Chateaubriand said, "Ce ne sont pas des ténèbres, mais seulement l'absence du jour."

On the eastern coast the only tolerable centres for excursions are to be found at Foggia, Barletta, Trani, Bari, and Brindisi; while, on the west, mere comfort may be said to cease altogether

at Salerno. Thenceforwards, the trains crawl Sicily-ward, through the ugly but sometimes very grand country, and loiter, without the slightest apparent object, at small wayside stations, to which the ragged, cursing, begging population is freely admitted. Luggage is often robbed in the transit, and the traveller will obtain no assistance in discovering his plunderer. Porters are rare, and, where they exist, are violent, and greedy. The diligences are indescribably wretched, and sway like a boat in a rough sea over the half-formed roads. Carriages are difficult to procure, and bullock-carts are the usual means of transit. The inns are miserable, and sometimes are swarming with insects; the beds are damp: the food is scanty, and except at Bari, Reggio and Cosenza, sanitary arrangements are unknown.

No words descriptive of wretchedness can portray the utter degradation of the peasantry in these southern provinces, or the way in which large families are huddled together, with their pigs and fowls, eternally unwashed, and covered with vermin, to which in time they become impervious, like the beasts themselves. Much of this misery is due to the immense size of the great farms (*latifundia*), which are worked in gangs under an overseer, and to the absenteeism of the landlords, for the *villeggiatura* of the noble Neapolitan families is like the *vie de Campagne* under Louis XV.; they merely leave the town to have change of air, and to enjoy the dissipations of a smaller and more intimate society, and they trouble themselves but little about their dependants. Their vast domains are managed by *fattori* or rented by *mercanti di campagna*, the sole intermediaries between the proprietors and the peasantry, of whom they used to be as much the cruel oppressors as were the slave-owners in South America. If you ask a Calabrian peasant, even a peasant proprietor, what he gains, the usual answer which comes from his lips is "Si campa," "One exists." * But he now has a refuge; even in America.

The artist who travels in Calabria should be provided with letters of introduction from Naples to the agents for some of the great houses. In the country places nothing eatable can be obtained, except bread, eggs, and *ricotte, giuncate, provelle, mazzarelle*, and other preparations from milk, generally sheep's milk, or, as a treat, occasional goat's flesh, cooked with garlic and rosemary. There is comparatively little danger from brigands anywhere in Italy now, but there is a general transmitted feeling of insecurity in the south, and it is still the custom in Calabria for lonely country houses to be prepared for a state of siege, while no Italian gentleman ventures to go out unarmed and unattended, and, on returning to his country villa, is always met at the railway station by armed servants, with horses which fail not to have pistols on their holsters. It is not a great many years since the cracking of whips was forbidden on the road from Rome to Naples, because it served as a call to brigands, and the

* *See* Valery, Bk. xiii.

Neapolitan peasantry still regard brigandage as by no means dishonourable: it was rather an attraction by which a young fellow secured the favour of his love, and brigands were always *poveretti*, to be pitied and sympathised with. Witness the exaggerated sentiment of hero-worship evinced in the trial of Musolino in 1902. A pedestrian foreigner is still apt to feel, especially in Calabria, as if every man's hand was against him, and, if he travels in desolate places, entertains (though needlessly) still as much dread of a stealthy pistol or stiletto, as of the fury of the sheep-dogs, from whom the fate of Actaeon seems constantly impending. It does not do to run from these latter: the sight of a man picking up a stone is usually sufficient to keep them at bay.

It is illustrative of the way in which the southern (or agricultural) provinces have always lagged behind the rest of Italy, that, even in Naples itself, the use of glass only became common in 1740, about the same time that the popular Father Rocco first succeeded in getting the streets lighted after a certain fashion, by turning the devotion of the people to account, and persuading them to keep innumerable lamps before images of the saints in the public thoroughfares.

In Southern Italy all other religion is lost in the worship of the Madonna, but if the Calabrese do not get what they want, they will punish their Madonna by shutting her up in her shrine as if she were in prison; they will deprive her of their accustomed offerings; and they will expostulate with her as with a living person, or as Caligula did with Jupiter Capitolinus. As "divina mater," the Madonna occupies the place once filled by Cybele, yet "Madonnaccia fritta" is only one of many undescribable terms of contempt and fury which it is common to hurl at a Madonna who is supposed to have misbehaved herself. The popular saints—Antonio, Nicola, Agata, or Rosalia—are also alternately extolled or reviled, adored or cursed, by the faithful, as if they belonged to the domestic circle, and in proportion as they are supposed to exert themselves for the benefit of their admirers. These familiarities are seen at their full height on the festival of S. Gennaro, when the people fill the cathedral of Naples with groans at their favourite saint, and call him every abominable name they can think of if his blood delays to liquefy, but implore his forgiveness with tears, and shower the most endearing appellations upon him when the annual "miracle" is at length accomplished. "Viva la Divina Providenza"—"Long life to the Divine Providence"—is the familiar sign of many public-houses in Sicily. In the lower orders, people usually keep a regular account with heaven, by way of calculating how long their residence in purgatory is likely to be. "Domeniddio non paga lo Sabbato" is a popular proverb indicating the belief that God lays up the amount of sin with interest.

Very primitive are the habits of domestic life in the South, where almost everything is conducted in public or in the open air. It is a common thing for a Calabrian woman, far advanced

in pregnancy, to go up to the forest for fuel, and to be there surprised by the pains of childbirth, perhaps hastened by toil. She is nowise dismayed at the solitude around her, or the distance from home, but, as in some of the Caucasian tribes, delivers herself of her infant, which she folds up in her apron, and, after a little rest, carries back to her cottage. It is a proverb much in use, "Che una serva Calabrese piu ama far un figlio che un bucato"; *i.e.*, "A Calabrian maid-servant prefers the labour of childbirth to that of a wash."

The desire for male children is universal. When a Neapolitan woman sneezes, all the bystanders wish her "figlii maschi"—sons. But if the wife of a small peasant proprietor gives birth to a daughter, it is the custom to plant at once a row of poplar-trees, which will be ready to cut down and produce her dowry seventeen years after. It is funny to see Neapolitan children cry; they always go to the wall for it—to their "wailing-place"—perhaps, a relic of Saracenic rule.

The old customs and even the old proverbs have been dying out rapidly in Naples, together with the old religion, and the old streets, since the change of government; but the classical student will be interested to find how many customs and superstitions, which are mentioned by the Latin authors, still continue to survive. The few Church festas permitted are not what they used to be, and chiefly consist in days spent in idleness and firing of miniature cannon. But Neapolitans, who love eating more than any other people, never forget that each festival has its appropriate dainty. As *carpe diem* is always the fashion, they will sell even their clothes and beds to buy the orthodox feast at Christmas, and they make *susanielli* and *struffoli* of flour, oil, and honey, such as the Romans offered to Janus, and eat "the cake of S. Martino," because to that saint they pray for abundance. During the Carnival (from *carne vale*—farewell to flesh), all the extravagances of the national character are seen in fullest excess, throwing into greater solemnity Holy Week, when there is a general impression that no one ought to enjoy themselves at all, especially on Good Friday. Under the Bourbons, no horse or carriage whatever was allowed in the streets of Naples from 12 on Holy Thursday to 10 A.M. on the following Saturday—a great annoyance to arriving travellers. But, in the Neapolitan States, a certain solemnity used actually to pervade every Friday—"Allegrezza di venerdi, pianto di domenica," was a well-known proverb. At Easter, all servants give *coluri*—painted eggs—to their masters. At *La Majuna* (May 1) doors and windows are decorated with green boughs, *arboscelli di maggio*, or garlands, *banderuole*, of flowers. On S. Luca (October 18) it is an absolute necessity to eat *coccia*—wheat boiled with chestnuts and milk. The popular dishes themselves are still often those of classical times. Sausages—*lucanicae* (from Lucania)—are still manufactured in the way Apicius describes, and are served with a garnish of maccaroni—

"Filia Picenae venio Lucanica porcae
Pultibus hinc niveis grata corona datur."
Martial, Ep. xiii. 35.

The small figs introduced by L. Vitellius, uncle of the emperor, are still dried in the old fashion, and called *cottate*.

"In ficorum genere caricas, et minores ejus generis, quae cottana vocant."—*Pliny*, xiii. 10.

Of South Italian superstitions the most prominent is that of the *Jettatura*, or Evil Eye, which has been handed down from classical times. Thus Virgil says :

"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos";
Eclog. iii. 103.

while Sannazzaro, in the fifteenth century, writes :

"L'invidia, figliulo mio, se stessa macera,
E si dilegua come agnel per fascino."

A number of antidotes are in requisition against the *Jettatura*. Children wear bits of rock-salt round their necks, and women a little silver frog, with the same intention. Some burn incense mixed with the palms blessed at Easter ; the use of the palm in averting danger being mentioned by Pliny. But the most popular antidote is a little coral hand with one finger stretched out—the hand of S. Gennaro—with which the shops of Naples abound. These charms are especially in request whenever Vesuvius is in a state of eruption. If the case is alarming, half the population may be seen kneeling in the streets ; processions of clergy and monks carry the Blessed Sacrament, or even the relics of S. Gennaro himself, to the scene of danger ; the air resounds with litanies ; never was there a people in such an agonised state of repentance for their sins, but *immediately* the danger is over, all are laughing, singing, dancing, quarrelling, gambling, cursing, fighting, as before, or, further, are rushing to the lotteries in order to secure lucky numbers.

"During a late eruption of Vesuvius, the people took offence at the new theatre being more attended than the churches, and assembled in great numbers to drive the nobility from the opera ; they snatched the flambeaux from the footmen, and were proceeding tumultuously to the cathedral to fetch the head of S. Gennaro and oppose its miraculous influence to the threats of the blazing volcano ; this would undoubtedly have ended in a very serious sedition if Father Rocco had not stept forth, and, after reproaching them bitterly with the affront they were about to put upon the saint by attending his relics with torches taken from mercenary hands, ordered them all to go home and provide themselves with wax tapers ; the crowd dispersed, and proper measures were taken to prevent its gathering again."—*Swinburne's Travels.*

The treatment of the dead shows the character of this idolatrous and self-seeking people in its saddest aspect. When the funeral of a friend passes, a Neapolitan will exclaim with characteristic selfishness, "Salute a noi"—"Health to ourselves"—without thought of the departed. Most of the middle classes belong, as in ancient times, to a *congregazione* or burial-club. Amongst the poor, when any member of a family has expired, it is the custom for the oldest person present to recapitulate the virtues of the dead. Then, if there is a widow, she repeats the words,

adding her own comments, howling and tearing out handfuls of her hair, which she strews upon the bier. She alone is allowed the privilege of vocal demonstration ; the sisters and daughters also tear their hair and beat their breasts, but they must do so in silence. All the duties of the family, however, end at the house, and *beccamorti*, or hired mourners, carry the corpse to the "pauper pits" of the Campo Santo Vecchio, to be hurled into the common "grave of the day" : sometimes it is accompanied by a number of old women, paid to howl as mourners—the *praeficae* of the ancients.

"In funeral ceremonies, it is usual to hire clergymen called Fratanzari, who, having no patrimony, earn as much by their fees on these occasions as pays for their ordination ; but it is very common for them to dress up the vagabonds of the streets in their clothes and send them to sing and pray in their stead ; these fellows are always attended by a friend who holds a paper bag, into which they make the tapers waste as much as possible. At the burial of an Archbishop of Naples four hundred friars attended with wax lights, but some thieves let loose a mad ox among them and in the confusion ran away with the candles. At another great funeral a gang of rogues disguised themselves like clerks and sacristans, and demanded from each assistant his tapers, which they extinguished, and carried off with the utmost hypocritical composure."—*Swinburne's Travels*, 1785.

In passing through the agricultural districts of the Neapolitan provinces, the traveller will be perpetually reminded of the Latin poets, especially of the *Georgics* of Virgil, which may well be taken as his companion. Fields are still covered with cerintha and lupin—the "tristis lupinus"—and the peasants still, in cloudy weather, tell the hour by the position of this flower, which, like the sunflower, turns, as Pliny describes, with the sun. The wood of the plough is still elm—

"Et curvi formam accepit ulmus aratri" ;
Georg. i. 170.

and the oxen still drag back the inverted plough—

"Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido."
Horace, Ep. ii. 63.

The vinedresser also recalls Horace as he exercises his wit upon the passengers in the neighbouring highway—

"Durus
Vindemiator, et invictus, cui saepe viator
Cessisset, magna compellans voce cucullum" ;
Sat. i. 7.

and the wild fig-tree still splits the rocks with its "evil strength"—

"Ad quae
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus."
Juvenal, x. 145.

The artist will find few subjects attractive to his pencil, which are not architectural, after leaving Amalfi and Paestum ; but Roccella, Scilla, and the forests of Pietra Pennata are exceptions. To the historian and antiquarian a tour through the Southern Provinces must always be of extreme interest. But it is to the architect especially that such a tour commends itself, though he

may cease his investigations at Paestum on the west, and with the Terra d'Otranto on the eastern coast. A journey undertaken with a camera for the sole purpose of tracing the gradual victory of Benedictine Lombardic over Byzantine art in Apulia, would bring rich reward.

"Though the architectural objects in Southern Italy adopted Christian forms they never abandoned the classical feeling in details, and it is this which mainly renders them worthy of study. Whether considered in dimensions, outline, or constructive peculiarities, their churches will not bear a moment's comparison with those of the north; but in elegance of detail they often surpass purely Gothic building to such a degree as to become to some extent as worthy of study as their more ambitious rivals. . . . Their great interest in the eyes of the student consists in their forming a link between the Eastern and Western worlds, and thus joining together two styles which we have hitherto been in the habit of considering as having no point of contact.

. . . . . .

"The style of architecture which most resembles that used in Apulia is the one we find prevailing in the valley of the Po during the twelfth and early part of the thirteenth centuries; but we miss entirely in the south the reed-like pillars which formed so favourite a mode of decoration in Verona and elsewhere; we miss also the figured sculpture which everywhere adorned the northern portals and façades. The Greek iconoclastic feeling prevailed to such an extent in the south as entirely to prevent the introduction of the human form, either in bas-reliefs or in single figures; but the architects indemnified themselves for this by the introduction of lions, elephants, and monsters of all sorts, to an extent found nowhere else, and by the lavish employment of sculptured foliage and richly carved frets and mouldings and a bold system of bracketing, which gave to the style as much richness as can be desired, often combined into great beauty of detail."—*Fergusson.*

In Basilicata and Calabria almost every ancient building has perished in the numerous earthquakes which have devastated those provinces, but in Southern Latium, the Abruzzi, Campania, and above all in Apulia, magnificent remains are to be seen which illustrate every period of architectural evolution—of polygonal walls and gates, at Cassino, Alatri, and Arpino: of Greek temples, at Paestum and Metaponto; of Roman buildings, at Aquino, S. Germano, Capua, Naples, Pozzuoli, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Beneventum; of mediæval cathedrals and Benedictine abbeys, always of interest and often of unexpected magnificence, at Beneventum, Troja, Lucera, Barletta, Trani, Bitonto, Bitetto, Bari, Altamura and Matera; of splendid monasteries, at Casamari, Trisulti, Fossanuova, Monte Cassino, and La Cava; of world-famous shrines at Monte Vergine and Monte S. Angelo; of noble castles at Avezzano, Naples, Melfi, Lucera, Lago Pesole, Castel del Monte, and Oria; of countless exquisitely beautiful tombs, pulpits, thrones, paschal candelabra, and other works of sculpture at Aquila, Salerno, Ravello, and in the churches of Naples. Besides these, the great palace of Caserta will claim attention from the architect, being almost the only modern building of importance in Southern Italy, though, while the Bourbon sovereigns took little trouble for the advancement of their kingdom, their care for their own comfort is evinced by the number of palaces built by them. No kingdom of the size had so many royal residences. Besides the palaces in Sicily,

La Reggia in the capital, Capodimonte and Portici in its immediate suburbs, and the dreary Caserta, the sovereigns had villas at Gaeta, at Castellamare, at Carditello, and at Persano near Paestum, with the castles of Procida and Ischia for sea-bathing.

"Sotto questo cielo non nascono sciocchi" is at least a proverb, and many Neapolitans have been distinguished in literature since the days of Statius, Domitian's laureate, who was a native of Neapolis (Parthenope). Amongst these we may reckon Vico, the logician; Giannone, the historian of the Two Sicilies; Filangieri, the jurist; Galiani, the economist (though born at Chieti), Bartolomeo Capasso, and the Abbé Sarnelli.

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CHAPTER I

Frosinone : Veroli : Trisulti : Il Pozzo di Santulla : Casamari : Monte S. Giovanni : Rocca Ducale : Ceccano : Ceprano : Fondi : Sperlonga : Itri : Formia : Gaeta : Sparanise : Minturno.

Frosinone (Albergo Garibaldi), 9760 inhabitants. A beautifu place (955 ft.), with an exquisite name, spreads over a picturesque hill which it crowns with a tall campanile. It is two miles from the station on the Rome-Naples line, and seven south of Feren tino. It looks over the vale of the Sacco and across to the Monti Lepini and the Hernican mountains. It belonged to the redoubtable Volsci, whom the Romans deprived here of a portion of their territory for inciting the Hernicans to rebel. It became a military colony, and suffered at the hands alternately of Belisarius and Vitiges, but prospered in the Middle Ages until, in 1798, the French sacked and burned it. Juvenal describes the contrast between the economy and tranquillity of life in Frusino and in the neighbouring towns. A few relics of a Roman amphitheatre alone witness to its antiquity. Its interest lies in its beauty of position, its fertility, and the charming costume of its women.

From here the road due north travels to **Alatri** (see *Days near Rome*), and thence, *via* **Collepardo,** to the beautiful **Certosa di Trisulti.** If we turn off to the right, at Pignano, there is a road to **Veroli** (17 kilometres from Frosinone), 11,070 inhabitants, situated on a spur of Mount Castellone, and having seven gates. On the north side are to be seen remains of polygonal walls and the ancient acropolis. One tower of the mediæval castle remains. From the highest point, called Civita, is obtained a superb panoramic view over the valleys of the Sacco and Cosa. The Duomo is in the Piazza, and has choir-stalls, finely carved, of nut. The breviary of S. Louis of Toulouse, brother of King Robert of Naples, is among the treasures shown by the sacristan. In S. Saloma is the tomb of Francesca Leni, of Arpino, and there is a majolica-tiled pavement.

Excursions to the **Abbey of Casamari** (four hours); **Bauco** (two hours).

A carriage may be obtained at Frosinone Station (54 miles from Rome) for the excursion to the Carthusian monastery of **Trisulti** (about two hours distant), to which the road leads

through beautiful mountain-scenery. About a mile from the village of **Collepardo** (by a path which turns left before entering it) is the strange hole called **Il Pozzo di Santulla,** a pit in the rock recalling the *Latomiae* of Syracuse, about 400 yards round and 200 feet deep, hung with vast stalactites, and fringed at the top with weird ilex (guide, 5 lire). The Pozzo, says tradition, was once a vast threshing-floor, on which the people impiously threshed corn upon the festa of the Assumption, when the outraged Madonna caused it to sink into the earth, with all who were upon it, and it remains to this day a memorial of her wrath. Beyond Santulla the majestic character of the scenery increases. The path winds round a chaos of great rocks, and descends into a deep gorge, whence it mounts again to the final isolated plateau of **Trisulti,** close under the snows, and overlooking a splendid ravine. Here is a wood of old oaks carpeted with lilies, and beyond it Alpine pastures, sheeted in spring with mountain crocus and iris. Only the booming of a bell through these solemn mountain solitudes tells the traveller that he is near the monastery, until he is close upon it, and then a mass of white buildings, overtopped by a church, reveals itself on the edge of a great rocky platform.

The interior of the monastery is modernised, but its well-kept courts, garden, and curious fountains, have a beauty of their own, in the Carthusian fashion. Moreover, the magnificent bald ridges look down into them over the roofs. All seems peaceful with these silent white brethren!

The church, built in 1208 by Innocent III., was restored in 1768. It is lined with precious marbles. In the **sacristy** is a good picture by the *Cavaliere d'Arpino,* and on either side of the church are two large pictures by the modern artist *Balbi* of Alatri, one representing Moses striking the rock, the other the same miracle as performed by S. Bruno. Over the **high altar** is a fresco of the sending out the first Carthusian monks to colonise Trisulti. The **terrace** beyond the little garden, with its formal box-edges, leads to the **spezeria,** decorated by *Balbi,* where many herbal medicines, and excellent liqueurs and perfumes are made by the monks. The country people come hither from a great distance to receive gratuitous medicine and advice, and in all respects the monks are considered the best friends and helpers of the poor of the neighbouring villages in sickness or trouble. May and June are good months for visiting it.

A little path turning to the left outside the gateway of Trisulti gives the best view of the monastic buildings, and continues through the forest to the Gothic chapel and cell of S. Domenico Loricato, who first collected a number of hermits around him on this spot, and built a chapel which he dedicated to S. Bartholomew.

In returning to Ceprano, or Alatri, a divergence should be made, leaving the horses at the top of the rock, to visit the famous

ABBEY OF TRISULTI

A. Hare

Grottoes of Collepardo. A stony path winds by zigzags into the abyss of the Cosa. Here the scenery is magnificent: the gorge is very narrow, only wide enough to contain the stream and the path by its side, and on the left rises a tremendous precipice, in the face of which yawns the cavern. It is best to take the precaution of ordering what is called an "illumination" on the way to Trisulti, and one costing five lire is the best to ask for, as producing the degree of light which is enough to show, but not to annihilate, the effect of darkness. Attended by a troop of boys, we descend into the earth by a wide path like a hillside, and then ascend by a narrower rocky way through the darkness, lighted by glaring torches. Suddenly we find ourselves on the edge of a chasm, something like the Pozzo di Santulla, with a kind of rock-altar rising in the midst, blazing with fire, and throwing a ghastly glare on the wondering faces overlooking the edge of the abyss, and on the sides of the tremendous columns of stalactite which rise from the ground to the roof like a vast natural cathedral, and seem to fall again in showers of petrified fountains. Sir R. C. Hoare says that "the large vaulted roof, spacious halls, fantastic columns and pyramids, imitating rustic, yet unequalled, architecture, present a fairy palace which rivals the most gorgeous descriptions of romance." But Collepardo must be seen to be realised; seen, with its vast stalactite halls opening one beyond another, not level, but broken by rugged cliffs with winding pathlets along their edges; seen, with its flame-bearing pinnacles sending volumes of bright smoke into the upper darkness; seen, with its groups of wondering people clambering along the rocks, with their flashing torches, shouting to one another as they go, and startling the bats and owls, which add by their shrieks to the unearthly confusion.

Casamari, almost washed by the Amaseno, which is crossed by a ferry (*traghetto*), now a Trappist abbey, was originally Benedictine, and in 1151 Cistercian. It more resembles a fortress than a convent, and is a national monument like Monte Cassino. The foundation-stone of its Gothic church was laid in 1203. The entrance through a round-arched central portal, carried on six lateral shafts, leads into nave and aisles of six bays, with side altars. The west front has a good rose-window between two lancets. At the fifth pair of piers a screen of wrought iron separates the monastic portions of the church from the lay. The floor is decorated with tiles bearing the Barberini bees. The soft cream-like tone of the travertine, with which it is built, is remarkably fresh. The choir contains a "tribuna" made after the manner of a small temple in the Corinthian style, and of fine marble. The transepts have eastern chapels.

The Cloister, surrounded by Lombard arcades carried on coupled columns of varying design, is entered from the processional door of the south aisle, and the usual Cistercian arrangement of the domestic buildings ensues. In the centre is the

well. The chapter-house, infirmary, and dormitories are shown by the courtesy of the Prior.

The site is supposed to be identifiable with Cereatae, which claims equally with Arpino to be the birthplace of Caius Marius.

The long row of store-sheds before the piazza of the monastery serves for shops during the fair held here on the feast of S. Matthew.

From Casamari can be reached **Monte S. Giovanni Campano** (Locanda F°. Cinelli), 5710 inhabitants; said to have originated in the refugees from Cereatae, and formerly a fief of the Marchese di Pescara. The Piazza, "Il Belvedere," on three sides commands magnificent prospects. To the north-west rises with two of its towers the **Rocca Ducale.** The chapel was formerly the prison, where S. Thomas Aquinas was confined by order of his mother and brothers in order to prevent his adopting the ecclesiastical career, and from it he escaped to Monte Cassino. **S. Maria della Valle** is said to be constructed after a design by Bramante. It contains a good wooden statue of the Virgin (sixteenth century). In the neighbourhood are worked asphalt, petroleum, &c. Monte Pedicino can be visited in four hours.

Ceccano, 900 ft. (Locanda Anelli), 7260 inhabitants, on the side of a hill overlooking a deep glen and the valley of the Sacco. The upper town was girdled with walls by Pope Silverius. The newer town below is much resorted to by visitors in the hot season. Woollen and paper factories are the chief sources of industry. On the left of the Sacco, two miles south of Ceccano, is the site of Fabrateria Vetus, a Volscian city made into a Roman colonia. In ancient days the Sacco bore the name of Trerus. Amaseno, a fief of Colonna, with a castle, can be visited from here.

Ceprano (buffet at the station), 5100 inhabitants, on the right bank of the Liris. The town is three kilometres from the line. Paschal II. lived here while he was quarrelling with the Emperor, Henry V., about the Investitures, and deposed the Archbishop of Benevento. Here, fifty years later, Manfred was betrayed by his troops (*cf.* Dante, *Inferno*, Cto. xxviii. 16). Near it, on high ground, was situated the Oscan Fregellae, destroyed 125 B.C. for rebellion. It arose again under the name of Vicus Cipri.

Fondi, on the Via Appia, may be reached from Terracina, or from Ceprano by a very beautiful mountain road descending near Lenola. It is a picturesque walled town in the province of Caserta, and but eleven miles from Terracina, overlooking the Lago di Fondi and the Gulf of Terracina. It was a municipium in 338 B.C., and a colonia in 188 B.C., and is well worthy a visit of two or three days (10,100 inhabitants). Horace satirises the airs of the local official (*Sat.* i. 5, 34). The **castle** of the Caëtani, with many towers, and flamboyant windows, adjoins the **cathedral.** The latter has a fine portal with the usual lions and a fifteenth-century tomb of Onorato Caëtani, Lord of Fondi. The **episcopal throne** is of the thirteenth century, and decorated with mosaic (Cosmatesque). Robert of Geneva was here elected

GATEWAY, ABBEY OF CASAMARI *Moscioni*

antipope to Urban VI. (Prignano) in 1378, a fact especially annoying to the latter, who was a Neapolitan. **S. Maria** contains a Cosmatesque pulpit and a Madonna by Silvestro dei Buoni, 1490.

In 1534 Hayradeen Barbarossa, brother of the Pseudo-Dey of Algiers, landed at Sperlonga (Spelunca), with a view to raiding Fondi and carrying off, as a prize for Selim II., Giulia Gonzaga, the lovely widow of Vespasiano Colonna. Her servants were mercilessly massacred, but she escaped in her night-dress from a window, and took refuge in the mountains. The Turks again sacked Fondi in 1594. The famous Caecuban vine (Horace, Ode i. 20) is believed to have been grown between Fondi and Itri.

Sperlonga is a fishing village, finely situated on a headland, and a resort of the ancient Romans. Suetonius and Tacitus tell how Sejanus, the powerful, but ill-fated, Chancellor of Tiberius, saved his master's life, when, at a banquet given in one of the decorated caves here, large stones fell from the vault and buried some of the suite as well as Sejanus, who hurled his body and arms over Tiberius, so as to shelter him. The guard excavated both, and Tiberius journeyed on to Capua in order to dedicate a temple there. The Grotta di Tiberio is shown a kilometre beyond the village (south).

Leaving Fondi by the Via Appia (south-east) the road mounts gradually amid beautiful wild scenery, past the Fontana S. Andrea, by a pass to **Itri** (690 ft.), with a crowning castle in ruins, built out of the substructure materials of the Appia Antica. Here was born Michele Pezza, otherwise the "Fra Diavolo," of Auber's famous opera (*d.* 1806), a personage, whatever his crimes, who was much patronised by the royal family of Naples during the French invasion of 1798–99, when he and Mammone secured the passes from Portella to Mola di Gaeta. Irving's sketch, *The Inn of Terracina*, has perpetuated the interest in him. The French pursued Pezza remorselessly, and having driven him to Sicily, and offered large rewards for his capture, he was discovered to them at Baronisi, near Palermo, in 1806, and shot. In earlier days Marco Sciarra, a robber baron, promised Tasso a safe conduct through the region.

After leaving Itri the road winds down to **Formia**, H. dei Fiori, facing south into the **Gulf of Gaeta**, passing near the round tower on square base, called the Tomba di Cicerone, overgrown with herbage (Albergo della Quercia and dei Fiori). Formia is so exquisitely situated that Ischia and most of the promontories of the Bay of Naples can be surveyed from it. The Villa Caposele (A.D. 150) above it, is held to have been that of Cicero, whence he escaped to meet death at the swords of the Tribunes Popilius and Herennius 43 B.C. Formerly a favourite resort of the Bourbon Kings of Naples, it now belongs to a private family who are good enough to permit visitors at stated times to see its gardens and ancient remains (fee, ½ lira at Palazzo Rubino). The mountains rise abruptly on the north side of the bay.

Gaeta (Albergo Corona di Ferro), 5701 inhabitants, on the south-west, stretches out, like a long barrow, into the sea with its lighthouse, and was once a formidable fortress of the Neapolitan kingdom, and became the last refuge of Francis II. His Queen, Maria of Bavaria, heroically held it for four months in 1861 until the Sardinian fleet, on February 23, received the surrender. Hither, in November 1848, Pius IX. fled from Rome: From the **Piazza** a path leads to the summit of the promontory, which is crowned by the Torre d'Orlando, being actually the tomb of Lucius Munatius Plancus, the founder of Lugdunum (Lyons) in the reign of Augustus. In 1504 the town surrendered to a Spanish fleet under Gonsalvo da Cordova, and in 1806 it held out for six months against Masséna.

The **Duomo,** S. Erasmo, has a thirteenth-century tower, and behind its high altar is preserved a banner presented by Pius V. to the victor of Lepanto, Don John of Austria, representing the Saviour with SS. Peter and Paul. In front, rising from four lions, stands a sculptured Gothic column.

The railway from Formia passes to **Sparanise** on the **Naples-Rome** route, near the coast.

Minturno (460 ft.), the ancient Minturnae (where Marius concealed himself among the rushes of the Liris, and was made prisoner, but escaped almost miraculously from the barbarian sent to kill him), has the remains of an aqueduct and an amphitheatre, *i.e.*, the modern Traetta. The town occupied both banks of the river and was made a colonia by Cæsar. Here Gonsalvo da Cordova gained his final triumph over the French (December 27, 1503). Near S. Agata the road passes in sight of **Sessa Aurunca** (530 ft.), on the slope of Rocca Monfina, with another amphitheatre and a ruined bridge. The Duomo (twelfth century) contains a remarkable ambone (pulpit), and paschal candelabra. Beyond, on the right, rises Monte Massico (2660 ft.), famous for classic vintages.

PULPIT IN S. PIETRO AT FONDI *Moscioni*

CHAPTER II

Sora : Isola : Arpino : Arce : Atina : Belmonte : Rocca Secca : Aquino : Pontecorvo : Monte Cassino : Rocca Janula : Teano : Calvi : Capua : Sta. Maria di Capua : Caserta : Cajazzo : Alife : Piedimonte : Val d'Inferno : Maddaloni : Cancello : Aversa.

On the line from Avezzano, in the Abruzzi, to Rocca Secca on the Naples-Rome railway, stands **Sora**, 920 ft., a town of 6172 inhabitants, on the right bank of the half-encircling **Liris**. Close behind it stand the polygonal walls of the ancient "quiet country town" of Juvenal (Albergo di Liris, Roma). In modern days the learned Cardinal Baronius (1538–1607) was born here. It gives a ducal title to the Buoncompagni family. It is a prosperous place and admirably situated for excursions; but it is more attractive for the costume and beauty of its women. Italian costume reaches its climax here; and the festival of S. Restituta (May 27) affords the best occasion for studying it.

At **Isola**, 710 ft. (Albergo Meglio), on the road to Arpino, occur the beautiful **Falls of the Liris**. The cascade tumbles in a mass of water, encircled by smaller streams, from beneath an old castle, almost into the midst of the town. The colour is glorious, and the iris more vivid than at Terni. Between it and Sora, on an island (Insula Arpinas) in the Fibreno, and close to its junction with the Liris, stands the convent of **S. Domenico Abbate**, where Gregory VII. was once a monk. This island belonged first to Cicero, and then to Silius Italicus. Through the trees overhanging the waters are exquisite mountain-views; and among the vegetation lie fragments and capitals of columns. The Roman bridge across the Liris, **Ponte di Cicerone**, remains.

Arpino, 1475 ft. (Albergo della Pace), the birthplace of Cicero, bears for its municipal banner the letters M. T. C. He constantly alludes to his native town and describes the people there as rustic and simple, and with all the virtues of rugged mountaineers. It stands upon two hills; one summit, the higher one, called **Civita-Vecchia,** occupies the ancient site of Volscian Arpinum, and retains its polygonal walls. The inscriptions let into the walls of various buildings tell of the ancient industry of woollen manufacture and dyeing. Mercurius Lanarius had a temple here, supposed to have occupied the site of the Church of **Sta. Maria di Civita.** The **Porta dell' Arco,** reached by the path opposite

the hotel (2055 ft.), constructed of polygonal masonry, without cement, has been compared with the gate of Mycenae, though it probably dates only from the fifth century B.C. The ancient pavement hard by witnesses to the wheels of primitive waggons. The round towers along the walls are of the fifteenth century. The large square tower in the citadel was occupied by Ladislaus, King of Naples, on his way to Rome, 1404.

Arce, below the old castle of Rocca d'Arce, commands onderful views. It occupies the site of Arx Volsciorum, with ,olygonal walls and other remains.

Atina, on the road from Sora to Cassino, is a mediæval hill-town. Near it, on another point of the mountain, are the polygonal remains of its Volscian predecessor, reputed to have been founded by Saturn: "Atina potens," and it is mentioned as a snowy spot by Silius Italicus:

> "Monte nivoso
> Descendens Atina."

The drive down hence to Cassino (11 miles), past Belmonte and S. Elia, is never to be forgotten. The village of Rocca Secca, three miles from the line, is not inviting, and sits on its bare flank of mountain, with little visible means of subsistence. Above it are the ruins of the castle in which Thomas Aquinas (it is said by some) saw the light. A few miles further we reach **Aquino**, 335 ft., the birthplace of Juvenal, and once a place of importance. Strabo speaks of it as chief among the Volscian cities. Dolabella was put to death here. The town was destroyed by the Lombards, whereupon the inhabitants took refuge at **Castro Cielo**, on the top of the mountain. Thence after a time they descended to Palazzuolo, where their descendants probably exist still.

The circuit of ancient Aquinum is now filled with vineyards and gardens, amid which gigantic fragments of ruin appear at intervals. The desolate suburban **Church of S. Maria Libera** is approached by an immense flight of marble steps, once the approach to a temple. The walls are encrusted with fragments of ancient carving. Glorious friezes of acanthus in the highest relief surround the great door. A mosaic of the twelfth century represents the Virgin and Child, and below, on either side, is a sarcophagus, with a female head projecting from it, one inscribed "Ottolina," the other "Maria." Ottolina has been identified with the wife of Adolfino, son of Landolfo of Aquino, first Count of Alsito, and sister-in-law of S. Thomas Aquinas. The interior of the church was curious, having six pillars on one side of the nave and only three on the other; since 1870 ignorant mania for uniformity has destroyed its interest.

Close to the church is a beautiful little **Triumphal Arch**, with Corinthian columns. A mill-stream has been diverted through it, and it stands reflected in the clear water, which falls below it in a series of miniature cascades.

ROMAN ARCH AT AQUINO

A. Hare

Descending the great marble staircase, we find a lane following the Via Latina, which retains some of its ancient polygonal lava pavement. Passing a succession of Roman fragments, we reach the ruined **Church of S. Tommaso**, in which are several beautiful fragments of frieze from local temples. A little beyond, the Via Latina is crossed by the massive **Porta S. Lorenzo**, a Roman gateway in perfect preservation, by which we enter the circuit of the ancient city, passing through the still existing line of old walls. Farther down the Via Latina is a succession of buildings in ruins—a theatre; some colossal blocks, shown as having belonged to a temple of Diana, and now called **S. Maria Maddalena**; and a huge mass of wall, believed to have belonged to a temple of Ceres, afterwards converted into the basilica of **S. Pietro Vetere**. All the ruins are embedded in vineyards and gardens. Returning through the Arco S. Lorenzo, and following the little stream in the valley, we find a strange old church supported upon open arches, through which there occur most picturesque views of the present town, scrambling along the edge of tufa rocks, crested and overhung by fig-trees.

The mediæval city, which arose under the powerful Counts of Aquino, is the oldest bishopric in the Roman Church. Its bishops sign ecclesiastical documents immediately after the archbishops, and the whole cathedral chapter of Aquino have still the right to wear mitres and full episcopal robes.

S. Thomas Aquinas was born, March 7, 1224, in the still existing **Casa Reale** (the old palace of Aquino, with Venetian Gothic windows), being the son of Count Landolfo and his wife Teodora Caracciolo. His grandfather married the sister of the Emperor Frederick I., and he was therefore great-nephew of that prince. It has been the custom to say he was born at Rocca Secca, which, however, was never more than a mere "fortezza" of the Counts of Aquino, but never used by them as a residence; and all uncertainty has been cleared up by the recent discovery of a letter of the saint in the archives of Monte Cassino, saying that he was coming to seek the blessing of the Abbot Bernard before setting out upon a journey, and that he intended to visit his birthplace at Aquino on the way. Here the youngest sister of S. Thomas was killed by a flash of lightning, while sleeping in the room with him and her nurse. At five years S. Thomas was sent to school at Monte Cassino, but at twelve his masters declared themselves unable to teach him any more. On account of his stolid silence, he obtained the nickname of "the dumb ox," but his celebrated tutor Albertus Magnus, after some answers on difficult subjects, said, "We call him the dumb ox, but he will give such a bellow in learning as will astonish the whole world." At seventeen he received the habit of S. Domenico at Naples. His mother, the Countess Teodora, tried to prevent his taking the final vows, and he fled from her toward Paris. At Acquapendente he was intercepted by his brothers Landolfo and Rinaldo, who tore off his habit, and carried him to his father's

castle of Rocca Secca. Here his mother met him, and finding her entreaties vain, shut him up, and allowed him to see no one but his two sisters, whose exhortations she hoped would bend him to her will. On the contrary, he converted his sisters, and, after two years' imprisonment, one of them let him down from a window, and he was received by some Dominicans, and pronounced the final vows.

Gradually S. Thomas became the greatest theological teacher and writer of his time. When he refused a bishopric, the Pope made him always attend his person, and thus his lectures were given in the different towns of papal residence—Rome, Viterbo, Orvieto, Fondi, and Perugia. The crowning work of S. Thomas was the *Summa Theologia*—the science of the Christian religion ; but to ordinary readers he is perhaps less known by his theology than by his hymns, of which "Pange Lingua" and "Tantum Ergo" are the most celebrated.

Near Aquino is the mountain castle of **Loreto**, which belonged to the parents of S. Thomas. It was while they were staying there that he, a boy, stole all the contents of the family larder to distribute to the poor. The legend tells that, when his father intercepted him, and commanded him to give up what his cloak contained, a shower of roses fell from it to the ground.

Three miles beyond Aquino, the road which passes under the Arco S. Lorenzo reaches **Pontecorvo**, once an independent state like Monaco. In the Middle Ages it belonged alternately to the Tomacelli and to the abbey of Monte Cassino. Napoleon gave it as a duchy to Bernadotte. The town is well situated, and is approached by a triumphal arch, adorned with a statue of Pius IX. The cathedral stands on the substructions of an ancient temple. The costumes here are magnificent.

On the left of the railway, the great convent of **Monte Cassino** is seen crowning a rocky hill-top above the plain of the Garigliano, and the fine old castle of Rocca Janula occurs overlooking Cassino. Inn, **Albergo Varrone,** clean and reasonable. From the station to the Abbey and back for two persons, 4 lire.

Cassino (10,000 inhabitants) occupies the site of the Roman Casinum, which Strabo describes as the last town of Latium on the Latin Way. Livy tells how Hannibal intended occupying it in order to prevent the Consul Fabius from advancing on Campania, but was led by a mistake of his guide to Casilinum. Silius Italicus mentions its springs and its foggy climate. Casinum continued to flourish under the empire, but was destroyed by the Lombards in the sixth century. Its former name of S. Germano was derived from a holy bishop of Capua, a contemporary and friend of S. Benedict.

Half a mile from the town, just above the high-road from S. Germano to Rome, is the principal relic of Casinum, an **Amphitheatre**, small, but perfect externally, built, as an inscription (now at Monte Cassino) narrates, at the private expense of Nunnidia Quadratilla, whose life and death are celebrated by

Pliny the younger. The interior is a field and the seats are gone. Just above stands the little **Church of the Crocifisso,** occupying an ancient tomb, which is shown as that of Nunnidia Quadratilla. It is cruciform with a dome in the centre, recalling the tomb of Galla Placidia at Ravenna. The blocks of travertine in the entrance walls are colossal. At the head of the steps in front of the church is a sacrificial altar. Immediately beneath are the vast remains of the seminary of Monte Cassino, occupying the site of the historic convent Plumbariola. Near the town, on the banks of the *Fiume Rapido*, are some ruins, supposed to belong to the **Villa of Varro**, of which Cicero has left a detailed description. It was here that Antony indulged in those orgies against which the great orator poured forth his perilous eloquence.

The **Collegiata** of S. Germano was built by the Abbot Gisulfo in the ninth century, and, though greatly altered in the seventeenth century, retains its twelve ancient marble columns.

Donkeys (2 lire) may be obtained for the ascent (1703 ft.) to the **monastery**. The steep stony path which used to wind above the roofs of the houses is superseded. Instead there is a fine zigzag road, leaving to the right the ruins of the castle of *Rocca Janula*, twice besieged and taken by Frederick II. The views are indescribably beautiful, and small oratories here and there by the wayside offer shelter from wind and sun, and commemorate the Benedictine story. First we have that of S. Placidus, the favourite disciple of the patriarch; then that of S. Scholastica, his beloved sister; then a triple-chapel, where one of the Benedictine miracles occurred. Beyond these, a cross marks the final meeting-place of Benedict and Scholastica. It is not known that the twin sister of S. Benedict ever took any vows, though she privately dedicated herself to God from childhood. When her brother came to his mountain monastery, she followed him, and founded a religious house in the valley below (at Plumbariola, it is supposed), where she devoted herself to a life of prayer with a number of pious women, her companions. At her last interview with her brother on this spot, after they had passed the day together in religious exercises, Scholastica implored Benedict to remain with her till the morning, that they might praise God through the night, but the saint refused, saying that it was impossible for him to be absent from his convent. Then Scholastica bent over her clasped hands and prayed; and, though the weather was beautiful, and there was not a cloud in the sky, the rain began immediately to fall in such torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of such a terrific kind, that neither Benedict nor the brethren who were with him could leave the place where they were. "The Lord be merciful to you, my sister," said the abbot; "what have you done?" "You have rejected my prayers," answered Scholastica, "but God has been more merciful;" and thus the brother and sister remained together till the morning. S. Gregory the Great, who tells the story, says that one must not be surprised that the wish

of the sister was heard by God rather than that of the brother, because, of the two, the sister was the one who loved Him the most, and with God the one who loves the most is always the most powerful.

As we draw nearer the convent, 1703 ft., we find a cross in the middle of the way. In front of it a grating covers the mark of a knee which is said to have been left in the rock by S. Benedict when he knelt there to ask a blessing before laying the foundation-stone of his convent.

Benedict came hither from Subiaco, when he had already been thirty-six years a monk, led through the windings of the Apennines, says the tradition, alternately by two angels and two ravens, until he reached this spur of the mountain above Casinum, which had then already been ruined by Genseric. Not strange to say, the inhabitants of this wild district in the sixth century of Christianity were still pagan, and worshipped Apollo in a temple on the top of the mountain, where also was a grove sacred to Venus. Dante writes in allusion to this—

> " Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa,
> Fu frequentato già in sua la cima
> Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta.
> Ed io son quel che su vi portai prima
> Lo nome di colui che'n terra addusse
> La verità, che tanto ci sublima ;
> E tanta grazia sovra me rilusse,
> Ch'io ritrassi le ville circostanti
> Dall' empio culto che'l mondo sedusse."
>
> *Par.* xxii. 37.

We enter the abbey by a great gate guarded by two lions, and ascend a low vaulted staircase, the only portion of the building ascribed to the time of Benedict. On the right a lamp burns before an old marble statue of the founder ; at the top Benedict and Scholastica kneel before the Virgin and Child. Here the peasants of the neighbourhood in their wonderful costumes—some almost Egyptian-looking—assemble to receive the dole of the convent, or bring up provisions. We are shown into a large bare chamber by a lay-brother who then goes to signify our arrival to the Prior. The latter presently advances to receive us, and in excellent English demands how long our stay will be : " Is it for three days, three months, or three years ? "

The low vault of the entrance was intended to show the yoke of humility to which the entering monk must bend. It is inscribed : *Fornicem saxis asperum ac depressum tantae molis aditum angustum ne mireris, hospes, angustum fecit patriarchae sanctitas : venerare potius et sospes ingredere.* Above the gate is a square tower (modernised externally), of which the lower portion at least is ancient. It contains two chambers inscribed : *Pars inferior turris, in qua S. P. N. Benedictus dum viveret habitabat ;* and, *Vetustissimum habitaculum in quo SSmi patriarchae discipuli quiescebant.*

This then occupies the position of the cell where S. Benedict

CASTLE OF CASSINO (ROCCA JANULA) *A. Hare*

dwelt for twenty-three years (520–43), and which, as the source of monastic law, Pope Victor III. has not hesitated to compare to Sinai.

> "Haec domus est similis Sinaï sacra jura ferenti,
> Ut lex demonstrat hic quae fuit edita quondam.
> Lex hinc exivit, mentes quae ducit ab imis,
> Et vulgata dedit lumen par climata saecli."
>
> *Leo Ostiensis, Chron. Casinen.* iii. 27.

The room in the upper part of the tower is shown as that in which Benedict saw in a vision the death of the bishop S. Germano. Here also, only two days after his last and miraculously prolonged interview with her, he saw the soul of his sister Scholastica ascending as a dove to heaven, and becoming thus aware of her death and translation "was filled with joy, and his gratitude flowed forth in hymns and praises to God." He then begged the monks to fetch her body, that it might be laid in the tomb in which he should rest himself.

The brother only survived the sister for forty days, days spent in the most austere observance of his own monastic rule. Feeling his end approaching, he bade the monks to carry him to the oratory of S. John Baptist, where he caused the tomb of his sister to be opened. Resting by its side, at the foot of the altar, he received the viaticum, and then, extending his hands to heaven, he died in the arms of his companions, March 21, 543, at the very hour which, according to the legend, he had foretold. Benedict was laid by Scholastica, "so that death might not divide those whose souls had been united in God."

A beautiful and spacious courtyard, by *Bramante*, adorned with statues of the chief benefactors, and with a fair fountain in the midst, occupies the centre of the building. Open arcades, on either side, display other courts, now used as gardens, where, amid the flowers, are preserved many portions of the granite pillars from the church which the Abbot Desiderius, afterwards Pope Victor III., built in the eleventh century. Colossal statues of Benedict and Scholastica guard the ascent to the upper quadrangle, "Il Paradiso," which is centred by a well. Near the entrance of the church are the parents of Benedict, of Placidus, and of Maurus. The living raven which hops about here, and which is quite a feature of the monastery, commemorates the birds which miraculously guided the patriarch hither from Subiaco.

At sundown we stood on one of the terraces and looked over to the western mountains, the evening breeze whispering among the flowers at our feet. The last burst of golden light swept the great crags in the south, and burned like tongues of fire upon the calm snow-crowns of the nearer Abruzzi, and streaming across to the monastery, illumined the solemn cypress-tops, and cast a tender aureole about the dome of the abbey-church. The rich deep voices of the monks rose softly in vespers, and the olive-trees seemed to quiver with the blending harmonies.

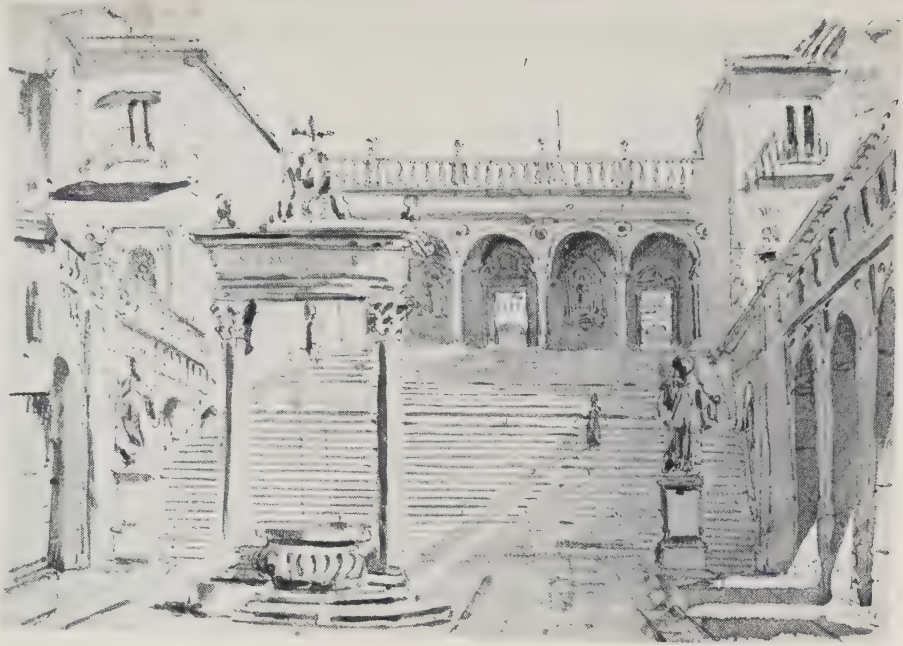
At midnight, at the window of the cell. What a vision of loveliness was there! The silvery world was now still, as in a heavenly trance. The nearly full moon was enthroned above the mountains, that dreamed like enchanted giants. Far down in the vale the rapid rivers were screened with spellbound vapours. Long before the sun arose the ridges lost their intense pallor and gradually blushed into mysterious carmine as of spilled roses, while their lower ranges and their foot-hills loomed out weirdly in shades of plum-like purple. Later the morning-star faded, and feeling slowly for his new dominion the sun poured his great arms of gold over peak and promontory, and at last again enfolded the shrine of S. Benedict.

The existing **church** was built after 1648 in the form of a Latin cross. It is of the most extreme magnificence—and rivals S. Martino at Naples in the richness and ostentation of its marbles. The doors have plates of the original bronze gates of the church of Desiderius, inlaid with silver letters containing a list of all the possessions of the abbey in 1066, when they were made at Constantinople. The **roof** of the nave is painted by Luca Giordano, and by the same painter is a great fresco over the doors, depicting the consecration of the first basilica by Alexander II. The **stalls of the choir** are splendid specimens of Renaissance carving: in the centre of each is a Benedictine saint. Here hang four pictures by *Solimena*. In the **left transept** is the tomb of Pietro de' Medici, who was drowned in the Garigliano, December 27, 1503, by the overcrowding and sinking of a boat, in which he was taking flight after the defeat of the French by Gonsalvo da Cordova. The **bas-reliefs** are by Sangallo. In the opposite transept is the tomb of Guidone Fieramosca, last Prince of Mignano. In the side chapels are several works of *Marco Mazzaroppi*, the best representing S. Gregory the Great, and the Martyrdom of S. Andrew. Beneath the **high altar**, and surrounded by a chain of lamps, repose Benedict and Scholastica, with these words only over their grave,

> "Benedictum et Scholasticam,
> Uno in terris partu editos,
> Una in Deum pietate coelo redditos,
> Unus hic excipit tumulus
> Mortalis depositi pro aeternitate custos."

In the **crypt** below, where Tasso, on his last journey to Rome, knelt by the founder's tomb, are some ruined frescoes by the rare master *Marco da Siena*. In the **sacristy** a number of magnificent old copes are preserved. Here are a curious old brazier and a stone lavatory. The services are four daily.

The **refectory** contains an immense picture by *Francesco* and *Leandro Bassano*. In the upper part, Christ is represented performing the **Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes**; in the lower, S. Benedict is distributing the symbolical bread of the Benedictine rule. The painter Leandro has introduced his own



THE WELL AT MONTE CASSINO

A. Hare

figure to the left of the saint. In the corner is John Calvin (?), livid with disgust.

The **Library**, built in the sixteenth century, by the Abbot Squarcialupi, contains about 20,000 volumes. Its origin mounts up to the foundation of the abbey, for S. Benedict mentions it in one of the rules of his Order. Eight hundred original diplomas remain, containing the charters and privileges accorded to the abbey by popes, emperors, and kings. The collection of Lombard charters deserves especial notice on account of the miniatures placed at the head of each, a contemporary portrait-gallery rudely executed, but at least interesting, as displaying the costume of the time. The earliest charter, bearing date 884, is of a Prince of Beneventum, and begins—"Ajo Dei providentia Longobardorum gentis princeps." The earliest bull is that of Pope Zacharias of the beginning of the eighth century. Amongst the MSS. is a coeval copy of Dante. Most of the pictures at Mont Cassino were stolen to form the gallery at Naples. A few sketches, by old masters, which remain, are collected in the cell of S. Benedict.

It requires more than a passing visit to Monte Cassino in order really to appreciate it. The views are such as grow upon one daily, and are full of interest. The highest peak is **Monte Cairo**, near the foot of which is the patriarchal fortress of the family of S. Thomas Aquinas. Through the valley winds the Garigliano. In the plain between it and the sea the great battle was gained by Gonsalvo da Cordova, from Pietro de' Medici, who was drowned in crossing the Garigliano, and to whom his uncle, Clement VII., gave a tomb here. Between the mountains the Mediterranean may be descried, glittering in the Bay of Gaeta. The services which Monte Cassino has rendered to literature have exempted it from the entire confiscation which has fallen upon other religious houses in Southern Italy since its incorporation in the kingdom. But the monks have a bare subsistence allowed them, and times are indeed changed since the Abbot of Monte Cassino, "Abbas Abbatum," was the first baron of the kingdom of Naples, administrator of a diocese (created 1321) composed of 37 parishes; while amongst the dependencies of the abbey were 4 bishoprics, 2 principalities, 20 countships, 250 castles, 440 towns and villages, 336 manors, 23 seaports, 33 islands, 200 mills, 300 tracts of land, and 1662 churches. Its revenues at the end of the sixteenth century were valued at 500,000 ducats. The abbot is bishop during his spiritual rule, which is limited to six years, after which he becomes a simple monk again, only retaining the right of wearing the abbatial cross, and of precedence in religious ceremonies.

After leaving Cassino, the railway passes nothing of importance till it reaches—

Teano (Albergo Lancellotti). The town, several miles to the right, at the foot of **Rocca Monfina**, 3297 ft., contains a magnificent

castle of the Duke of Sermoneta, built in the fifteenth century by the Dukes of Sessa. It has stabling for a hundred horses. The **cathedral** dates from 1530, but has ancient columns, and the town possesses other small remains of amphitheatre, theatre, &c., belonging to Teanum Sidicinum, which formerly occupied this site. In the cloister of a suppressed convent is the effigy of Marino Marziano, Duke of Sessa, who married a sister of Ferdinand I. of Aragon, but who was so consumed by hatred of his brother-in-law that he openly received his enemy, John of Anjou, in his castle of Sessa, and afterwards tried to murder Ferdinand in a lonely spot between Teano and Cerignola. He was seized and imprisoned in the dungeons of the Castel Nuovo at Naples, where he died, some say was strangled. The mineral springs of Teano had a very early celebrity and are mentioned by Pliny. The chalybeate spring, called **Acqua delle Canterelle**, is the source of the Savone, stigmatised by Statius as "piger," or lazy. There is an exquisitely beautiful view toward the sea and islands from the neighbourhood of Teano.

Sparanise (118 miles from Rome). Hence there is the line to Gaeta. On the left (one mile) the poor village of *Calvi* has ruins of an amphitheatre, theatre, and other remains of the ancient Cales, whose wine (*vinum Calenum*) was praised by Horace. The cathedral is dedicated to its first bishop, S. Casto. Traversing the plain of the Volturno, and crossing the river, we reach—

Capua (Inn, *Locanda della Posta*), a walled city (15,113 inhabitants), founded 856, by Count Lando and his brothers, on the site of the ancient Casilinum, which so stoutly resisted Hannibal. The **Duomo** is approached by a quadrangular court surrounded by twenty ancient columns. The **interior** (eleventh century) is a three-aisled basilica. Its twenty-four granite columns have newly gilt capitals. The black marble **font** is supported on lions. At the third altar on the right is a Madonna, between SS. Stephen and Lucy, of 1489, by Antoniazzo. The Norman **crypt** has twenty-two ancient columns, and contains a sarcophagus with a relief of the Hunt of Meleager, and a Holy Sepulchre by Bottiglieri. Until recent times the Archbishop of Capua was one of the greatest ecclesiastical dignitaries in Italy. In the **Piazza de' Giudici** is the modern **Arch of S. Eligio,** and many inscriptions. In front of the **Church of S. Eligio** are two ancient columns. The **Torre Mignana** still exists, to which the women fled when 5000 male inhabitants of Capua were massacred during the sack of the town by Caesar Borgia in 1501. The **Cappella de' Morti**, outside the town, is the place where mass was said for their souls. On October 1, 1860, the *Battle of Capua* was fought on the banks of the Volturno, and gained by Garibaldi over the troops of Francis II. The **Museo Campano** contains many objects of interest, especially statues in tufo. There are also some portrait-corbels from the Castello of Frederick II., including one of himself.

S. Maria di Capua or **S. Maria Maggiore**, 3½ miles from Capua (Inn, *Albergo di Roma*), occupies the site of the ancient Capua (20,544 inhabitants). An Etruscan town, Capua (called Volturnum) was conquered by the Samnites in 423 B.C., but continued to be "urbs maxima opulentissimaque Italiae."* After the battle of Cannae the town opened its gates to Hannibal, who made it his winter-quarters, 216 B.C., at a time when the luxury and effeminacy of its inhabitants were proverbial. Five years later it was taken by the Romans, who degraded it to the position of a third-rate provincial town; but it rose again to prosperity under the Caesars, and continued to flourish till the invasion of Genseric, from which time it fell into ruin, being totally destroyed by the Saracens in 840 A.D. Of late years S. Maria has had a revival, chiefly owing to a small trade in leather. The magnificent ruins of the **Amphitheatre** (on the road to modern Capua, carriage thither 1 lira: entrance 50 c.) only date from imperial times. The measurements, 555 by 456 ft., were nearly those of the Roman Coliseum, and it was capable of accommodating 70,000 spectators. It was from the gladiatorial schools of Capua that Spartacus broke out with seventy companions in 73 B.C. Not far distant are the remains of a **Triumphal Arch**, crossing the road. The **Mons Tifata** (1975 ft.), above Capua, so often mentioned in the history of the campaigns of Hannibal, was once crowned by a temple of Jupiter: the site is now occupied by **Chapel of S. Nicola**. Near the foot of the mount, on the site of a **Temple of Diana Tifatina** (3½ miles from S. Maria, turning right beyond the amphitheatre), is **S. Angelo in Formis** (1058), a very interesting church, which is mentioned in records of the tenth, and is adorned with remarkable Byzantinesque frescoes of the eleventh century, illustrating entire sacred history. In the apse is seen the enthroned Saviour. The name *in Formis* is derived from the remains of an ancient aqueduct in the neighbourhood.

The railway proceeds through the richly planted Terra di Lavoro, level, and intersected with lines of poplars, with vines festooning from tree to tree, to—

Caserta (19,750 inhabitants), 230 ft. Inns, *Crocella, Villa Reale, Vittoria, Stella.*

The famous **Palace of Caserta** (*casa-erta*, the dreary house) faces the station (Albergo Vittoria and Villa Reale, automobiles obtainable). In its vastness and desolation it recalls the Escurial. It was considered by Valery and others to be the noblest conception of a palace in Europe. It was built (1752) by Vanvitelli for Charles III., who bought the estate and its feudal right from the Caëtani, Dukes of Sermoneta. It forms a rectangle. Its façade is 746 ft. long, 546 broad, and 125 high, and is built of the white travertine found near Capua, in the S. Iorio quarries.

"The situation of this palace is often condemned as flat; but is that a disadvantage? A convent, a Gothic castle, a villa, a hunting-lodge may, like ordinary men, seek

* Livy, vii. 31.

distinction from eminence of station ; but this august pile, like a true hero, involves all its dignity in itself. It depends on no accessories, nor tricks of the picturesque ; it challenges inspection near or remote ; it demands an immense plain and solitude." —*Forsyth.*

To visit the **interior** a permesso obtained either here, or at the Palazzo Reale at Naples is demanded (custode 1 lira, sacristan of chapel 25 c.). The apartments have the usual mixture of splendour and gloom, which is the characteristic of great palaces, but here the gloom predominates, and the sovereigns seem to have thought so, for they have scarcely ever inhabited Caserta. The columns of the theatre were plundered rom the temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli. The chapel contains a Presentation in the Temple by *Mengs.*

"If you wish to see specimens of all the marbles of this country collected in a short space, visit this palace. The stairs are formed of single blocks of the marble of Trapani, in Sicily, called Lumachella, and at each landing are lions exquisitely sculptured, with numerous statues of allegorical figures. The sides are of the finest marbles, among which you see the choicest breccias of Dragoni, and the marbles of Vitulano in Principato Ulteriore. There are twenty-four Ionic pillars adorning the centre of the vestibule made of the red breccia of Mons Garganus in Apulia, and sixteen of the portico are of the yellow breccia of the same mountain."—*C. J. Ramage.*

The **Gardens** (open to the public till Ave Maria), which trench upon the mountains, are of three kinds ; the Italian garden with its waterfalls and mythological statues ; the wood of the ancient Dukes of Caserta, which formed the feudal park ; and the English garden of Queen Caroline, with its greenhouses, cedars, tulip-trees, and magnolias. The magnificent waterworks are supplied by a winding aqueduct twenty-one miles in length called **Ponte Maddaloni**, which brings the water from the foot of Monte Taburno, near Airola.

"Quoique nouveau, cet aquéduc semble pouvoir se passer du temps ; il a le caractère et toute la majesté d'un ouvrage des Romains, et l'on pourrait très bien lui appliquer ce que Plutarque disait des monumens d'Athènes au temps de Périclès. Chacun d'eux des lors qu'il fut parfait, sentait déjà son antique quant à la beauté."—*Valery.*

In the basins are kept gigantic bull-trout.

The largest of the springs which supply the aqueduct is called **Fizzo**, the more abundant **Fontana della Duca**. Above Caserta is the little **Palace of S. Leucio** or **Belvidere**, with a pretty park, and an ilex forest full of game is beyond it.

It is worth while to make an excursion from Caserta into the beautiful district of the **Matese**. The road crosses the Volturno to **Cajazzo** (8 miles), a considerable town with a large castle of the Florentine Corsi, which perhaps occupies the site of Calatia.

"Nec parvis aberat Calatia muris."

Sil. Ital. viii. 210.

A tomb near the high-road is shown as that of A. Attilius Calatinus, a general distinguished in the First Punic War, whose epitaph is given by Cicero. The road again crosses the Volturno before reaching (11 miles) **Alife**, on the site of Allifae of the Samnites, of which there are considerable remains. The walls

form a rectangular parallelogram with gates in the centre of each side protected by bastions, and the lower portions of the walls are ancient. Two miles farther is **Piedimonte**, in a picturesque situation at the foot of the Matese, with a fine castle of the Dukes of Lorenzano. In the neighbouring **Val d'Inferno** is the source of the **Torano** beneath a low natural arch. Piedimonte is the best point for the ascent of the Matese, of which the highest peak, **Monte Mileto** is 6740 ft. high. In the plain at the summit is a lake, said to be fathomless in the centre.

Maddaloni (20,100 inhabitants) is a clean town with balustrades and orange groves, and the ruins of three feudal castles on the hill above it. The brother of a (Caraffa) Duke of Maddaloni fell a victim during the Masaniello Revolution, and his carriage was used by Masaniello's wife and mother when they paid their first visit of ceremony to the vice-queen. The palace of dukes is now a college.

Maddaloni is the best point from whence to make an excursion in search of the disputed site of the Caudine Forks (Furculae Caudinae), which some place between S. Agata dei Goti and Airola, a narrow tract watered by the brook Isclero, which falls into the Volturno (a romantic little valley quite incapable of containing the 30,000 men of the Roman army); and for which others indicate a valley three miles wide, which is entered close to Arienzo. Only the most far-reaching imagination can make any site in this neighbourhood agree with the account in Livy, which describes a plain traversed by a stream and surrounded on all sides by lofty cliffs, only penetrated by a narrow passage at each extremity. Here, when the Roman army, on its march from Calatia to Luceria, had entered, it is said that they found the passage of exit filled up by stones and trunks of trees. Returning, they found their retreat blockaded in the same way, and, after being pent up for two days, were obliged to submit to the conditions of the Samnites, and stripped, scourged, and insulted, were let out one by one, being made to pass under a yoke to mark their disgrace.

Cancello (141 miles), at the foot of a castle-crowned hill, whence the line to Nola diverges on the left, and another is being made to Benevento.

Purple-grey Vesuvius is seen on the left before reaching Naples.

Aversa, 23,230 inhabitants (Albergo dell' Aurora) can be best reached from Naples by electric tramway. It was the earliest settlement made by the Normans in Italy (1029). Here, while spending the hot months out of Naples at a royal castle, Andrew, the wretched Hungarian husband of Queen Joan I., was murdered by Carlo d'Artus, the Count of Terlizzi, and others, desirous of supplanting him as king by one of his Neapolitan cousins, Prince Louis of Taranto. The pretensions of Angevin Hungary were being countered at the time by Philip of Valois. England consequently is found spurring on Louis of Hungary, Andrew's

brother, to invade Naples. The object of the King of Hungary was to punish Naples for the murder: but he was unable to produce proofs of the queen's alleged complicity. All was complicated by the fact that the kingdom of Naples was then a vassal to the Holy See, which favoured the anti-Hungarian circle at Naples. Here, also, in January 1348, King Louis of Hungary arraigned and executed Duke Charles of Durazzo, his cousin, and Joan's brother-in-law, on the same spot where Andrew had been murdered. The execution, however, was universally condemned, and it is believed that the duke was not a party to the murder. He had no trial.

CHAPTER III

NAPLES (NAPOLI)

Naples : Chiatamone : Pizzofalcone : Castel del Ovo : Sta. Lucia : San Carlo : Castel Nuovo : Il Carmine : Piazza del Mercato : Porta Nolana : Piazza Poerio : Monte Oliveto : Sta. Chiara : San Domenico : S. Angelo a Nilo : Biblioteca-Brancacciana : S. Giovanni Pappacoda : S. Severino : S. Giovanni Evangelista : S. Paolo : S. Lorenzo : Piazza del Duomo : San Gennaro : S. Maria delle Grazie : S. Maria Donna Regina : S. Giovanni a Carbonara : Porta Capuana : Museo Nazionale : Strada di Capodimonte : Catacombs : Palazzo di Capodimonte : Botanic Garden : Protestant Cemetery : Campo Santo : Corso V. E. : S. Elmo : San Martino : Chiaja : Palazzo di Donn' Anna : Grotto of Sejanus : Bagnoli.

Hotels.—*Bertolini's Palace Hotel*, in Parco Grifeo (expensive), in a lofty healthy situation, above the town, in Corso Vittorio Emanuele, with a magnificent view. *Parker's*, good in all respects. *Pension Britannique*, in the same situation, inferior, but convenient for solitary persons spending some time at Naples. *Eden Hotel*, with garden. *Hotels de Vesuve*, *Des Etrangers*, and *Metropole*, on the Chiatamone, opposite Castel del Ovo. *Hotel Washington*, good, and esteemed healthy, but lacking outlook. *Hotels d'Amérique*, *De la Ville*, on the Chiaja, clean and comfortable. *Hotel de Londres*, Piazza del Municipio. In all these hotels rooms free from smells and with a free circulation of air before the windows should be chosen (back rooms should be avoided). Persons especially liable to fever should visit the sights of the town from the Hotel Quisisana at Castellamare, or the Hotel d'Angleterre near Pozzuoli, unless they can obtain good sunny, airy rooms at Naples in a healthy situation. "Where the sun does not enter, the doctor does," is a well-known Neapolitan proverb.

Pensions.—Maurice, in Via Partenope, Baker, Sabelli. Lodgings may easily be found in Rione Principe Amadeo with good views: 50-60 lire monthly.

Restaurants.—Café Turco-Gambrinus, Palazzo del Plebiscito, dinners at 5 P.M., 4 lire; Café Giardini di Torino, Vico di Tre Re, Ristorante Milanese, Gallerie Umberto Primo, Piazza S. Ferdinando.

Carriages in the town.—The course with one horse (a carrozella) 1 lira; night 1 lira 10 c.; the hour 1 lira 50 c. (each following hour 1 lira 10 c.), night 2 lire 10 c. With two horses, the course 1 lira 20 c., night 1 lira 50 c.; the hour 2 lire (each following hour 1 lira 40 c.), night 3 lire. These prices hold good to and from the railway station, or for any distance within the barriers; each box is 30 c. extra. The porters at the railway station may charge 25 c. for putting each box on the carriage, 10 c. for each bag or smaller parcel.

Carriages to the Neighbourhood.—To **Fuorigrotta** (Tomb of Virgil), 1 lira 20 c.; two horses 1 lira 75 c. Th. Cook and Son, 52 Piazza dei Martiri.

Telegraph Office and Post Office.—Palazzo Gravina, Strada di Monte Oliveto and 45 Corso Garibaldi.

Steamship Offices.—Hamburg-American Line, Kellner and Lampe, 1 Vico Primo Piliero; Messageries Maritimes, Fratelli Gondrand, 73 Piazza del Municipio North German Lloyd, Aselmayer Pfister and Co., 1 Corso Umberto; Orient Line, Holme and Co., 2 Via Flavio Gioia; Florio-Rubattino Navigazione Generale Italiana 16 Strada Nicola d'Amore.

Library.—Emilio Prass, Piazza dei Martiri.
Cycles and Motor-cars are to be hired at Casati and Co., 233 Riviera di Chiaja.
Hospital.—Ospedale Internazionale, Via Tasso, open to all, and highly recommended.
Doctors.—Horsfall, 135 Corso Vittorio Emanuele; Malbranc (speaks English), 45 Via Amedeo; Gairdner, 128 Via Amedeo; H. B. Symons, 263 Riviera di Chiaja.
Dentist.—W. E. Atkinson, 61 Via Medina; Dr. Kessel, 19 Piazza dei Martiri.
Baths.—Baths de Chiatamone, Via Partenope, 45 Via Bellini. Sea baths at Bagnoli and Terme.
English Church.—Strada S. Pasquale. Presbyterian, 2 Via Cappella Vecchia. Wesleyan Methodist, Vico Sant' Anna di Palazzo.
Chemist.—J. Darst, 51 Via Filangieri; Kernot, 14 San Carlo.
American Consulate.—Homer M. Byington, 4 Piazza Municipio (first floor).
British Consulate.—Sidney Churchill, Esq., Palazzo Bagnoli, 4 Monte di Dio.
Banker.—W. J. Turner, 64 Strada S. Lucia.
Museo Nazionale, open from 9 to 4, entrance 1 lira; free on Sundays and Thursdays from 9 to 12. (Direttore degli Scavi del Regno, at the museum, must be asked for a ticket to draw at Pompeii.)
The **Churches** are almost all closed after midday, except the cathedral, and before that time are often inconveniently crowded for sightseeing. They are oppressive from the scarcity of ventilation and the fumes of incense, which, however, is most desirable in this country, being in itself a relic of paganism.

"Da mihi thura, puer, pingues facientia flammas."
Ovid, Trist. v. 5.

An *Artist* will seek his work rather at **Baiae** and **Cumae** or on the islands than at Naples. But the lover of architectural subjects may find them in S. Giovanni a Carbonara, the ambulatory of S. Lorenzo, and the cloisters of Monte Oliveto.

NAPLES (N. lat. 40° 51′) disputes with Constantinople the honour of possessing the most beautiful site of any city in Europe. "Just as it is asserted," says Goethe, "that a man who has seen a ghost is never afterwards seen to smile, so in the opposite sense it may be affirmed that a man can never be utterly miserable who retains the recollection of Naples."

Greek emigrants from the neighbouring Cumae settled here and called their town Palaeopolis or Parthenope. But Athenian colonists came later and built a city close by toward the Sebeto, which they called Neapolis, after which the western and older part of the town was known as Palaeopolis, until 290 B.C., when it was taken by the Romans, after which the latter name disappears from history. As a Roman municipal town, Neapolis continued to flourish, retaining, however, its Greek culture and institutions. Under the empire, the beauty and salubrity of the neighbourhood made it the favourite summer resort of the Roman aristocracy, and it formed a perpetual theme of the Latin poets. Horace calls it "otiosa Neapolis,"* Martial "docta Neapolis,"† and Ovid "in otia natam Parthenopen."‡ Virgil wrote his Georgics here, and was brought hither from Brundusium for burial. After suffering sieges from Belisarius and Totila, Naples became a dependency of the Exarchate of Ravenna, under a duke appointed by the Eastern Emperors, but, at length, throwing off their yoke, it established a republican government which lasted for 300 years under the nominal sovereignty of a duke. Roger de Hauteville taking it in 1130, founded the kingdom of Naples.

* *Ep.* 5. † v. 78. ‡ *Met.* xv. 4.

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Mediæval Naples was nearly a mile square. Its walls may in part be traced built up amongst the modern houses of the most crowded part of the town, also its four gates—Porta Nolana, Porta Capuana, Porta S. Gennaro, and Porta S. Maria di Constantinopoli. After the tragical execution of the young Conradin, the last representative of the Norman Dynasty, at Naples, in 1268, the country was ruled for 176 years by Angevin kings. Charles I. of Anjou fixed his residence (Castel Nuovo) here, and the town became the permanent seat of government when the island of Sicily threw off the French yoke in 1282. In 1442 Alfonso V. of Aragon and I. of Sicily seized Naples, but in 1496 the Aragonese dynasty was again driven out by the French in the person of Louis XII., soon after which the whole Sicilian kingdom acknowledged Ferdinand of Spain as its sovereign, and from 1503 to 1734 the two Sicilies were ruled by Spanish viceroys. In 1735 Philip V. of Spain made a solemn renunciation of Naples and Sicily in favour of his son Don Carlos, who re-established the monarchy (taking the name of Charles III.), and devoted himself with great energy to the improvement of the capital and prosperity of the country. In 1806 the kingdom was invaded by an army sent by Napoleon, who established the short-lived reigns of Joseph Bonaparte, soon transferred to Spain, and of Joachim Murat, who was driven out in 1815 by the Austrians. The Bourbon rule was restored in the person of Ferdinand I., whose misguided and misruling dynasty came to an end in 1860, when the feeble but well-intentioned Francis II. was dethroned by Garibaldi—a victim to the vices of his ancestors. Naples has always been fond of change: there is an Italian book which gives the history of the twenty-seventh revolt (Masaniello's) of "the very faithful town of Naples."

Naples has been described as a paradise inhabited by devils: but they are lively, and amusing devils—insouciant and idle; good-natured and thieving: kind-hearted and lying: always laughing, except if thwarted, when they will stab their best friend without a pang. Almost everybody in Naples cheats, but cheats in as lively and pleasant a manner as is compatible with possibilities. Nearly all the officials peculate, and perhaps not more than two-thirds of the taxes ever reach the public exchequer. If the traveller is robbed, he will never secure redress, for, as in Ireland, it would be impossible to obtain witnesses, or to find a jury sufficiently fearless to convict.

The Neapolitan nobility are somewhat numerous, but few are of earlier date than that of Murat: the families of Pignatelli, Filangieri, Stigliano, San Severino, Caraffa, Del Balzo, and Caracciolo, are, of course, exceptions. Certain Neapolitan nobles are also Roman princes and grandees of Spain, but few others, except the Caraccioli, have much left except their titles: the extinction of primogeniture has, for the most part, robbed them of their palaces and fortunes. Their horses and liveries are no sign of wealth, but exemplify the national proverb—"Piu

fumo ch' arrosto," "More smoke than meat." "Tutto per l'apparenza," "All for show," is the motto of all Neapolitans of the upper classes, and they will starve themselves for weeks to produce an impression upon their neighbours. They almost all gamble—in the public lottery, if nowhere else. Scarcely any of the young men have professions; they spend their nights in dancing or cards, get up at midday, and perhaps take a turn in the Villa Nazionale in the afternoon. "Andiam far due passi" is the greatest fatigue they ever propose for themselves, like the Principi Romani.

As it is the universal custom amongst the lower orders to marry at seventeen, and Neapolitan women are proverbially prolific, the tall, narrow houses in the back streets swarm with children, and are like rabbit-warrens; whole families live huddled together, but not without cleanliness or decency, though the air sometimes resounds at once with blows and cries, singing and laughter. Since the enormous increase of taxation, poverty has been more felt, though the town has suffered less than the country. Formerly also, though want often existed, starvation was unknown, as every thoroughly needy person could obtain help at the convents. Little, however, is needed to sustain life at Naples, and there are thousands who consider a dish of beans at midday to be sumptuous fare, while the horrible condiment called pizza (made of dough baked with garlic, rancid bacon, and strong cheese) is esteemed a feast. The English are apt to talk a great deal about the idleness of Neapolitans, either from legends which they have heard of the Lazzaroni, or because they are only acquainted with the natives as they are seen in the English quarter. But no European town presents a busier or more industrious aspect than Neapolitan Naples, and if the country people are not at work it is because they have nothing to do, for the land is so rich that for the greater part of the year it takes care of itself. Every one in the town who is not working, and as many as possible of those who are, spend the day in the open air, encumbering the narrow streets with their chairs, lathes, or carpenters' tables, or cobblers' stalls. Everybody seems to be amused, and occupies himself in amusing his neighbours. "Vede Napoli e poi muori" is the national sentiment. The Neapolitan believes himself to be in possession of Paradise, and entertains a poor opinion of our northern lands—"Sempre neve, casa di legno, gran ignoranza, ma denari assai." It is suggested to the Neapolitans that they might improve, but they have the characteristic self-satisfaction of Spaniards. "Pray leave us alone; we do not wish to improve," is their only reply.

Travellers who recollect Naples before the time of the present government will miss many of its familiar and characteristic features, which have been annihilated by the sea-wall along the Chiaja, the widening of the Toledo, and the destruction of the greater part of the beautiful Villa Reale. The old historic

Neapolitan names have also been changed to Piedmontese appellations, which are meaningless here, and even the "larghi," "strade," "vichi," "calate," so characteristic of Naples, have become "piazze," "vie," "vicoli." At the same time Naples, among many improvements, owes to the present government its magnificent drive along the Vomero, and its water-supply.

Many of the national characteristics of the lower classes have disappeared since the union of Naples with the Italian kingdom: but a few remain. Crowds still listen on the quays to Improvisatori or to men in rags who recite whole cantos of *Orlando Furioso* to a delighted audience, which will adjourn afterwards to admire the antics of Policinella. The Acquaiuoli still shout: Scrivani Pubblici, or public letter-writers, still pursue their avocation in the arcades near the Piazza del Municipio: the Caprajo still drives his goats twice a day through the streets, and milks them under your windows, or on your staircase: men still become frantic over Morra: women still dance the Tarantella (but for money) to a tambourine in the temples of Baiae: and Mangia Maccaroni, or maccaroni-eaters, still devour (for money), as represented in the Pompeian frescoes, an incredible amount of maccaroni at Sorrento and Amalfi. Toilettes are still performed in the public street, and it is still common to see a group of young girls, in picturesque attitudes, busy toileting each other's hair. But the Calessini no longer dash along the Mergellina as they did in the evil time of the Bourbons, with from twenty to twenty-four passengers inside, and a beggar or two taking the air (and the dust) for half a grano in the net underneath, the single horse going faster the more it was pulled, and being stopped by a hiss. The King of the Thieves no longer holds his sway unmolested, and is no longer bargained with for enforcing the restoration of articles stolen by his subjects.* Above all, the Lazzaroni are nearly extinct, that marvellous under-population of the Marinella and Mergellina, which derived its name from wearing, for cheapness and convenience, only the white shirt and trousers which had been the enforced garb of the lepers, who derived their name of Lazzari from their invocation of the Lazarus of the parable.†

There were different kinds of Lazzaroni. Those best known to strangers were content to do nothing but lie in the sun, lazily stretching out their hands with a laughing "Qual co"‡ to foreigners, and except on holidays, when they dressed very smartly in laced jackets, seldom wore as much as the conventional

* Madame de Genlis recounts how, when she went to Naples with the Duchesse de Chartres in the time of Ferdinand IV., the king himself had recourse to the king of the brigands to obtain the restitution of their "paniers," stolen as they were entering the town, and that the paniers were restored gratuitously owing to the royal interference, but that they had to *pay* for their servants' liveries stolen at the same time, as the king had omitted to mention those in his request. In 1857 his Majesty was still supreme, and undertook to obtain the restoration of a watch for the author within twenty-four hours.

† *Vocabulario del Dialetto Napolitano*, 1789.

‡ Give me something.

dress above mentioned: indeed Alexandre Dumas declares that the Lazzaroni began to fall into decadence from the time they consented to adopt a single garment.

"Dans nos promenades avec l'ambassadeur, il nous fit une malice qui nous causa une frayeur extrême. Il nous fit passer (ce que les femmes évitent toujours à Naples) sur le quai où se tenaient les lazzaroni, où ils avoient la permission d'être tout nus sans chemise, sans nul vêtement et nulle draperie. Tout leur corps, ainsi que leur visage, est d'un rouge foncé; ils ressemblent à d'effrayants sauvages."—*Mémoires de Madame de Genlis*, iii.

The better class of Lazzaroni were those of the port, who were for the most part hard-working and industrious, though their especial *métier* was to cheat, and they were often excessively violent. Intensely superstitious, they were always ready to take up arms in defence of their saints, if they thought that their festas or shrines were endangered; but they were also loyal subjects of their king, and, in 1779, defended the town for two days against the French, with great self-sacrifice and courage.

The familiarity between servants and masters in Naples will astonish visitors from the north, as well as the dirtiness and laziness of Neapolitan servants, who almost universally refuse to do any kind of work except exactly that for which they are engaged. The best servants in Naples are all imported from North Italy. Almost more lazy still than the servants are the Neapolitan workmen, who insist upon a siesta of two hours after their dinner, for which they exact freedom at mezzogiorno. The very exercise of speech seems burdensome to these dwellers "in otia natam Parthenopen," and a monosyllable is usually all the answer which a question will obtain.

Shopping in Naples is an unutterably wearisome and laborious occupation. The shopkeepers are often rude, and, at best, Neapolitans always begin by asking four times as much as they intend to take, and yet, as Mark Twain says, if you give them what they first demand, they are ashamed of themselves for aiming so low, and immediately ask for more. The sale of articles in coral and tortoiseshell, of views of Naples in guache, and of terra-cotta copies of the statues in the museums (usually broken in transport), are the most respectable industries: as to the "antiques," they are almost always of modern manufacture.

Naples abounds in benevolent institutions, of which the most remarkable are the Hospital of the **Incurabili**; the Foundling Hospital of L'Annunziata; the Workhouse called the Reclusorio or Serraglio; the Blind Asylum; the Lunatic Asylum; and the Home for Penitents, called the Angelo Custode.

One morning at least should be devoted to the numerous churches scattered through the labyrinthine streets of the old town, though their interest is entirely confined to their monuments, the buildings themselves, as Forsyth observes, being "for the most part mere harlequins in marble." A carriage by the hour is almost indispensable. With the best map or directions it will be next to impossible for a stranger to find

his way on foot through the featureless streets all exactly like each other, and he will at first be utterly confused by the incessant noise of every kind. Many of the churches, however, will be frequently revisited by lovers of sculpture and painting, on account of their exquisite tombs and inlaid stalls, all the earlier ones having been made by Tuscan artists.

As a central point, let us find ourselves in the **Largo della Vittoria,** which may now be considered the centre of the strangers' quarter. On the north-east the busy Strada di Chiaja leads to the heart of the town. On the west are the gates of the **Villa Nazionale,** the small existing remnant of the Villa Reale which was laid out by the Duke of Medina in 1696 as a garden overhanging the sea, with exquisite views towards the Castel del Ovo, Vesuvius, and the mountains above Paestum. Once the most enchanting of resorts, this garden possessed many quiet shady *boschetti*, as well as sunny walks, where invalids could enjoy the fountains and flowers. But these are destroyed since the union, and the Villa Nazionale (bordered on the north by the Chiaja) is now a well-kept promenade with a fine view, encircled by noisy high-roads. The most conspicuous object in the gardens is the granite basin of a fountain from Paestum, which long stood in the forecourt of the cathedral at Salerno. A band plays near this in the afternoons.

Turning left from the Largo della Vittoria, by the **Chiatamone,** a terrace of handsome houses under the rock called **Pizzofalcone,** we reach the approach to the **Castel del Ovo** (where Odoacer imprisoned the last Emperor, Romulus Augustulus, in the Castrum Lucullanum), the most picturesque object in Naples, occupying the island which Pliny speaks of as Megaris, and Statius as Megalia, now connected with the mainland by a bridge. In the fourth century, being given by Constantine to the Church, the island became called Isola di S. Salvatore. The castle was begun in 1154 by Maestro Buono for William I., and was continued under Nicola Pisano (1221) for Frederick II. Within these walls Queen Helena, the unhappy widow of Manfred, was imprisoned by Charles, with her children who had been born there. Joanna I. was not besieged here by Charles of Durazzo, and taken prisoner, with Otho of Brunswick, but in Castel Nuovo. It was restored in 1532.

We now enter the **Strada S. Lucia**—so familiar from the fisher song, a terrace overhanging the sea, having irregularly built houses on the left, with shops for coral, lava, and photographs. Here we have our first glimpse of Neapolitan life in the oddly filled stalls of the shell vendors, and in the fish, fruit, and lemonade sellers. A pretty fountain near the sea was the work of *Giovanni da Nola* and *Domenico d'Auria.*

The Strada dei Giganti ascends a little rising ground, and we find ourselves in the wide dusty modern *Piazza del Plebiscito* (called Largo del Palazzo Reale till 1860), with its glaring semicircle of white columns converging to the *Church of S. Francesco*

di Paola (built by *Bianchi*, 1817–31) and equestrian bronze statues of Charles III. (founder of all that there is of modern magnificence in Naples*) by Canova, and Ferdinand I. by Cali. To the left, beyond the colonnade, the crowded *Strada di Chiaja* leads at the back of Pizzofalcone, under the arch called *Ponte di Chiaja*, to the *Piazza de' Martiri*, which has a column commemorating those killed in the four revolutions of 1799, 1820, 1848, 1860. This is the shortest means of communication with the English quarter.

Facing the church, with the appearance of a royal country villa, is the grey and red **Palazzo Reale,** formerly called *La Reggia*, originally built in 1600 by Domenico Fontana for the Viceroy Count de Lemos, but burnt down in 1837 and rebuilt in 1841. The interior is shown, but is little worth seeing, though there is a fine staircase. It was in the chapel of this palace that Maria Carolina, wife of Ferdinand IV. and daughter of Maria Teresa, knelt with her five daughters (afterwards all married to sovereigns) to pray for the soul of her sister Marie-Antoinette, immediately after receiving the news of her execution. Here also Queen Caroline took leave of her court before her second flight into Sicily from the French.

(If desired, the porter (30 c.) shows strangers to an office where they obtain an order for the interior, as well as for Caserta and the other palaces—attendant 1 lira.)

Behind the palace on the north is the world-famous **Teatro S. Carlo**, built by Charles III. in 1737, under the Neapolitan Angelo Carasale, and renewed inside in 1777 under Ferdinando Fuga. It disputes with the Scala at Milan the reputation of being the largest theatre in Europe. Many of the famous compositions of Rossini, Donizetti, &c., were performed here for the first time. Under the portico, public letter-writers still pursue their trade, though it has fallen off.

Beyond the theatre, at the gate of the little palace garden, are two bronze statues of horse-tamers, by Baron Clodt, given to Ferdinand II. by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

Hence we enter (right) the **Piazza del Municipio**, formerly Largo del Castello, full of petty theatres and booths for popular amusement. The perpetual noise is such as no words can describe.

"Napoletani maestri in schiamazzare."
Alfieri, Son. cxliii.

On the right is the vast and gloomy **Castel Nuovo,** the Bastile of Naples. It was designed in part by Pierre D'Angicourt, and begun by Charles I. in 1279, and continued by his successors Charles II. and Robert the Wise (1309–43), Alphonso I., in whose honour the triumphal arch, between two heavy Provençal

* He built the palaces of Caserta, Capodimonte, and Portici, the Great Hospita the Acqueduct of Caserta; he was also the chief patron of the great excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and established the museum of Portici, which was the parent of the Museo Nazionale.

towers, was erected in 1470. The details are by the Milanese *Pietro di Martino.**

The attic is sculptured with reliefs representing the entry of Alphonso into Naples. The virtues of Alphonso are displayed by allegorical figures above a second arch, and the whole is crowned by statues of S. Michael, S. Anthony, and S. Sebastian, added by Giovanni da Nola for the Viceroy Pedro di Toledo. Beneath the attic is inscribed—"Alphonsus rex Hispanus Siculus Italicus pius clemens invictus." The reliefs of the bronze doors, of 1462, are by *Guglielmo lo Monaco*, and represent the victories of Ferdinand I. Embedded in the bronze is a cannon-ball fired in the time of Gonsalvo da Cordova. Hence we enter a four-sided court, containing the **Church of S. Barbara**, the patroness of soldiers (custode right of triumphal arch, 50 c.), approached through a beautiful portal by *Mattia Fortimani*, 1470. A statuette of the Madonna and Child is by *F. Laurana*, 1474. Behind the high altar is an Adoration of the Magi vehemently extolled by Vasari, who attributed it to Van Eyck, but it is much painted over, and probably by no great master. The ciborium is by *G. Della Pila*, 1481. Behind the choir is an admirable winding staircase of the fifteenth century, with 150 travertine steps, leading to the campanile. It was in the great hall of the castle, called *Sala di S. Luigi* (now an armoury), that Pope Celestine V. abdicated in 1294, and that the Count of Sarno and Antonello Petrucci were arrested for the "Conspiracy of the Barons" against Ferdinand I. of Aragon, and carried off to be beheaded outside the castle gate.

Opposite the castle is the Strada Medina, containing the beautiful Fontana Medina, a work of *Domenico d'Auria* in 1595, enlarged by *Cosimo Fansaga*.

On the opposite side of the tramway, with a descent of five steps from the road level under Gothic arches is the little **Church of S. Maria l'Incoronata** (open from 8 to 12), built by Joanna I. following her marriage with Louis of Taranto in 1347, and his death. The much-faded Sienese frescoes on the vaulting are believed to be the work of Roberto di Oderisio. They represent the Seven Sacraments of the Church.

Central arch, right.—**Marriage**, (?) that of Joanna I. and Louis of Taranto, who is represented with long red hair and beard, and a laurel crown. Behind the queen are her related ladies, behind Louis the priests. A violin player is vigorously at work, and the Court underneath is dancing the wedding dance.

Left.—**Consecration**—of Louis of Anjou, Bishop of Toulouse, great-uncle of Joan I., by Pope Boniface VIII. The figures in the foreground have perished.

Left.—**Confession**—of Joanna (?).

Left (behind).—**Communion.**

Left (over door).—**Extreme Unction**—as administered to Louis of Taranto (?).

Left of the round window.—**Baptism** (by immersion)—of the son of the Duke of Calabria.

Right.—**Confirmation**—of the three children of Joanna (?).

* It has been wrongly attributed by Vasari to Giuliano da Majano, who was only ten years old at the time of its erection. That Pietro was the architect was stated on his gravestone, formerly in S. Maria Nuova.

These frescoes have been confounded with those from the hand of Giotto, which were painted for King Robert within the castle opposite. Petrarch extols the latter in one of his epistles: "Si in terram exeas cappellam regis intrare non omiseris, in qua conteraneus olim meus Giottus pictor nostri aevi princeps magna reliquit manus et ingenii monumenta." These perished long ago.

The church contains many votive offerings. At the end of the left aisle is the *Cappella del Crocefisso*, containing some ruined frescoes of the fourteenth century, by *Gennaro da Cola*. Opposite the Incoronata are a modern statue of Francesco Saverio, and the *Palazzo Fondi*, by Vanvitelli, containing a small collection of pictures.

The Strada del Molo leads from the Piazza del Municipio to the sea, with the *Molo Grande* and lighthouse of 1843. In this neighbourhood the last of the Lazzaroni may be seen basking in the sun. The *Strada del Piliero* skirts the *Porto Grande*, used for merchandise. At the end is the pretty pink building called *L'Immacolatella*, occupied by the *Polizia Maritima*. A handsome fountain stands near it, close against the sea. Hence, by skirting the **Molo Piccolo**, we reach the **Via Marina**, which runs along the shore, with beautiful views towards Vesuvius on one side, and S. Elmo on the other. The town also looks its best from hence—

> "Onde dal porto suo parea inchinare
> La Regina del mar, la Dea del Mare."
> *Tassoni, Secc. Rap.* x.

As we enter the Strada Nuova, at its junction with the Molo Piccolo, the **Via Principessa Margherita** on the left leads in one minute to **S. Pietro Martire**, founded by Charles II., but remodelled in the last century. At the sides of the choir are sarcophagus tombs in the wall to Isabella di Chiaramonte, first wife of Ferdinand II.; his daughter Beatrice of Aragon, widow of Mattheus Corvinus, King of Hungary; Don Pedro of Aragon, brother of Alphonso I.; and Cristoforo di Costanzo, Grand Seneschal of Joanna I. In the right transept are two fine decorative figures by *Santa Croce*, and the expressive tomb of the lawyer Antonio Saverio Patrizi, 1572. Outside the entrance (now removed to the museum) was a curious ex-voto relief, dedicated to the Holy Trinity by Franceschino da Brignole, in gratitude for having been twice preserved from drowning when his companions were lost. Death, a crowned skeleton, stands over a pile of dead kings, popes, warriors, &c., and converses with a merchant, who offers a sack of gold for his life, and says—

> "Tutti ti voglio dare
> Se mi lasci scampare."

But Death answers—

> "Se mi potesti dare
> Quanto se poteste dimandare
> Non te pote scampare la Morte
> Se ti viene la sorte."

Far along the Strada Nuova we come to a gateway called **Porta del Carmine**, between the two round towers, Fidelissima and La Vittoria, leading to the **Piazza del Mercato,** containing the **S. Maria del Carmine,** of which the handsome red-and-grey tower is a conspicuous feature. Here Masaniello (who had his stronghold and was executed in the adjoining Castello del Carmine in 1647) is said, but without evidence, to be buried. The original church on this site is said to have been founded by Margaret of Bavaria, daughter-in-law of Frederick II.,* with the ransom which she brought too late to purchase the life of her son Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, executed in his sixteenth year by Charles of Anjou. The murdered prince lies behind the high altar, under a stone marked R.C.C. (Regis Corradini Corpus), but he is commemorated in a beautiful statue, modelled by Thorwaldsen, and executed by Schöpf of Munich in 1847, for Maximilian II. of Bavaria, as Crown Prince. The two reliefs on the pedestal (by Schöpf) represent the parting of Conradin from his mother in the Tyrol, and that (at the foot of the scaffold) from his bosom friend, Frederick of Baden, who already married, and three years older than Conradin, had been his companion from childhood, and was executed with him.

" Faut-il mettre au rang des fictions une tradition touchante qui s'est transmise d'âge en âge ? Un jour, les habitants de Naples aperçurent dans le golfe un vaisseau d'une forme et d'une couleur étranges : la coque, les voiles, les cordages, tout était noir. Une femme vêtue de deuil descendit du navire : c'était Elizabeth-Marguerite, la mère de Conradin. Au bruit de la captivité de son fils, elle embarqua tous ses trésors, et, devenue intrépide par amour maternel, cette, Elizabeth, jusqu'alors si faible et si craintive, qui n'osait sortir de ses châteaux de Souabe ou du Tyrol, s'exposa aux hasards de la mer pour apporter la rançon de son enfant. Mais il n'était plus temps. Lorsqu'elle aborda à Naples, Conradin était mort. . . . L'archevêque la recut avec respect et lui apprit que désormais tout était fini pour elle. Alors l'infortunée ne demanda qu'une grâce : elle voulut élever un monument à celui qu'elle pleurait, sur le lieu même ou il avait péri. Charles n'y consentit point, seulement il autorisa l'érection d'une église sur la place publique témoin de l'attentat, et, pour l'expier, il assigna des sommes considérables qui, jointés à l'inutile rançon, attestèrent à la fois les regrets d'une mère inconsolable et les remords tardifs d'un vainqueur sans pitié." †—*Alexis de Saint Priest, Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.*

" Christendom heard with horror that the royal brother of S. Louis, that the champion of the Church, after a mock trial, by the sentence of one judge, Robert di Lavena—after an unanswerable pleading by Guido di Suzaria, a famous jurist—had condemned the last heir of the Swabian house—a rival king, who had fought gallantly for his hereditary throne—to be executed as a felon and a rebel on a public scaffold. So little did Conradin dread his fate, that when his doom was announced, he was playing at chess with Frederick of Austria. ' Slave,' said Conradin to Robert of Bari, who read the fatal sentence, ' do you dare to condemn as a criminal the son and heir of kings ? ' He added, ' I am a mortal, and must die ; yet ask the kings of the earth if a prince be criminal for seeking to win back the heritage of his ancestors. But if there be no pardon for me, spare, at least, my faithful companions ;

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* Then become a simple countess by her second marriage with Meinhard von Görtz, Count of Tyrol. Queens of the Middle Ages lost their title by a second marriage.

† Another story narrates that the mother of Conradin devoted the money intended or his ransom to founding the monastery of Stams in Tyrol.

" Carlo venne in Italia, e, per ammenda,
Vittima fe' di Corradino."

Dante, Purg. xx

or if they must die, strike me first, that I may not behold their death.' They died devoutly, nobly. Every circumstance aggravated the abhorrence: it was said—perhaps it was the invention of that abhorrence—that Robert of Flanders, the brother of Charles, struck dead the judge who had presumed to read the iniquitous sentence. When Conradin knelt, with uplifted hands, awaiting the blow of the executioner, he uttered these last words: 'O my mother! how deep will be thy sorrow at the news of this day!' Even the followers of Charles could scarcely restrain their pity and indignation. With Conradin died his young and valiant friend, Frederick of Austria, the two Lancias, and two of the noble house of Donaticcio of Pisa."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity*, v. 79.

The adjoining **Piazza del Mercato,** where a great market is held on Mondays and Fridays, is a spot where strangers may well study Neapolitan life amongst the lower orders, and where artists may find plenty of subjects amongst the booths, the pretty stalls of the lemonade-vendors, hung with bright festoons of lemons like pictures of Girolamo dai Libri, and the groups of women round the three fountains. Of these, the largest is called **Fontana di Masaniello,** for it is here that, in 1647, the young fisherman Tommaso Aniello—Masaniello—roused to fury by the fact of his young wife having been fined a hundred ducats for trying to smuggle three pounds of flour into Naples in a stocking to evade the octroi, first roused the people to the revolution, which led to his sovereignty of eight days, which ended in his early death. In the famous executions which have taken place here, the Mercato answers to Tower Hill in London, and the Place de la Grève at Paris. The scaffold, called **La Madaja,** was appropriately erected in front of the Vico del Sospiro. It was here that Conradin was beheaded, October 29, 1268.

On the north of the piazza stands the gay and thoroughly Neapolitan **Cappella della Croce,** where, in the second sacristy (entered at the end of the right wall), are preserved the carved **block of stone** on which Conradin suffered, and the **porphyry pillar,** supporting an ancient crucifix, which formerly stood on the site of the scaffold, commemorating the treachery of Giovanni Frangipani, Lord of Astura, by whom the young prince was captured and betrayed, in the inscription—

> "Asturis ungue leo pullum rapiens aquillinum
> Hic deplumavit, acephalumque dedit,"

a horrible play upon the word *astur* (vulture) and the castle of Astura, near Porto d'Anzio. The block and cross, however, are the most interesting existing memorials of Conradin; the church, with its statue and inscription, are all of recent date.

On the south-west of the piazza, near an old stone cross, is the **Church of S. Eligio** (S. Loo—the patron of workers in metal), with a beautiful Gothic porch of the fourteenth century and a statue of the saint. A gate crosses the narrow street below the church, and, upon it, two heads, below the clock, record the romantic administration of justice upon this spot by the Regent Isabella of Aragon, daughter of Alphonso I., who, in 1501, insisted upon the marriage of a Baron Caracciolo with a young girl whom he had deflowered, upon the scaffold in the market-

TOMB OF KING LADISLAUS IN SAN GIOVANNI, NAPLES

Sommer

place, and had him beheaded immediately afterwards in the presence of his bride.

In the maze of streets north of the piazza and across the Corso Umberto is the **Church of SS. Annunziata** founded by King Robert in 1304 and rebuilt 1760–82, of white marble, under *Vanvitelli*. The proportions of the interior are fine. Near the high altar is a good work of Spagnoletto, and at its foot is the bare grave-stone of Queen Joanna II., 1435, the childless widow of Duke William of Austria, who succeeded her brother Ladislaus on the throne, and in whom the Neapolitan house of Anjou, so terribly productive of tragedies, came to an end. It is in accordance with a clause in her will that the queen is buried "under a flat stone."

"Jeanne II. fit asseoir tous les vices sur le trône des Angevins sans la compensation d'aucun talent, ni d'aucune vertu."—*Alexis de Saint-Priest.*

Very near the Annunziata is the **Porta Nolana,** with the towers of **Cara Fè** and **Speranza** on the city wall. Turning west from the gate, we find, in the street of the same name, **S. Agostino della Zecca,** founded by Charles I., but rebuilt in the eighteenth century. The third chapel on the right contains the tomb of Francesco Coppola, Count of Sarno, treacherously beheaded, after his safety had been guaranteed, with Antonello Petrucci (1487) in front of the Castel Nuovo, for the "Conspiracy of the Barons" against Ferdinand I. of Aragon. The sons of Petrucci were beheaded in the Largo del Mercato. The pulpit is very richly sculptured. In the cloister, now full of shrubs and flowers, brick is intermingled with the handsome grey stonework with admirable effect.

Returning to the long Piazza del Municipio, we find on our right the **Palazzo del Municipio,** built 1819–25: in the vestibule are statues of (Ruggiero) Roger I. and (Federigo) Frederick II. On the left of the Strada S. Giacomo, the carriage should be stopped in front of a large building with a court used half for public offices, half as a kind of market. Here, on the left, an obscure door and passage will admit us to **S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli,** built for the Spaniards by the Viceroy Pietro di Toledo in 1540. On the right of the entrance is a Holy Family of *Andrea del Sarto*—"a beautiful and genuine picture."* Ill seen in the choir is the over-magnificent tomb of Pietro di Toledo 1553, by *Giovanni da Nola,* the son of a leather merchant, of whom we shall see numerous works at Naples. Statues of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance stand at the corners of the enriched pedestal, which supports a square sarcophagus, adorned with reliefs illustrative of the victories of the viceroy,—"overcrowded, ill-composed pictures in stone."† The whole is surmounted by kneeling statues of Don Pedro and his wife Eleanora—the latter full of character and expression.

* Burckhardt. † Perkins, *Italian Sculptors.*

Behind, with other monuments, is that of Walther von Hiernheim, 1557, counsellor and commander under Charles V. and Philip II. The 3rd chapel on the left contains a Deposition by *Gian Bernardo Lama*, like the "work of a Fleming who had studied in Italy" * (1606-87).

Following the Strada S. Giacomo, we find ourselves immediately in the main artery of Naples, which has borne for centuries the high-sounding ever-memorable name of **Toledo**, now changed to the indistinctive **Strada di Roma**. The street was opened by the magnificent Viceroy, Don Pedro di Toledo, and leads from the Piazza del Plebiscito to the **Museum**, a distance of about a mile and a half.

"Long et bruyant bazar bordé de hautes maisons, encombré jour et nuit de peuple et de carrosses, la première, je croix, des grandes rues, et qui mérite la réputation dont elle jouit auprès des amateurs de ce genre de merveilles."—*Valery*.

"Toledo est la rue de tout le monde. C'est la rue des restaurants, des cafés, des boutiques; c'est l'artère qui alimente et traverse tous les quartiers de la ville; c'est le fleuve où vont se degorger tous les torrents de la foule. L'aristocratie y passe en voiture, la bourgeoisie y vend ses étoffes, le peuple y fait sa sieste. Pour le noble, c'est une promenade; pour le marchand un bazar; pour le lazzarone, un domicile."—*Alexandre Dumas*.

"Naples, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible: it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and, in the middle of this tide, of a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current, there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades dispute with you in the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench, you are lost among shoemakers' tools, you dash among the pots of a macaroni-stall, and you escape behind a lazzarone's night-basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle; the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque; some of the church processions would frighten a war-horse."—*Forsyth*.

From the widening in the street called Piazza Poerio, a direct way leads (left) to S. Martino and the castle of S. Elmo. On the right, the Strada della Corsea leads to **S. Maria la Nuova** originally built by *Giovanni da Pisa* in 1268, on the site of the watch-tower Mastria, but restored by *Franco* in 1596. It consists of a nave, transept, and twelve chapels. It is approached by a handsome staircase. The interior is covered with paintings the best being figures of the Franciscan theologians—Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Niccolo di Lira, and Alessandro di Alessandro—in the cupola. We may also observe:

1st Chapel, r.—The Archangel Michael, *Antonio d'Amato*, long ascribed to Michael Angelo.

3rd Chapel, r.—The Crucifixion, *Marco da Siena*.

4th Chapel, r.—The much-frequented shrine of S. Ciro, "Medico, Eremita, Martire."

R. Transept.—Tomb of Galeazzo di Sanseverino, 1467. A beautiful Tuscan work of the fifteenth century, in which the statue of S. Chiara especially deserves notice.

On the last pillar, an Annunciation.

C. r. of Choir.—Beautiful wooden crucifix.

High Altar.—Madonna, by *Tommaso degli Stefani*, brought from the old chapel of S. Maria del Palazzo in the Castel Nuovo. The frescoes of the choir ceiling are by *Simone Papa the Younger*. On one side is a handsome monument of the Triveno family, of 1530.

L. aisle.—*First great Chapel* dedicated to S. Giacomo della Marca, and built b

* Burckhardt.

"Il gran Capitano" Gonsalvo da Cordova, whose nephew, Ferdinand, Duca di Sessa, and Governor of Naples, "humanarum miseriarum memor," raised tombs here to the two unhappy warriors, his enemies in the wars of Francis I. The nobly chivalrous epitaphs are by Paolo Giovio. The tomb on the right is that of Pierre de Navarre, general under Francis I., who strangled himself whilst a prisoner in the Castel Nuovo, 1528; that on the left is to Lautrec, 1528, who died of the plague whilst besieging Naples.

"Lautrec étoit brave, hardi, vaillant, et excellent pour combattre en guerre et frapper comme sourd; mais pour gouverner en état il n'y étoit bon."—*Brantôme.*

The adjoining **convent** has beautiful cloisters, always accessible, and where the picturesque well, and the profusion of orange and lemon trees, with their bright green relieved against the arches, will afford "subjects" to an artist. In the **ex-refectory** are frescoes possibly by the two Neapolitan Donzelli, though Crowe and Cavalcaselle rather ascribe them to such an Umbrian painter as Francesco da Tolentino.

Proceeding down Strada Monte Oliveto, on the right is **Palazzo Gravina** (the post office), an excellent work of *Gabriele d'Agnolo*, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, when it was built for Ferdinando Orsini, Duca di Gravina. Its frieze formerly bore an inscription declaring that he built his house "sibi, suisque, et amicis omnibus." Though much injured and spoilt, this is still the handsomest palace in Naples, where fine buildings are scarce. Left is the **Piazza Monte Oliveto,** with a fountain surmounted by a bronze statue of Charles II. by *Cafaro*, 1663. On the left, at the back of the piazza, is the **Church of Monte Oliveto** (S. Anna dei Lombardi), built 1411 from designs of Ciccione, by Guerrello Origlia, the favourite of King Ladislaus, and Grand-Protonotary of the kingdom. In the vestibule is the tomb of Domenico Fontana, 1607, the architect of Sixtus V., who erected the obelisks in Rome. The entrance is a fine specimen of Renaissance work. From the Tuscan art treasures it contains this is one of the churches best worth visiting in Naples. The help of the sacristan in opening the chapels is indispensable. We should especially notice:

R. of Entrance.—Altar (of the Ligorio family), with a group representing the Infant Saviour on His mother's knee, leaning forwards, child-like, to the little St. John—the sleeping Joseph is especially beautiful.

L. of Entrance.—Altar (of the Pezzo family), with a statue of Madonna by *Girolamo da Santa Croce*, 1524.

1st Chapel, r.—The family burial-place of Annibale Marino Curiale, 1490. Over the altar is an exquisite Annunciation by *Benedetto da Majano* with scenes from the lives of the Saviour and the Virgin beneath (1489). On the left of the altar is the tomb of Marino Curiale himself, with an inscription by King Alphonso I.—

"Qui fecit Alphonsi quodam pars maxima regis
Marinus hac modica nunc tumulat humo."

3rd Chapel, r.—of S. Antonio, has sculptures by *Girolamo da Santa Croce.*

C. of the Madonna, r. transept.—Tombs of the Viceroy Cardinal Pompeo Colonna, poisoned by his servants with a fig, 1532; and of Charles de Launoy, 1527, Viceroy under Charles V.

Reached by a passage from hence is the **C. of San Sepolcro,** containing a most curious Pietà in terra-cotta, by the singular sculptor *Guido Mazzoni of Modena*, sometimes called *Il Modanino*, 1492. His figures, though grotesque, are dramatic and expressive, like living persons transformed into clay. In this instance

contemporary figures are introduced—Sannazzaro as Joseph of Arimathea; Pontano as Nicodemus; and Alphonso II. as St. John, kneeling. The Christ is unworthy, and by another hand.

In the Ante-Chapel are good fifteenth-century tombs, including the curious monument of Antonio and Maddalena de' Alessandri.

The *Sagrestia Vecchia* (r. of Choir) is a beautifully proportioned chamber, surrounded by exquisite intarsiatura work by *Angelo da Verona*. The frescoes are by *Giorgio Vasari*. On the end wall (right) is that of Alphonso II., and (left) that of Guerrello Origlia, the founder of the church.

Choir.—The stalls have exquisite *intarsiatura* work by *Giovanni da Nola*, and their fine colour and forms make them much sought by artists as backgrounds. The frescoes of the Life of S. Benedict are by (?) *Simone Papa the Younger*. All around are tombs.

5th Chapel, l.—Statue of the Baptist by *Giovanni da Nola*—his first work—very simple and stately.

3rd Chapel, l.—The Flagellation, by *Giovanni da Nola*.

1st Chapel, l.—(Piccolomini)—a treasure-house of Renaissance sculpture. A lovely Nativity by *Antonio* Rossellino, in which, says Vasari, the "angels are singing with parted lips, and so exquisitely finished that they seem to breathe, and displaying in all their movements and expression such grace and refinement, that genius and the chisel can produce nothing in marble to surpass this work." The tomb of Mary of Aragon, 1470, natural daughter of King Ferdinand I. and wife of Antonio Piccolomini, is a masterpiece by Rossellino. The lunette is very beautiful. "Especially pleasing," says Lubke, "is the figure of the maidenly and delicate princess lying on the sarcophagus, the two hovering angels at her side, and the gracious Madonna in the arched compartment above. Only the genii on the sarcophagus are somewhat constrained." An Ascension with Saints is by *Silvestro dei Buoni*.

In the **Monastery** of Monte Oliveto, now public offices, **Tasso** was kindly received during his sickness in 1588, and he wrote part of his *Gerusalemme* here, though without much hope of completing it—"In una età già inclinata, in una complessione stemperata, in un' animo perturbato, in una fortuna adversa, poco si pu sperare senza miglioramento, e molto temere che'l fine de' miei travagli non debba esser la prosperità, ma la morte." In his gratitude to the kind monks, the poet suspended his great work for a time, to begin his poem on "L'Origine della Congregazione di Monte Oliveto."

The Strada Monte Oliveto falls into the Strada di Quercia, which joins the Via Roma at the corner of the handsome **Palazzo Maddaloni** (now the Banca Nazionale), which belonged originally to the Marchese del Vasto, afterwards to the Dukes of Maddaloni. The entrance and staircase are from designs of *Fansaga*. The Hall, occupied as the Bank of Naples, has a fresco by *Francesco di Muro*, representing the siege of Naples by Ferdinand I. of Aragon. A little farther north the Toledo widens into the Piazza **Dante**, containing the *Gymnasium*, and a modern *Statue of Dante*.

Following the **Strada di Quercia** we reach the **Largo SS. Trinità**, adorned with an obelisk called *Guglia della Concezione*, erected in honour of the Virgin, 1747, by *Gensino Bottigheri*. Opposite, is the *Church of Gesù Nuovo*, or **S. Trinità Maggiore**, the great church of the Jesuits. It is a Greek cross, built 1584, from designs of the Jesuit *Pietro Provedo*, in the palace of Roberto Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno. The interior is well proportioned, and magnificent in decoration. Its cupola, covered with a representation of Paradise by *Lanfranco*, was destroyed

in the earthquake of 1688; only the four Evangelists at the angles remain. Over the entrance is a great fresco of Heliodorus driven out of the Temple, painted in the rapid Neapolitan style by *Solimena* in his eighteenth year. The façade was brought from elsewhere, and is earlier.

L. Transept, *Chapel of S. Ignazio.*—Frescoes by *Ribera;* statues of Jeremiah and David by *Fansaga.*

R. Transept.—Frescoes by *Luca Giordano.*

Opposite Il Gesù Nuovo, in the middle of the right side of the piazza, through the house No. 19, is the entrance to a hall in the suppressed **Convent of S. Chiara**, which contains the most beautiful Giottesque fresco left in Naples—of the Miracle of the Loaves, painted here as a symbol of Franciscan charity: the arms of **King Robert** and his second wife, Sancia, appear on the border. The Saviour, seated between two palms, blesses the bread-baskets which the disciples have placed at His feet. In the foreground are S. Chiara with her garland, and S. Francis with his bag for bread on his shoulder. (Apply to N. Jovine, 13 Piazza S. Trinità.)

Under a projecting green porch on the right of the Strada S. Trinità Maggiore is the entrance to the court which contains the **Church of S. Chiara,** founded by King Robert the Wise in 1310, and built by Maestro Galiardo. The exterior of the church is, for the most part, in Gothic of the fourteenth century, and has almost the aspect of a fortress. The detached tower (which was fortified by the Spanish troops in the insurrection of Masaniello in 1647) was intended to consist of five storeys illustrative of the five orders of architecture, but the death of King Robert (1343) cut it short, and it was built after 1600.

The interior, overlaid with gaudy decorations in the eighteenth century, has entirely lost its French-Gothic character, and resembles rather a ball-room than a church. The two fine "tortili," or twisted columns, beside the altar, were made in Rome for Frederick II. to place in Sta. Maria di Monte. King Robert brought them here to Naples 1317. The large central picture of the ceiling representing David dancing before the ark and the Queen of Sheba, is a work of the Neapolitan *Conca.* Nevertheless, as the burial-place of its great dead, S. Chiara is one of the most interesting churches in Naples. We may observe:

L. 1*st Altar.*—The tomb of Onofrio di Penna, 1407, Secretary of King Ladislaus, by *Antonio Bamboccio.* It encloses frescoes of the Madonna between two hermits, and of the Trinity adored by Antonio and Onofrio di Penna, interesting works of the rare artist *Francesco*, son of Maestro Simone of Naples (?).

Over the **Entrance.**—Fourteenth-century reliefs relating the history of **S. Catherine.** The masterpiece of Tino da Camaino.

R. Aisle, 1*st Altar.*—Tomb of Giovanni d'Ariano, secretary of Queen Sancia.

Last Chapel, r.—Tombs, by *Sammartino*, of Prince Philip de Bourbon, eldest son of Charles III., and of five others of his children.

We now reach a noble group of **royal Angevin tombs,** universally ascribed by Neapolitan writers and English guide-books to the so-called native artist Masuccio II., but really the work of different Tuscan sculptors, invited to Naples by Robert the

Wise, and Joan, his granddaughter. The three Masuccios, in fact, never existed at all.

Behind the High Altar.—The tomb of King Robert the Wise, designed during his lifetime, and finished after his death in 1343. Upon the seven panels of the sarcophagus the king is represented surrounded by his family, his first wife Iolante, his second wife Sancia of Majorca, his granddaughter Queen Joanna. and his son Charles, Duke of Calabria, with his wife Maria. Here the king is represented with a crown, but barefooted, and with a Franciscan robe which he wore as penance for eighteen days before his death. The inscription (by Petrarch) is, "Cernite Robertum regem virtute refertum." Above, Robert is represented again throned in royal robes. At the top of all, S. Francis and Sta. Chiara present the kneeling king, together with Queen Sancia, to the Madonna. On the point of the gable is Christ in glory. The tomb was carried out (like most of the canopied tombs here) by the Florentine brothers Paccio and Giovanni, to whom it was entrusted by Joanna I.

"The most important of the Angevin tombs is that of King Robert himself—'Signor savio ed espertissimo in pace ed in guerra, e riputato un altro Salomone dell' età sua.'* Passionately fond of books, which 'were always by his side by night and by day, sitting or walking, in war and in peace, in prosperity as in adversity,' this rare monarch won the gratitude of men of letters of his time by the esteem in which he held them, and their admiration of his personal attainments. Before Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome, he went to Naples and voluntarily submitted to be examined by King Robert, who gave him a diploma setting forth his titles to the honour about to be conferred upon him by the Roman Senate, bestowed upon him his royal mantle to wear at the ceremony, and being unable on account of his great age to assist at it in person, sent in his stead two officers of his household.

"An ardent partisan of the Popes, to whom he owed his crown, much of King Robert's reign was passed in fighting for them against the German Emperors Henry VII. and Louis of Bavaria, who would have destroyed his kingdom had not the first died suddenly at Buonconvento, and the second been forced to retreat from Rome. Occupied in repeated and fruitless attempts to get possession of Sicily, and constantly obliged to reduce his turbulent barons to subjection by force, his public life was full of disquietude, while the death of his only son, the Duke of Calabria, upon whose tried capacities for government he had counted in the future, clouded his private life with bitter disappointment and grief. The succession had by Duke Charles's death devolved upon his daughter Joanna, who had been married by King Robert to his [great-] nephew Andrea. Their unhappy union, and the character of the future queen, filled the old monarch with apprehension, and helped to bring down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors*, p. 56.

Right.—The tomb of Charles the Illustrious, Duke of Calabria, 1328, eldest son of Robert the Wise and father of Queen Joanna I. On the sarcophagus is the seated figure of the duke with sword and sceptre, who is represented again above as a reclining figure. Behind, a bishop, with four attendant priests, blesses the dying man. Over the angels drawing the curtain, are the Madonna and S. Louis, the kneeling duke and his royal daughter. The inscription on the sarcophagus is—"Justitiae relator et cultor ac Reipublicae strenuus defensor." By Tino da Camaino, 1328.

"When King Robert (says Giannone †) asked Duke Charles how he liked S. Chiara, he replied that, being without transepts and surrounded by many little low-roofed chapels which opened out of it like stalls, it looked to him like a stable. Piqued by this answer or moved by a prophetic spirit, the king said, 'God grant, my son, that you may not be the first of us to eat in that stable!' Giannone tells us that Duke Charles was the first member of the royal family buried at S. Chiara, but as he died long before the church was completed, his body must have been deposited elsewhere in the interim. His recumbent effigy is draped in a royal mantle painted blue and decorated with golden lilies, and the front of the sarcophagus is adorned with small figures in relief representing the duke, with a sceptre and a sword, sitting in the midst of his counsellors and vassals, the first in their robes of office, the last in short doublets and cloaks. The wolf and the lamb drinking out of the same cup, sculptured at his feet, symbolise the wise and just conduct of affairs by which, while governing the kingdom during his father's absence, he induced the turbulent nobles to live at peace with their inferiors. The winged figures of Justice, Temperance,

* Giannone, iii. 126.
† *Storia di Napoli.*

Force, Clemency, and Hope, grouped about the columns which support the sarcophagus, are well-merited emblems of his virtues."—*Perkins.*

* Against the Wall, r.—A tomb, sometimes said to be that of Queen Joanna I. herself,* but more correctly ascribed to her mother, Mary of Valois, 1331, second wife of Charles the Illustrious. Her effigy, in a long blue mantle, lies upon a sarcophagus, supported by caryatides standing upon lions. The dead lady is also represented with her attendants on the front of the sarcophagus. Tino da Camaino.

* L. High Altar.—Tomb of Maria, Duchess of Durazzo (1366), second daughter of Charles the Illustrious and sister of Joanna I. She was three times married; first, to her second cousin, Charles I., Duke of Durazzo; secondly, to Roberto di Balzo, Conte di Avellino; thirdly, to Filippo, of Taranto, titular Emperor of Constantinople. Maria is represented crowned and in imperial robes, and the inscription styles her Maria di Francia, imperatrix Constantinopolitana, ducissa Duracii.

* Against the left Wall.—Tomb of Agnese, daughter of Maria di Durazzo. She married first Can Signorio della Scala, and secondly Giacomo del Balzo, Duke of Andria. In the same grave lies her younger sister Clemencia, who died unmarried.

* Close by, *on the left Wall*, is the beautiful tomb, by Giovanni da Nola (?), of Antonia Gandino, 1530, who died in her fourteenth year, on the day appointed for her marriage. The beauty of the child is depicted in her statue, and the grief of her parents is described in an epitaph by the Neapolitan poet Antonio Epicuro, of the Academia Pontano:

> "Nata eheu miserum, misero mihi nata parenti,
> Unicus; ut fieres, unica nata, dolor;
> Nam tibi dumque virum, taedas, thalamumque parabam,
> Funera, et inferias anxius ecce paro.
>
> "Debuimus tecum poni, materque paterque,
> Ut tribus haec miseris urna parata foret.
> At nos perpetui gemitus, tu nata sepulcri.
> Esto haeres, ubi sic impia fata volunt."

The Pulpit has interesting fourteenth-century reliefs of Christian martyrdoms in which the white figures are relieved upon a black ground, a system of decoration frequently used by the Greeks, but of which this is a very early example in Christian art.

5th Chapel, l.—Tombs of Raimondo del Balzo, Count of Soleto, 1375, and his wife Isabella.

L. (*close to the Side-Entrance*).—Tomb of Gabriele Adorno, 1572, Admiral under the Emperor Charles V., a spirited half-figure.

Left, on third Pillar.—La Madonna delle Grazie, the only remnant (covered with silver offerings) of the frescoes with which King Robert, perhaps by the advice of Boccaccio, invited *Giotto* to cover the church.

2nd Chapel, l.—On the left, the sarcophagus of Raimondo di Cabannis, 1336, the Saracen slave, a major-domo under Robert, who became Grand Seneschal of the kingdom, having married Filippa, originally a washerwoman from Catania, who had been raised to the position of a kind of governess to Joanna I. It was she who was held to have incited her relatives to the murder of Andrew, and for this, with her children Robert and Sancia, was tortured with hot pincers and executed. R. tomb of Perrotto, second son of Raimondo, 1336.

1st Chapel, l.—Tombs of the Merloto family.

A few steps farther down the Strada S. Trinità, we reach the **Largo S. Domenico**, in the midst of which is another "Guglia," surmounted by a bronze statue of S. Domenic, a foolish work of Fansaga, yet picturesque from its richness. On the right (No. 13) is the *Palazzo Casacalenda*, with a pillared court, a work of Vanvitelli. To the west (No. 12) is the handsome *Palazzo Corigliano*, built by the Neapolitan Mormando. Close by is (No. 9) the *Palazzo Sansevero*, designed by Giovanni da Nola, with frescoes by Corenzio. Opposite (No. 3) is the Palazzo

* Giannone, *Storia di Napoli*, iii. 199. Other historians say she was buried in an obscure corner of the church, without any monument.

Alice, a handsome work of the Renaissance. On the left we enter, by the south door,

The **Church of S. Domenico Maggiore,** which, in spite of alterations in the fifteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and aggressive gilding within, retains much of its original design (1289). The western entrance, in a courtyard, has a grand inlaid Gothic portal, with angels and lions. The interior has three lofty aisles, with chapels full of Tuscan tombs. An inscription records the consecration of the church by Pope Alexander IV. in person. It has ever since been the favourite burial-place of the Neapolitan aristocracy. Beginning from the main entrance we should notice :

R., 1st Chapel (*Carafa*, now Saluzzo).—Tomb of Galeotto Carafa, 1513. The rococo tomb of General Filippo Saluzzo, 1852.

R., 2nd Chapel (Brancaccio).—Over the altar a Giottesque fresco, probably by *Agnolo Franco.* ✝A Magdalen by a pupil of Simone Memmi. On the right wall, tomb of Bart. Brancaccio, Archbishop of Trani, 1341.

R., 3rd Chapel (Brancaccio).—Ancient frescoes (injured) on the side walls, probably by *Agnolo Franco.*

R., 4th Chapel (Capece) has good sixteenth-century tombs.

R., 6th Chapel (Dentice).—Tomb of Diana di Raone di Cosenza, wife of Luigi Dentice, 1383.

R., 7th Chapel (del Crocefisso).—Here Fra Giacomo di Caserta narrated that one morning he saw S. Thomas Aquinas hovering two feet above the ground in prayer, and that the Crucified One spoke, saying : "Bene scripsisti de me, Thome, quam ergo mercedem recipies" ; and that Thomas answered : "Non aliam nisi te, Domine."

At the sides of the high altar of the chapel are two beautiful monuments. That on the left commemorates Francesco Carafa, 1470, and is by some ascribed to *Andrea da Fiesole*—working under the influence and study of Michael Angelo. The inscription says, "Huic virtus gloriam, gloria immortalitatem comparavit." The opposite tomb is by the same hand.

Chapel, l. of High Altar, of the Crocefisso.—Tomb of Ettore Carafa, Conte de Ruvo, 1511, made during his lifetime.

Returning to the Church, the *next Chapel l.*—Altar-piece of the Madonna della Rosa with S. Domenic, perhaps by *Simone Napolitano*, an artist of whom some authorities doubt the existence. Tomb of Mariano d'Alagno, Count of Bucchianino and his wife Caterina Orsini, 1477, by *Tommaso Malvito.* Close by, the tomb of Niccolo di Sangro, Prince of Fondi, by *Domenico d'Auria*—a poor work.

Left.—Chapel of the Aquino family. On the right wall the tomb of Giovanna d'Aquino, Countess of Mileto and Terranuova, 1345. The Madonna with angels within the canopy of the tomb. Beneath is an inscription to Giovanna's son Gaspare.

Left, *near the entrance to the Sacristy.*—The Gothic tomb of Cristoforo d'Aquino, 1342, son of Giovanna and her husband Tommaso. The deep repose in the face of the dead man, which is turned to the front, is striking.

* The Sacristy has a ceiling decorated with frescoes by *Solimena.* High in the air, on a balustrade, are forty-five coffins of wood covered with scarlet. Ten contain the remains of the Princes and Princesses of the Aragonese dynasty, in whose time Neapolitan history attained its greatest glory. Here rest Ferdinand I., 1494 ; Ferdinand II., 1496 ; Isabella of Aragon, wife of Giov. Galeazzo Sforza the Younger, Duke of Milan, 1524 ; Mary of Aragon, Marchesa del Vasto, 1568 ; Antonio of Aragon, second Duke of Montalto, and his two sons, Giovanni and Ferrante. The coffin of Alphonso I., 1458, is here, but his remains were taken to Spain in 1666. Many of the other illustrious dead have no inscription to mark them. Some of the coffins are surmounted by portraits. The mummy long shown as that of Antonello Petrucci, Minister of Ferdinand I., beheaded for the Conspiracy of the Barons, is in reality that of his son Giovanni Antonio, executed a few months before his father. Above the coffin of Fernando Francesco d'Avalos, Marchese de Pescara, are his portrait, his torn banner, and a short sword, said to be that which was given up to him by Francis I. at Pavia, where he took a bloody revenge for his repulse when besieging Marseilles with the constable de Bourbon :

" Piscario Marti debetur Martius ensis :
Barbara adest, tutus medios potes ire per hostes."

He died of his wounds at Milan in his thirty-sixth year, nobly lamented in the verses of his widow Vittoria Colonna, by whom his remains were brought hither.

Right Transept.—Right, tomb of Don Urso, with relief of S. Jerome by an unknown Tuscan. On a pillar to the left of the next chapel is the tomb of Galeazzo Pandono, 1514, with a lovely medallion of the Madonna giving fruit to the Infant Christ. After several other tombs, that (left) of the poetess Porzia Capece (1559), wife of Bernardino Rota—an obelisk between two medallions, that of Bernardino inscribed " Abiit non obiit," that of Porzia " Discessit non decessit."

On a **Pillar** *between two Chapels.*—The monument of Niccolo Zingarelli, the celebrated musician, 1837.

R., Cappella Brancaccio.—Right, beautiful tomb of Tommaso Brancaccio, 1492, by J. della Pila.

Tribune.—Frescoes by *Regolia* of the triumphs of the Dominicans over heretics. The Easter candlestick, with allegorical figures, is inscribed " Deo trino Ferdinandus Capua de Balzo erexit, 1585."

2nd Chapel left of Tribune (dei Spinelli di Cariati).—Left, the tomb of Carlo, Marchese d'Orsonuovo, 1633. Right, tomb of Cardinal Spinelli, 1530, by *Girol. da Santacroce.*

Le t Transept.—The Cappella Pignatelli and the tomb of Michele Riccio, the celebrated statesman, 1515, with S. Jerome before the Cross, by an unknown Tuscan. On the wall to the right of a side door, the monument of the poet Giambattista Marini of Naples, 1625. It is surmounted by a bronze bust by *Viscontini*, which was executed for Giovan Battista Manso, Marchese di Villa, heir of the poet, who kept it in his house in the Largo de' Girolomini, where it was seen in 1640 by **Milton**, who mentions it in his *Sylvarum.*

" Vidimus arridentem operoso ex aere poetam."

The monument was removed hither by King Murat in 1813, from the cloisters of S. Agnello Maggiore. Above are the monuments of Philip of Taranto, 1335, and Giov. di Durazzo, 1323.

L. of the Door.—Altar of Fabius Arcella, 1536; the Madonna is a beautiful work of *Giovanni da Nola.*

7th Chapel, n. Aisle (Ruffo di Bagnara) contains several good tombs of the Tomacelli. Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo, conspicuous in the history of 1789, was buried here in 1827, without a monument.

6th Chapel.—Left, the curious monument of Laetitia Caracciolo, 1340.

4th Chapel.—Statue of the Baptist. Right, splendid tomb of Alphonso de Rota, 1565, by *Domenico d'Auria.* Left, tomb of the poet Bernardino Rota, husband of Porzia, with allegorical figures of the Arno and Tiber, the best work of *Domenico d'Auria*, 1575.

3rd Chapel (of Carafa Malizia).—Altar-piece of the martyrdom of S. John, by *Scipione Caetani.* Left, the tomb of Antonio Carafa, 1438.

The **Convent of S. Domenico,** which was a theological college of the Middle Ages, became celebrated in 1272 from the lectures of S. Thomas Aquinas, to which Alphonso I. of Aragon and all his Court rode hither to listen. S. Thomas was paid one ounce of gold, the equivalent to £1, a month—" Mercede unius unciae auri." The cell of the saint and his pulpit are preserved. His lecture-room is used for the meetings of the **Accademia Pontaniana,** founded in 1471 by Giovanni Pontano, Secretary of State under Ferdinand I. There is no ground for the legend that the death of S. Thomas was caused by poison administered by order of Charles I.

" Carlo venne in Italia . . .
. . . e poi
Ripinse al ciel Tommaso, per amenda."
Dante, Purg. xx.

Giordano Bruno also studied here.

Through the Calata di S. Severo (right) we reach the **Cappella di Sansevero** (S. Maria della Pietà de' Sangri, Principe di Sansevero—the keys are kept opposite, 50 c.), built in 1590 by Francesco di Sangro, Duke of Torremaggiore, enlarged as a burial-place for his family by Alessandro di Sangro in 1608, and greatly enriched by Raimondo di Sangro in 1766. It is filled with sculptures of the Bernini school, greatly admired by travellers of the last century and by *valets de place* to-day. Between the chapels are memorial life-size statues of the Princes of S. Severo, while the Princesses are commemorated by statues of the Virtues, which were considered most to influence them. We may especially remark the statue of Cecco di Sangro over the west door, emerging from his grave in full armour, by *Francesco Celebrano*, and the curious statue which commemorates Antonio di Sangro, father of Raimondo, by *Queiroli* * "Il Disinganno"—a man struggling, with the help of his good genius, to disentangle himself from the meshes of a net, typical of the struggles of Antonio against the entanglements of the world, which he renounced to become a monk after the death of his wife Cecilia. The man and net are sculptured out of the same piece of marble. Cecilia Caëtani, mother of Raimondo, is commemorated in a statue, by the Venetian *Antonio Corradini*, of "Modesty," covered with a transparent marble veil, through which the form and features are visible. The most remarkable sculpture of all, esteemed as priceless by the Neapolitans, lies below. It is a **statue of the *Dead Christ,** covered with a transparent white marble shroud, lying on a grey marble bed, by *Giuseppe Sammartino.*

"The coquettish display of transparent drapery appears especially repulsive in two much-admired marble works in the chapel of S. Maria de' Sangri. One of these is Sammartino's figure of the Dead Christ, whose form is visible through the shroud. While it is characteristic of the thoughtlessness of this frivolous style to degrade such a subject by making it the field for such refinement, the so-called figure of Chastity by Corradini produces a far more repulsive effect, its form being all the more unchastely displayed. The third on the list is Queiroli with his 'Deluded Vice,' *i.e.*, a man who is struggling with the assistance of a genius to free himself from a great net. As usual, the shamelessness of the idea keeps pace with the insipidity of the subject."—*Lübke.*

Regaining the Strada S. Trinità, and turning left, as far as the Strada Nilo, we find (near its entrance, right) the **Church of S. Angelo a Nilo,** with a good Renaissance porch, founded 1426 by Cardinal Rinaldo Brancaccio del Seggio di Nilo. On the right of the high altar is his magnificent ***tomb,** a joint work of **Donatello** and **Michelozzo.** Within a curtained canopy are three figures, supporting on their shoulders a sarcophagus, with the sleeping figure of the cardinal. On the sarcophagus is a beautiful relief of the Assumption, by **Donatello.** The figures holding back the curtain are unspeakably grand, as is the face of the dead man, which should be examined with a glass. Over the high altar is S. Michael, by *Marco da Siena.* On the left is the modern tomb of the Cardinals Francesco and Stefano

Brancaccio. In the **sacristy** are S. Michael and S. Andrew, by *Roccadirame.*

To the west of the church are the **Biblioteca Brancacciana,** founded 1675, and the **University** (6000 students), which is one of the oldest in Europe, having been founded by the Emperor Frederick II. in 1224. In the court are modern statues of Pietro della Vigna, Chancellor of Frederick II.; Thomas Aquinas; Giordano Bruno; and Giambattista Vico. South-west from hence, on the Largo di S. Giovanni Maggiore, is—

The **Church of S. Giovanni Pappacoda,** with an indescribably florid Gothic portal, one of the most important of the many works in Naples, by the Abbot **Antonio Bamboccio** of Piperna, built in 1415 for Artusio Pappacoda, Grand Seneschal of King Ladislaus. The archangels, Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, crown the pinnacles of the canopy. In the upper lunette is S. Peter enthroned; in the lower a Madonna and Child, with saints. The low **bell tower** has graceful windows and an elegant Gothic frieze, supported on double columns. The church stands in a pretty bright little piazza with palm-trees.

A little west of the University is the Piazza Marcellina, containing the **Church of S. Marcellina,** 1626, and opposite this the **Church of S. Severino,** attached to a great Benedictine convent. The ceiling was painted by **Corenzio,** who was killed here in 1643 by falling from his painting-platform, and is buried near the door leading to the sacristy. It was repainted by Francesco di Muro.

Through the last chapel on the right is the entrance to the outer **sacristy,** where, on the right, is the **tomb** of Giambattista Cicara, by **Pietro della Plate,** 1524. Opposite is the tomb of Andrea Bonifacio Cicara, who died at six years old, with his statue surrounded by weeping children, by **Giovanni da Nola.** Both tombs have inscriptions by Sannazaro. The sacristy has admirable carved woodwork, by Torelli, 1545. Near the choir, on the right, is the **Cappella dei Sanseverini,** containing the tombs, by the same artist, of the three brothers Sigismondo, Giacomo, and Ascanio Sanseverino, who were poisoned on the same day, in 1516, by their uncle Girolamo.

"Few stories are more tragical than that of Jacopo, Ascanio, and Sigismund, the 'virtuous, valorous, and handsome' sons of Ugo di San Severino, Conte della Sassonara, and his 'prudent and pious wife,' Ippolita de' Monti. Scandalised by the intrigues of Donna Lucia, the wife of her husband's brother Geronimo, Donna Ippolita endeavoured, but without success, to open his eyes. The evil feeling thus engendered between them was fanned into a flame by Donna Lucia, who, furious at the death of one of her lovers, a servant of the three brothers, persuaded Don Geronimo to compass the death of his nephews by means of two Sicilian servants. The fatal deed was accomplished after a hunting-party, when the unsuspicious victims, having stopped to refresh themselves, drank poison in their wine, and, unable to obtain relief, expired soon after reaching home. Their unhappy parents sought to allay their grief by the celebration of sumptuous funeral rites, in which all the nobles of the city took part. Count Ugo, it is said, soon after died mad, but Donna Ippolita survived him for many years. The one striking feature of the monuments of her sons is the life-size statues seated upon the sarcophagus. In each the head is thrown back, and the limbs contracted as if by pain, not violently,

but enough to hint at the cause of their approaching death. The architecture is late Renaissance, and the bas-reliefs represent the Madonna adored by angels; God the Father in a glory of cherubim, worshipped by Enoch and Elias; Christ with seraphs and angels; and several saints. Though very mediocre, they are among the best of Merliano's bas-reliefs, which are generally in an ultra-picturesque style."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

Behind the altar is the grave of Ippolita de' Monti, 1547, the heart-broken mother of the murdered brothers, inscribed:

> "Hospes miserrima,
> Miserrimam defluens orbitatem,
> In illa Hippolyta Montia
> Post natus foeminae infeliciss.
> Quae Ugo Sanseverino conjugi
> Treis masc. expectationis filiis peperi,
> Qui venenatio poculis
> Vicit in familia pro scelus," &c.

In the left transept are the monuments of Admiral Vincenzo Carafa, 1611, and Duca Francesco de Marmilis, 1649; and a Crucifixion by *Marco de Siena*, 1576.

The **Convent of S. Severino** (entrance to the left of the church, gateway on the right, 1 lira), now used to contain the national **archives,** has several cloisters (admission to study to be obtained from Dr. E. Casanova). That from designs of **Ciccione** contains twenty frescoes of scenes in the life of S. Benedict, a noble work, executed in the fifteenth century by an unknown master, but much injured by recent re-touching. Best light 11 A.M.

"This is an excellent work of the end of the fifteenth century, showing knowledge of the Florentine and Umbrian works of the time. Even the costumes belong only to this period. Never has the life of S. Benedict been better represented, except in the frescoes of Signorelli at Monte Oliveto. The type of man here portrayed is certainly inferior to the Florentine, and the nose and expression of the eye and lip have something of coarseness. But one forgets this in the number of lifelike and nobly drawn figures and likenesses, which move with dignity and grace upon the middle distance, while the architecture and landscape of the background are harmonious and pleasant. One may see that, like Giorgione, this master understood the charm of slender stems, with delicate foliage rising before or near steep masses of rock."—*Burckhardt.*

"Tradition makes Antonio Solario the Quintin Matsys of the South, for, according to it, he changed his smith's work for painting out of love for the daughter of Colantonio del Fiore. These pictures are amongst the most charming works of the fifteenth century. There is an air of quiet calm in the sweet religious peace portrayed, and without much action they are interesting from the groups of contemporaries; and still more from the landscape background, which displays a beauty, power, and depth of feeling unknown to the Italian art of the fifteenth century, and rare even in the following epoch. Grand and bold rocks, and soft idyllic spots with charming vistas, give a value even to the less important scenes, and contribute to the delicious feeling of solitary and peaceful repose, which corresponds with the character of the place, and is doubly agreeable in the midst of the noisy life of Naples."—*Lübke.*

Turning north-west from hence, we quickly reach the Strada S. Biagio dei Librai, a continuation of the Strada S. Trinità. On the right is the **Monte di Pietà,** with a chapel painted by **Corenzio,** a Resurrection by **Santafede,** and (3rd altar) a beautiful Assumption by *Ippolito Borghese, c.* 1550, recalling the works of Raffaelle. On the left side of the Strada dei Librai is (No.

121) the nobly-corniced **Palazzo Santangelo,** built by Diomede Carafa, Count of Maddaloni, in 1466.

Through the Vico S. Severino we reach the busy **Strada dei Tribunali,** where (left) is the **Church of S. Pietro Majella,** built by Pipino da Barletta (who defeated the Saracens at Lucera in 1300), and consecrated by Celestine V. The founder is buried in the left transept (1316). The ceiling of the nave is painted with the stories of Celestine V. and S. Catherine of Alexandria—a good work of *Il Calabrese,* who has usually only a very external bravura of colour,* but here his naturalism becomes almost dignified, especially when S. Catherine is borne upon clouds to Sinai by singing angels carrying torches and strewing flowers.

Turning left down the Strada dei Tribunali, near the Vico del Sole (right), is the curious **Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista del Pontano,** a little Renaissance building of black lava, erected in 1492 as a sepulchral chapel by Giovanni Gioviano Pontano, head of the Neapolitan Accademia Pontaniana, Secretary of State to Ferdinand I., historian, astronomer, and Latin poet. He was a complete time-server, but seems to pride himself upon that characteristic in the inscription on his tomb. Near him is buried another half-pagan, half-Christian poet, Pietro Compadre, 1501. The moral sentences between the pillars and windows, and the inscriptions to his family and friends, are from the hand of Pontano, as well as his epitaph :

"Vivus domum hanc mihi paravi,
In qua quiescerem mortuus.
Noli, obsecro, injuriam mortuo facere,
Vivens quam fecerim nemini.
Sum et enim Johannes Jovianus Pontanus
Quem amarunt bonae musae,
Suspexerunt viri probi,
Honestaverunt Reges Domini.
Scis jam qui sum, aut qui
Potius fuerim.
Ego vero te hospes noscere in tenebris
Nequeo,
Sed te ipsum ut noscas rogo,
Vale."

Passing the uninteresting **S. Maria Maggiore,** or *Pietra santa,* built in 1654 from plans of **Fansaga,** we reach (left) **S. Paolo Maggiore,** occupying the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux, built by Tiberius Julius Tarsus, Procurator under Augustus. Two fine Corinthian columns from the temple stand in front of the portico, and the *torsi* of two statues of Castor and Pollux are preserved there in niches. The existing church (of the Theatines) was built in 1590 by Padre Francesco Grimaldi. The ceiling of the **central aisle** is by *Massimo Stanzioni ;* the high altar by *Ferdinando Fuga.* The **Cloister,** believed to occupy the site of the theatre in which Nero appeared as an actor, has **twenty-four ancient granite columns.**

Opposite, is the **Church of S. Lorenzo,** for the most part a

* *See* Burckhardt.

modern building of **Sanfelice** (1732), but occupying the site of the church built by Charles of Anjou, to commemorate his victory over Manfred at Beneventum, which was begun by **Maglione.** The greater part of this building was destroyed in the earthquake of 1732. Only the chief portal, the side door towards the cloister, and the chapels round the choir, with **the Angevin tombs,** are remains of the interesting church in which Petrarch prayed with the monks through the terrors of a fearful storm on the night of November 24, 1343, and where Boccaccio beheld the beautiful "Fiammetta" (Maria, natural daughter of King Robert). The tower dates from 1487. In the interior we may notice:

R. of Entrance.—A coat-of-arms in the pavement marks the grave of Giambattista della Porta, 1550–1616, the celebrated physician and natural philosopher who first suggested the idea of an *Encyclopædia.*

Elaborately sculptured Tomb of Lodovico Aldemoresco (removed lately).

R. 5th Chapel.—Tomb of Giambattista Manso, Marchese della Villa, the benefactor of Tasso, and good friend to John Milton.

R. 7th Chapel (Del Balzo).—A very interesting picture, on a gold ground, by *Simone di Martino,* 1320, of the coronation of King Robert of Naples by his brother S. Louis of Anjou, Archbishop of Toulouse. In the predella are five scenes from the life of S. Louis. The picture is signed *Symon de Senis me pinxit.* All around are fleurs-de-lis.

9th Chapel, r., contains a Madonna and Child, attributed to *Giotto.*

Ch. r. Transept.—S. Francis establishing the rule of his order, a beautiful and important picture, by an unidentified artist of the fifteenth century.

Over the High Altar is a magnificent screen, with S. Francis, S. Lorenzo, S. Antony of Padua, statues, by *Giovanni da Nola,* and several beautiful reliefs, probably by the same master.

Behind the high altar, the beautiful Gothic ambulatory of Charles of Anjou, and the chapels of the choir remain, but are greatly dilapidated. The **Angevin** tombs (the work of Florentine masons) are of extreme interest. Beginning from the **right,** they are—

* **Catherine of Austria,** 1323, first wife of Charles the Illustrious, Duke of Calabria, and daughter of King Albert I. Spiral columns enlivened by mosaics and resting on lions support a baldacchino over the sarcophagus, which is upheld by Hope and Love. Statuettes of SS. Peter, Paul, Catherine and Louis of Toulouse, stand at the head and feet of the effigy, and the front of the sarcophagus is decorated with roundels containing half-figures of the Madonna and saints.

Tomb of Robert of Artois, Count d'Eu, and Joanna of Durazzo, daughter of Philip II. of Taranto, who died together, July 20, 1387, probably poisoned by Queen Margareta.

In the Chapel behind the Altar, tombs of 1493.

Left Ambulatory.—Tomb of Charles, **Duke of Durazzo,** first husband of Mary, sister of Queen Joanna, killed at Aversa, in 1347, by his cousin, King Louis of Hungary, for the supposed part he had taken in the murder of his brother Andrew.

In the Choir (left), strangely raised aloft in a niche, is **the tomb of Mary of Durazzo,** 1371, the eldest (infant) daughter of Margareta and King Charles III. (of Durazzo). The princess is represented lying on her tomb, and again, on the front of the sarcophagus, borne to heaven by angels.

L. Transept, *Chapel of S. Antonio.*—S. Anthony of Padua upheld by angels, by *Simone Napolitano* (?), 1438.

L. 2nd Chapel.—A Christ, by *Simone Papa* (?).

The little door near the pulpit leads to the cloister, on the left of which beautiful Gothic arches light the Refectory, in which the parliament met which declared Ferdinand, natural son of Alphonso I., heir to the throne. The convent is now

confiscated, and the government have removed from hence to the Museum of S. Martino the tomb of Admiral Ludovico Aldemoresco, 1414, the beloved counsellor and friend of King Ladislaus. It was executed by *Antonio Bamboccio* in his seventieth year, and, in the confusion of its relief, shows him in his decadence.

Farther down the Strada dei Tribunali (left) is the **Church of S. Filippo Neri** (of the Hieronymites), one of the finest modern churches in the town, erected 1592 from plans of *Dionisio di Bartolommeo*. The cupola and façade were added in 1620 by *Dionigi Lazzari*. The nave and aisles are divided by granite columns brought from the island of Giglio; the walls are covered with frescoes, of which the Expulsion of the Money-changers from the Temple by **Luca Giordano,** over the entrance, is the most noteworthy.

"No painter ever made a worse use of extraordinary gifts than Luca Giordano, surnamed Fa Presto. Beauty, character, dramatic life, glow of colouring, all occur from time to time in the most striking way in his pictures, but a slight and rapid mode of finish was all he cared for, and he sacrificed every other quality to it. In burlesquely treated subjects this perverse kind of self-injustice was less objectionable, and we can look with delight at this colossal fresco where Christ is driving the lazzaroni—alike buyers and sellers—down the double steps."—*Kugler.*

The chapels and sacristy contain a number of second-rate pictures. In the Cappella di S. Francesco is the tomb of Giovanni Battista Vico, an original Neapolitan thinker and writer, who published the *Scienzia Nuova* early in the eighteenth century.

"L'illustre auteur de la *Science Nouvelle*, génie allemand sans le soleil de Naples, méconnu pendant sa vie et longtemps après sa mort, dont le système, compris seulement d'un petit nombre d'adeptes, a, de nos jours, été médité par de savans et profonds interprètes."—*Valery.*

The adjoining **convent** has a handsome cloister.

From hence we turn (left) into the Strada del Duomo, and find (right) the **Piazza del Duomo,** with a pillar erected to S. Januarius after the eruption of Vesuvius in 1631. The **Cathedral of S. Gennaro** was begun by Charles I. in 1272, and finished in 1316. It was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1446, and was rebuilt by Alphonso I. The façade is of 1788, but its **central portal** is a beautiful Gothic work of **Antonio Bamboccio** in 1407, erected by the Cardinal Legate Minutolo, who is represented under the arch, kneeling before the Madonna, attended by S. Peter and S. Gennaro. The cardinal was so enchanted with this portal when he saw it completed that he made Bamboccio an abbot, with a revenue of 400 ducats a year.

The **interior** consists of Gothic nave and aisles, separated by tawdry pilasters, enclosing granite columns from temples of Apollo and Neptune, which once occupied the site of the church.

Over the entrance is, on the left, the **tomb of Charles I. of Anjou** (1285), the brother of S. Louis, and murderer of Conradin, "suspended like that of Mahomet between heaven and earth." *

* Dumas. The heart of Charles I. was transported to Paris, and deposited in the Church of the Grands Jacobins, with the inscription—"Li coer di grand roy Charles qui conquit Sicile."—*Petrineau des Noulis.*

"Colui del maschio naso."
Dante, Purg. vii.

"Bene parea maestà reale più ch' altro signore . . . grande di persona e bene nerboruto, di colore ulivigno, e con grande naso."—*Villani.*

On the *right* is the tomb of his grandson, **Charles Martel, King of Hungary** (1301), the friend of Dante. In the centre is Clemencia (1295), daughter of Rudolph of Hapsburg, and wife of Charles Martel. These tombs were removed hither from the choir by the Viceroy Olivares in 1599.

The large pictures over the side doors are by *Vasari* (1546).

Beyond **2nd Chapel**, r., is the entrance to the **Cappella del Tesoro** (of S. Gennaro), built by the people, 1527–1608, in the form of a Greek cross, in fulfilment of a vow made during the Plague, from plans of the Theatine *Padre Grimaldi.* An inscription records—

"Naples dedicates this chapel to the citizen, protector, patron, and liberator, the holy Januarius, who has rescued the town from famine, war, pestilence, and the fire of Vesuvius, by the intercession of his miraculous blood."

The stories of Judith and the brazen serpent on the ceiling were painted by *Luca Giordano*—"Fa Presto"—in forty-eight hours. A number of pictures by *Domenichino* (on copper) and *il Spagnoletto* illustrate the life of S. Gennaro.

The chapel is enriched with forty-two columns of Spanish broccatello, and bronze statues of local patron saints.

The legend of the saint narrates that he was Bishop of Benevento; and in the tenth persecution he came, with six of his companions, to Naples to comfort and encourage the Christians. They were seized and taken to Pozzuoli, and exposed to wild beasts in the amphitheatre, but the beasts refused to devour them. S. Gennaro was then thrown into a furnace, but came out unharmed. Finally he was beheaded at the Solfatara, September 19, 1305. His body was brought from Pozzuoli to Naples by the Bishop S. Severo in the time of Constantine, when two bottles of blood, collected by a Christian matron after the martyrdom, are said instantly to have melted on being placed in the hands of the bishop. From that time the occasional liquefaction of the blood has been considered essential to the prosperity of Naples, and is supposed to take place on September 19, December 16, and the first Saturday in May, upon which days the phials of blood are brought in contact with the head of the saint in its massive silver bust. As some terrible misfortune is always supposed to follow any failure of the miracle, all the violence of Neapolitan passion and demonstrativeness is let loose on these occasions, when the people, headed by a number of weird old women, who are called the "relations of S. Januarius," and are allowed the places of honour, curse and abuse the saint in the most violent manner if he delays the accomplishment of their wishes, while the whole church resounds with sobs and outcries, which are exchanged for blessings and shouts of delight and "Commincia, Commincia," when the liquefaction takes place. Then roses are hurled on the steps and twenty live sparrows are let loose.

"Une heure à peu près s'écoula sans que le miracle se fit. Pendant cette heure la foule fut assez tranquille; mais c'était le calme qui précède l'orage. Bientôt les rumeurs recommencèrent, les grondements se firent entendre de nouveau, quelques clameurs sauvages et isolées éclatèrent. Enfin, cris tumultueux, vociférations

grondements, rumeurs, se fondirent dans un rugissement universal dont rien ne peu donner une idée.

"Le chanoine demanda une seconde fois s'il y avait des hérétiques dans l'assemblée; mais cette fois personne ne répondit. Si quelque malheureux Anglais, Russe ou Grec, se fût dénoncé en répondant à cet appel, il eût été certainement mis en morceaux, sans qu'aucune force militaire, sans qu'aucune protection humaine eût pu le sauver.

"Alors les parentes de Saint Janvier se mêlèrent à la partie: c'était quelque chose de hideux que ces vingt ou trente mégères arrachant leur bonnet de rage, menaçant Saint Janvier du poing, invectivant leur parent de toute la force de leurs poumons, hurlant les injures les plus grossières, vociférant les menaces les plus terribles, insultant le saint sur son autel, comme une populace ivre eût pu faire d'un parricide sur un échafaud.

"Au milieu de se sabbat infernal, tout à coup le prêtre éleva la fiole en l'air, criant:—Gloire à Saint Janvier, le miracle est fait!

"Aussitôt tout changea.

"Chacun se jeta la face contre terre. Aux injures, aux vociférations, aux cris, aux clameurs, aux rugissements, succédèrent le gémissements, les plaintes, les pleurs, les sanglots. Toute cette populace, folle de joie, se roulait, se relevait, s'embrassait, criant: Miracle! miracle; et demandait pardon à Saint Janvier, en agitant les mouchoirs trempés de larmes, des excès auxquels elle venait de se porter à son endroit.

"Au même instant, les musiciens commencèrent à jouer et les chantres à chanter le *Te Deum*, tandis qu'un coup de canon tiré au fort Saint Elme, et dont le bruit vint retentir jusque dans l'église, annonçait à la ville et au monde, *urbi et orbi*, que le miracle était fait."—*Alexandre Dumas.*

The scientific tendency of to-day is beginning to moderate the enthusiasm for this annual "miracle."

The statues of forty other saints are carried in procession and are all made to do obeisance to S. Gennaro, the "family of the saint" shouting out his superiority over each of the others as he approaches. There were once two phials of the supposed blood in this church. Charles III. carried off the contents of the second phial to Madrid, where the miracle is performed annually at the same time as at Naples. Voltaire defends the worship of S. Januarius against Addison and other Protestant writers.

"Tous les auteurs pouvaient observer que ces institutions ne nuisent point aux mœurs, qui doivent être le principal objet de la police civile et ecclésiastique; que probablement les imaginations ardentes des climâts chauds ont besoin de signes visibles qui les mettent continuellement sous la main de la Divinité; et qu'enfin ces signes ne pouvaient être abolis que quand ils seraient méprisés du même peuple qui les révère."—*Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations.*

R. 5th **Chapel.**—Tomb of Cardinal Carbone, 1405, by *Bamboccio.*

R. **Transept.**—Various tombs of the Caraccioli, including that of Enrico Caracciolo, by *Pietro Ghetto.*

Cappella Minutolo, at the back of the R. transept (open from 6 to 8 A.M.), is a beautiful Gothic building, a relic of the Cathedral of S. Salvatore built by Charles II. The frescoes are by *Tommaso degli Stefani*, 1230–1310, and (much painted over) are the only known works of this artist, who has been placed on a level with Cimabue. The beautiful tomb of Cardinal Arrigo Minutolo, 1412, is by *Bamboccio.* At the sides are the tombs of (left) Archbishop Orso Minutolo, of Salerno, 1327, and (right) Archbishop Filippo Minutolo of Naples, 1301. The statue of Giovanni Battista Minutolo, 1586, is by *Girolamo d'Auria.*

The **Cappella Tocco** contains the grave of S. Aspreno, first Bishop of Naples. The frescoes of his story, though greatly overpainted, are attributed to *Pippo Tesauro*, 1270.

Under the **High Altar** is the confessio of S. Gennaro, decorated by Cardinal Oliviero Carafa, whose statue kneels near it. Steps lead into the crypt. The carving is by Malvito da Como.

L. *of the* **High Altar** is the Gothic **Cappella Capece-Galeota** with some tombs of the family by *Fansaga.*

At the end of the **Left Aisle** is the Bishops' Throne of 1342, and in the **Left Transept** the * Tomb of the Genoese Pope **Innocent IV.** (Sinibaldo Fiesco), who died at Naples in 1254. This monument of the enemy of Hohenstaufens, who excommunicated Frederick II. at the Council of Lyons, and to whom the House of Anjou owed the kingdom of Naples, was erected by Archbishop Umberto di Montoro in 1313. Formerly the tomb was several storeys in height, adorned with mosaics, and an arch with a lunette representing the Pope and Archbishop Umberto kneeling before the Madonna.* Now it is only a sarcophagus bearing the figure of the Pope with his triple crown, and an inscription which speaks of Frederick II. as viper—"Stravit inimicum Christi, colubrum Federicum.

"Innocent died master of Naples, the city of his great adversary, in the palace of Peter de Vineà, the minister of that adversary. He left a name odious for ambition, rapacity, implacable pride, to part, at least, of Christendom. In England, where his hand had been the heaviest, strange tales were accredited of his dying hours, and of what followed his death. It was said that he died in an agony of terror and remorse: his kindred were bitterly wailing around his bed, rending their garments and tearing their hair: he woke up from a state seemingly senseless, 'Wretches, why are ye weeping? have I not made you all rich enough?' He had been, indeed, one of the first Popes, himself of noble family, who, by the marriage of his nieces, by heaping up civil and ecclesiastical dignities on his relatives had made a papal family. On the very night of his death, a monk, whose name the English historian conceals from prudence, had a vision. He was in heaven, and saw God seated on His throne. On His right was the Holy Virgin, on His left a stately and venerable matron, who held what seemed a temple in her outstretched hand. On the pediment of this temple was written in letters of gold, 'The Church.' Innocent was prostrate before the throne, with clasped and lifted hands and bowed knees, imploring pardon, not judgment. But the noble matron said, 'O, equitable Judge, render just judgment. I arraign this man on three charges: Thou hast founded the Church upon earth, and bestowed upon her precious liberties; this man has made her the vilest of slaves. The Church was founded for the salvation of sinners; he has degraded it to a counting-house of money-changers. The Church has been built on the foundation-stones of faith, justice, and truth; he has shaken alike faith and morals, destroyed justice, darkened truth.' And the Lord said, 'Depart, and receive the recompense thou hast deserved'; and Innocent was dragged away."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity*, vol. iv.

The **Relief** over the Pope's tomb, of the Madonna adored by Innocent and Umberto, is by *Pietro di Stefano*. An inscription close by indicates the grave of **Andrew of Hungary**, 1345, the murdered first husband of Queen Joanna I.—"Laqueo ne atus."

Against the **Left Wall** is the tomb of **Pope Innocent XII.**, 1700 (the Neapolitan Archbishop Antonio Pignatelli), who has also a monument in S. Peter's. His arms are *pignatelli*—little jugs. This was the last Pope who wore the moustaches and beard of a cavalier.

In the following **Cappella Seripandi** (4th in left aisle) is an Assumption of *Pietro Perugino*, painted for Cardinal Pietro Carafa in 1460.

After the next chapel is the descent to S. Restituta. Right of the entrance to it are the tombs of Giambattista Filomarino, who held a high military appointment under Charles V., by *Finelli*, and of Cardinal Alfonso Gesualdo, 1603, by *Naccarino*. **Left of the entrance** are the monuments of Tommaso Filomarino with his bust by *Finelli*, and of Cardinal Alfonso Carafa, 1565.

Cappella di S. Restituta (50 c.) was, till 1291, the Cathedral of Naples. It dates from the seventh century, and still retains its basilica form. The pillars are supposed to be relics of the Temple of Apollo on this site. The ceiling by **Luca Giordano** represents the body of S. Restituta taken in a boat by angels to Ischia. Over the high altar is a picture of the Madonna between S. Michael and S. Restituta, by *Silvestro dei Buoni*, who flourished in Naples at the end of the fifteenth century. It is a very remarkable work, with a warm glow of colour, and beautiful dignified figures resembling those of the Venetian school of the time. Left of the high altar is the **Cappella del Principio**, the oldest oratory in Naples, with a curious mosaic of the Madonna, the first (del Principio) picture of the Madonna honoured in the town. An inscription mentioning the name "Lellus," and the date 1309, probably alludes to its restoration. On the left wall of this chapel are two great marble slabs with reliefs of the twelfth century—being probably part of the ancient ambones. These

* Gregorovius.

are the oldest sculptures in Naples. The minute figures (which represent scenes in the lives of SS. Joseph, George, and Januarius) are in the style and almost the proportion of those carved upon ivory caskets, diptychs, and altar fronts.*

On the right of the high altar is the entrance of the **Chapel of S. Giovanni in Fonte**, the octagonal baptistery, which is probably the oldest Christian monument in Naples, attributed to the time of Constantine, when it is supposed to have been consecrated by S. Sylvester. The mosaics which cover the cupola and part of the walls are believed to date from the seventh century. The mosaic in a recess, of the Madonna between S. Gennaro and S. Restituta, *c.* 1300, is worthy of Cimabue.

Returning to the great church, *the Second Chapel, left*, has a picture, "The Unbelieving Thomas," by *Marco da Siena*, signed Marcus de Pino Senensis faciebat, 1573. Opposite this is the *Font*, an antique basin of Egyptian basalt, with Bacchanalian emblems.

Turning to the right from the cathedral down the Strada del Duomo, and then following the Strada Anticaglia, the first street on the left, through an arch on the right we may reach the Church of **S. Maria delle Grazie,** built by Giacomo de Sanctis in 1500.

1st Chapel, l. (Giustiniani).—The Burial of Christ, a beautiful relief, full of expression, by *Giovanni da Nola.* The tomb of Galeazzo Giustiniano Longo, Admiral under Charles V.

R. of Entrance, the tomb of the celebrated jurist Fabrizio Brancaccio by *Giovanni da Nola*, 1576.

2nd Chapel, r. (Ceramo).—Relief of the Conversion of S. Paul, by *Domenico d'Auria*, 1540.

Sacristy.—Relief, the Madonna delle Grazie, by *Giovanni da Nola.*

Crossing the Strada del Duomo, and continuing in the same line eastward, we reach (left) the Church of **S. Maria Donna Regina,** so called from having been rebuilt and endowed by Maria, daughter of Stephen IV. of Hungary, and widow of Charles II., who died in 1323. Her lovely tomb by Maestro Tino da Camaino (a Sienese sculptor appointed by the queen's will), and Maestro Galiardo da Sermona, stands in a chapel behind the high altar. The sarcophagus is supported by figures of Fortitude, with a dead lion and cub; Justice, with a globe and sword; Prudence, with a double face, holding three books in her hand, and with a snake about her arm; and Moderation, with a bird pecking at a fruit in her hand. In niches in the front of the sarcophagus are figures of Robert the Wise, his first wife Iolante of Aragon, his father Charles II., his son Charles the Illustrious, and his brother S. Louis of Toulouse. Angels hold back curtains to show the figure of the dead queen, a motive literally done to death here. The church belonged to a convent, and retains the grille of the nuns: it is very rich in pietradura work, and in the upper walls are series of Sienese frescoes representing the story of S. Elizabeth of Hungary (1320). The ceiling is deeply coffered.

Proceeding eastward to the Strada Carbonara, and turning to the left down the Via Grillo, we find, on the left, ***S. Giovanni a Carbonara,** built for John of Alexandria in 1343, and enlarged by King Ladislaus in 1400. A double open staircase leads first to the *Cappella SS. Filippo e Giacomo*, of which **the portal** is a beautiful specimen of the Angevin Gothic of the fifteenth

* *See* Perkins's *Italian Sculptors*, p. 49.

century: it contains the graceful tomb of Ferdinando Sanseverino, which recalls the works of Donatello. From a lofty platform, to the left, we enter the Church of S. Giovanni, ugly and painted, but containing precious specimens of sculptors' art.

On entering, the eye is at once arrested by the stupendous but pretentious **tomb,** erected by his sister Joanna II. to **King Ladislaus, 1414,** the masterpiece of *Andrea da Firenze.* It rises, above the door behind the choir, in three stages to the whole height of the church. In the first stage, four colossal statues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice support the whole. Then, above an architrave with an inscription, are the seated figures of King Ladislaus and his mother, Margareta di Durazzo, with Loyalty, Charity, Faith, and Hope. In the third storey angels are drawing aside a curtain to display the sarcophagus which contains the king's body. On the summit is an equestrian figure of Ladislaus, with his sword in his hand. He was three times married, but died without children in his thirty-seventh year. In the last year of his life, he had made the daughter of an apothecary at Perugia his mistress; she complained to her father that he was beginning to love her less, and by her father's advice she poisoned him.

In a beautiful octagonal Gothic chapel behind the **high altar** is the **tomb,** also by *Andrea,* of **Gian. Caracciolo** (commonly called **Ser-Gianni**), the handsome seneschal of Joanna II., who long vainly schemed to secure his affections. One day she demanded of her courtiers what animal was most antipathetic to them. One said a toad, another a spider, Caracciolo declared that the creature he most dreaded was a rat. The next day, when he was going to his room, he met a servant with a cage full of rats. As he was trying to pass, the servant opened the cage door, and the rats rushed out. Caracciolo fled, and, trying all the doors in the passage, found only one open; it was that of the queen's chamber. He was created Grand Seneschal, Duke of Avellino, and Lord of Capua. One day, in 1432, he desired the queen to make him Prince of Salerno, and, when she refused, he boxed her ears. His most deadly foe, the Duchess of Sessa, overheard the quarrel, and finding her mistress afterwards in tears, prevailed upon her to consent to the death of Caracciolo. The next morning he was found murdered in his room by men who summoned him to open, saying that the queen was seized with apoplexy, and could not die without seeing him. He was buried in secret by four monks in the chapel he had built.

His statue is a standing coloured figure, grasping a dagger, stiff but very characteristic, and the whole monument is an interesting example of the transition to the Renaissance style. The epitaph is by Lorenzo Valla. The frescoes round the chapel, as well as the colouring of the monument, are by *Leonardo di Bisuccio* (from Bisozzo, near Milan) after 1433, but essentially archaic in style.

Left of the Altar is the *Cappella dei Marchesi di Vito*, a Doric temple, founded by Galeazzo Caracciolo in 1516. The monuments of Galeazzo and Nicolantonio Caracciolo are surmounted by their figures in armour, which, with the statues of saints between, are by sixteenth-century sculptors.

The Sacristy contains fifteen pictures by *Vasari*.

In the middle of the left wall is the beautiful **Altar-Chapel of the Mirabolli** containing the tomb of Giovanni Mirabollo, favourite of Ferdinand I.

On the piazza in front of the church, the Neapolitans held those bloody gladiatorial combats, which Petrarch beheld with such horror in the time of Joanna I.* On the right of the piazza is the **Palazzo Caracciolo,** which was inhabited by the Duke of Guise at the time of the rising of Masaniello. The first street on the right leads to the Church of the **SS. Apostoli,** built on the site of a Temple of Mercury by Padre Grimaldi in 1608: the ceiling is painted by *Lanfranco*.

The Strada Carbonara ends towards the east at the **Porta Capuana,** where, on the outside, a noble Renaissance gate, of 1485–95, by the Florentine *Giuliano da Majano*, is inserted between two ancient round towers. The market in front, with its booths of fish, cakes, maccaroni, cheeses, with the sparkling harness of the mules, and women in their bright handkerchiefs, screaming and gesticulating, is a truly Neapolitan scene. Here, in the summer, are numberless stalls of the melon-sellers, who offer their customers a feed, a drink, and a wash (with the rind) for one grano. Looking toward the gate on the inner side, on the left is the Church of **S. Caterina a Formello,** built 1523, with a cupola in imitation of that of Brunelleschi at Florence. On the right stood formerly the **Castel Capuano,** built by William I., 1154–66. It was here that the handsome Giovanni Caracciolo was murdered, August 25, 1432, by the hired assassins of Covella Ruffo, Duchess of Sessa, who stamped upon the corpse of her victim.

To the west the Via Grillo and Strada Carbonara lead into the **Piazza Cavour,** at the west end of which is the Museo Nazionale.

The **Museo Nazionale** (sometimes called the *Studji*) is open daily from 9 to 3; admission, 1 lira each person; on Sundays and Thursdays free. (Permission to draw at Pompeii can be obtained at the Museum.)

The building now occupied as the Museum was begun by the Viceroy Duca d'Ossuna as a barrack, but was remodelled by the Viceroy Conde de Lemos (1599–1601), that it might be used for the University. After various changes, the edifice was appropriated by Ferdinand I., 1816, to the reception of the spoils from Pompeii and Herculaneum scattered through the palaces of Portici, Caserta, and Capodimonte, and he was so pleased with the result of this arrangement that he caused himself to be represented as Minerva in the Museum he created, which was called Museo Borbonico, till the occupation of Naples by the Piedmontese.

The statues have come chiefly from Rome, *i.e.*, from the

* *Ep. Fam.* v. 6.

Palatine and the Baths of Caracalla: former possessions of the Farnese. In the **Atrium** are brought together all the honorary statues of the Roman period. In the **right wing** the statues are classified historically and topographically. The **left wing** is devoted to portrait-statues. The Campanian **wall paintings** will be found upstairs in the **Entresol.** The **small bronzes** on the first floor. **Majolica** is on the **upper floor,** together with **glass, gold ornaments, armour, papyrus, coins. Vases, pictures,** and **tapestries** occupy the western wing of the **first floor.***

The **Vestibule,** containing two Greek statues of women restored as Muses, brings us to the *Atrium*, where we may notice *two Cipollino columns*, once belonging to the *Triopeum* of Herodes Atticus at Rome: and the equestrian statue of *M. Nonius Balbus*, from Herculaneum: Head and right hand restored.

5978. Colossal statue, often called Iole, without ground. It once filled a niche in Caracalla's Baths and was found in 1540.

6104. Equestrian statue of *Nonius Balbus* erected at Herculaneum. The head is a copy of the original, by Brunelli, that having been broken up by a cannon-shot in 1799.

6242. Statue of a young lady of the period of Caligula, A.D. 37.

6705. *Sarcophagus*, third century A.D. The story of the Creation and Death of Man: resembling the one in the Louvre.

5993. Colossal statue of a third-century Roman Prince, perhaps Alexander Severus (?).

6116–6122. Dacian prisoners from Trajan's Forum at Rome, bowing the head, in token of despair.

6780. Fine *pedestal*, found at Pozzuoli, 1793, which once carried an honorary statue of *Tiberius*, erected in commemoration of his having rebuilt fourteen towns in Asia Minor, which had been laid in ruins by an earthquake.

EASTERN WING.

6556. **Funerary** *Stela*, fourth century B.C. Master and dog.

6007. *Athena Promachos.*—Forearms restored. Roman imitation of a sixth-century type.

6009–6010. **Harmodius and Aristogeiton** (?), found at Tivoli (Villa of Hadrian) 1790. Part of an Archaic Group; probably the slayers of Hippias and Hipparchus: and a Roman copy of one of the representations set up at Athens by Kritios and Nesiotes. The head of Aristogeiton is antique, but is not the original, which is at Madrid, having been found at Tivoli, 1799.

6008. **Artemis** dressed in chiton and peplos: head, diademed; feet, sandalled. She holds a bow in her left hand, and draws her raiment with her right. Copy of a bronze original of sixth century B.C.

6006. *Orestes and Electra*, from Pozzuoli, 1750. Left hand of Orestes, restored. She wears a long chiton and a mantle thrown across her right shoulder.

6416. **A Wounded Warrior.** Body alone is ancient. Early Greek work.

HALL OF VICTORY.

6322. Herm of *Athena*, helmeted.
Statue of *Nikê*. Roman copy: wanting arms and head.

HALL OF ATHENA.

6024. Statue of **Athena** vested in a long chiton and mantle doubled. The protectress!

6395. Statue of a woman: finely worked, after an original of the fifth century B.C.

6393. Head of *Apollo*, after a bronze original.

6261. *Apollo* seated: a copy of a fifth-century original.

6727. **Orpheus and Eurydice.** Relief.

6369. **Head of a (?) poetess,** after a fifth-century original.

HALL OF THE DORYPHOROS.

6107. Statue of a woman. Early type.

6005. Colossal Head of *Artemis*; known as the Farnese Juno. (Polycleitan.)

6412. *Doryphoros*, after a bronze original.

6011. **Doryphoros,** found in the Palaestra at Pompeii. Copy of the famous work of Polycleitos.

* The numbers given are those of the Inventory.

HALL OF MOSAICS.

9990. The Nile Lands.
9991. Autumn: from the House of the Faun at Pompeii.

HALL OF THE PUGILIST.

119917. *The Pugilist:* found at Sorrento. After a Polycleitan original in bronze.

CORRIDOR OF FLORA.

6360. *Æsculapius*, vested in the Himation. Replica of an original made for Mantinea by Alcamenes.
6378. Statue of a woman, found at Herculaneum: miscalled a Muse.
6409. The so-called "**Flora Farnese**": colossal goddess, perhaps of Victory. Head, arms and feet, restorations by Sansovino. Found in the Baths of Caracalla.
6073. Statue of a man, first century A.D. Arms restored.

HALL OF THE FARNESE BULL.

6027. **Hera Farnese**, after a fifth-century B.C. original.
6017. **Venus of Capua**. Arm restored by Brunelli. Roman copy of a Hellenistic statue: temp. Hadrian. Akin to Venus of Milo. She looked at a mirror-shield.
6022. *Satyr with Dionysos* seated upon his shoulder. Good copy of a Hellenistic bronze original.
6002. *The "Toro Farnese,"* as restored by Biondi and Cali. Antiope is given by Dirce, Queen of Thebes, to Zethos and Amphion, her sons, to destroy. They recognise their parent, and seizing Dirce instead, bind her to the horns of a bull. A copy of a Hellenistic work by Apollonios and Tauriscos of Tralles, mentioned by Pliny. Found in 1546 in the Baths of Caracalla.
6318. *Bacchus:* arms and left leg restored: a Roman copy of a Greek original.
6019. Torso, called "**Psyche**": found at Capua in the amphitheatre, 1726. Probably, a *Venus* looking into a mirror held by Eros, after a fourth-century B.C. original by Scopas (?).
6335. **Eros**. Arms and legs restored: after some fine but as yet unknown original.
6001. *Hercules Farnese.* From the Baths of Caracalla. The left hand and forearm are modern. His right hand holds the Apples of the Garden of the Hesperides. His labours are at an end. The artist's name "*Glykon, of Athens*" is upon it. We can readily understand how attractive such an exaggerated display of muscular strength must have been to an Emperor like the son of Severus, who himself fondly personified Hercules and Alexander the Great. Torso of a seated man; perhaps *Ares*, as in the Ludovisi example; dreaming of love after war.

HALL OF THE AMAZONS.

This very interesting collection embraces statues which have belonged to the pedimental groups of Pergamenian and Athenian Temples: such as those erected by Attalus I. after his victories over the Gauls: and others, representing the gods battling with the giants, and the Greeks with the Persians.

6015. *A Wounded Gaul:* belonging probably to the same group as did the "Dying Gaul" and the "Gaul and his Wife," at Rome.

HALL OF VENUS CALLIPYGE.

6020. The goddess undresses for her bath. Left arm, right hand, and lower portion of right thigh, restored. The term Callipyge is purely arbitrary. Pius IX. caused the statue to be walled up. Victor Emanuel restored it to the light.

EGYPTIAN COLLECTION (in five rooms).

TERRA-COTTAS.

Prehistoric Collection.—The various rooms that follow contain endless torsos and heads, some of beauty and many of considerable portrait-value. In the

HALL OF JUPITER.

6740, 6768. Interesting fragments of the *parapet* of the Amphitheatre at *Capua*, representing various cities under "personifications."

THE WESTERN WING (Great Bronzes).

5589. A woman with veiled head; her arms stretched out in act of adoration. From Herculaneum.

5615. Statue of *Tiberius*.
115390. *Head of a Horse.* From the theatre of Herculaneum.

CORRIDOR OF ANTINOUS.

5635. *Equestrian statue* found near a triumphal arch at Pompeii and miscalled Caligula.
110663. *Caecilius Jucundus*, the Pompeian Banker.

FIRST HALL.

5002. *Dancing Faun.* Original Greek work, from the house called after him, in Pompeii.
111495. Another *Faun*, crowned with pine-twigs.
5003. Dionysos (known as Narcissus). He perhaps played with his panther. The base was redesigned in ancient days.
111701. Cupid bearing a dolphin.

SECOND HALL.

4998. Statue of *Venus* Anadyomene. After a fourth-century original. The left hand should hold her mirror.
125348. *A Youth.* From Pompeii, recalling the "Idolino" at Florence.

THIRD HALL.

5625. Hermes seated on a rock. His caduceus was originally in his left hand; he has fixed the winglets to his feet.
5604, 5620, 5621, 5619. *Water-carriers, called "Dancers"*; from Herculaneum. Each should have a vase, or hydria, on her head. Peloponnesian art. Fifth century B.C.
5633. *Head of a Youth.* Third century B.C.

FIFTH HALL.

5623. So-called Heracleitus. Third century B.C.
5467, 5469. Busts of Demosthenes.

CORRIDOR OF ANTINOUS.

6060. Bust of Claudius.
6030. *Antinous.*

HALL OF THE GREAT MOSAIC.

6041. Statue of the *Empress Livia.* Right forearm restored. A box of incense in her left hand. Crowned with olive.
10020. *Mosaic. Alexander and Darius.* A Hellenistic motive.
6190. *Bust of Agrippina, mother of Nero.*

HALLS NAMED AFTER EMPERORS.

CORRIDOR OF HOMER.

6143. (?) Solon.
6139. (?) Sophocles.
6413. *Sophocles.*
6140. *Hesiod* (formerly called "Homer").
6023. *Homer.* Attributed to Silanion (second century B.C.).
6150. *Pyrrhus.* King of Epirus: the foe of Rome.
5156. *Archidamos*, King of Sparta.
6188. *Priestess*, from Herculaneum.

HALL OF INSCRIPTIONS.

Wall paintings from Campania: chiefly of first century A.D.

FIRST ROOM.

9112. *Sacrifice of Iphigenia* to appease Artemis, by her father Agamemnon, who averts his veiled head. The priest, Calchas, hesitates.
9562. *Girls playing with knuckle-bones.* Monochrome on marble: by *Alexander of Athens.*

SECOND ROOM.

8976. *Medea.* She holds a sword, deliberating between maternal love and vengeance.

THIRD CORRIDOR.

8886. Polyphemus and Galatea, the nereid.
112286. Vesuvius, before A.D. 79, with Dionysos.

THIRD HALL.

8998. *Perseus delivers Andromeda.*
8898. *Dido deserted.*

FOURTH HALL.

8968 (*b*). The Origins of Rome. Mars visiting Rhea Sylvia, &c. Monte Cavo: the Palatine Hill: Ficus Ruminalis and Cornus Sacer. The wolf and twins.
9241. *Endymion and Selene.*
111483. *Pyramus and Thisbe.*

FIFTH HALL.

9202. *Zephyr and Chloris* guarded by sleep (Hypnos).

SIXTH HALL.

9058. Portrait of Paquius Proculus and his lady.

FIRST FLOOR.

COLLECTION OF SMALLER BRONZES.

1487. (Official Catal.) A so-called equestrian Alexander the Great.
1489. An Amazon throwing her javelin.
1529. Vase-handle (Ionic).
1550. *Fortuna* carrying cornucopia. Enthroned and footstooled. The following rooms contain almost the entire domestic, artistic, and military paraphernalia of Pompeian life, including vegetable foods, musical instruments, and those of surgery.

SECOND FLOOR (REACHED BY A SMALL STAIRWAY).

HALL OF MAJOLICAS: SECOND ROOM.

1842. Cinerary vase of blue glass. An exquisite treasure of "flashed" ware, from Pompeii.

ROOM OF PRECIOUS OBJECTS IN METAL.

1838. The Farnese Cup. On the exterior is a Gorgon head resembling in expressive realism the bronze from the Lake of Nemi, at Rome. The *Interior* contains a fine relief, representing the *Nile-God* seated, with a cornucopia. Beneath him, seated upon the Sphinx, is Euthenia, his daughter. To the right are seated two Hours (seasons). The youth is Triptolemos Horos. Two figures representing the winds are floating above. This Alexandrian gem once belonged to Lorenzo de' Medici.
1865. Beautiful necklaces, 1869–71. Bracelets from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

ROOM OF SILVER OBJECTS.

1876, 1877. Cups, with repoussé figures, animals, masques, &c.
1879. Two-handled Cup. Apotheosis of Homer.
1897. Two richly decorated helmets of Gladiators.
1909. An Osco-Samnite Cuirass.

PAPYRUS COLLECTION: COINS, VASES, PICTURE GALLERY.

In the first room, tapestries by *Bernard van Orley* (sixteenth century). Colossal *Bronze Head of a Horse.* Admired by Goethe. The gift of Lorenzo de' Medici to Count Maddaloni in 1471. Formerly attributed to Donatello: but ancient.

ROOM III.

Works by *Andrea di Salerno.*
Bust of Dante, in bronze (fifteenth century).

ROOM VI.

Sodoma, No. 30. Resurrection, 1534, signed.
Pinturicchio, No. 33. Assumption.
Guido, No. 36. Atalanta and Hippomene.

Room VIII.

Carracci, A, No. 8. Pietà.

Room XIII.

Titian, No. 5. Danse.
Palma, V., No. 140. Holy Family.

Room XIV.

Raphael. Portrait of Cardinal Alexander Farnese (Paul III.).
Fr. Rossi, No. 12 (Salviati). Portrait of Tibaldo (formerly attr. to Raphael).

Room XVI.

3. Massacre of the Giustiniani at Chios, by the Sultan Soliman. F. Solimena.

Room XVII.

Works by *Ribera*: "Il Spagnoletto."

Room XXIV.

Plaquettes, majolicas, ivories, bronzes.

Opposite the south-west of the Museum, the modern **Strada di S. Maria Constantinopoli** cuts through the old town. The first side alley on the left is the **Vicolo S. Aniello,** a thorough Neapolitan street, almost a staircase, and crowded with pigs, turkeys, chickens, &c. At the top, on the left, is the Church of **S. Agnello** or *S. Aniello*, founded 1517, and enclosing a chapel which is said to date from the sixth century. It has an atrium with ancient frescoes, and it contains several sculptures by **Santa Croce** and **Domenico d'Auria,** and a magnificent altar screen by **Giovanni Merliano da Nola,** in which the principal feature is the Madonna, with the Child in her lap, seated upon the crescent-moon, and looking down upon two figures presented by SS. Domenic and Augustine, beneath whom the souls in purgatory are holding out their arms for help. Near the entrance of the church are curious sixteenth-century tombs of the Poderico family.

North from the Museum the **Strada Reale di Capodimonte** ascends the hill, crossing the valley, with the low-lying district called Della Sanità, by the **Ponte della Sanità,** erected in 1809. Upon the hill to the right is the **Collegio dei Cinese,** where Chinese converts are educated as missionaries. Many have gone forth from hence with an almost certainty of martyrdom, and those who have died thus are represented in their pictures in the college with the instruments of their suffering.

A little beyond the viaduct, a road turns off on the left to **S. Gennaro de' Poveri,** a hospital for 400 poor people; where, on payment of 1 lira to the porter, you are supplied (without further payment) with a guide for the **Catacombs of S. Gennaro,** which are entered through a little church containing some interesting frescoes by *Andrea* (*Sabbatini*) *da Salerno*.

The **Catacombs of Naples,** which underlie the northern heights of Capodimonte, are very inferior in interest to those of Rome (though the passages are higher and wider), but yet are worth seeing. They burrow through the tufa rocks in two and some-

times three storeys, and are said to extend as far as Pozzuoli. Visitors are first shown the **Chapel of S. Gennaro**—a basilica—where the body of the martyred saint was buried by Bishop John I. of Naples in 430. Two niches in the right wall are pointed out as the graves of Bishop John I., 432, and Bishop Paul, 764; in the second niche is the fresco of a bishop. Behind the (modern) altar, in the semicircular tribune, is an episcopal throne cut in the tufa. The numerous passages through which strangers are conducted have evidently been used by both Pagans and Christians as burial-places. The early martyrs of Naples, afterwards canonised, were interred here. The Catacombs were also used for burial in the plague of 1656, since which a great part of them has been walled up. Rude paintings of the usual early Christian emblems are found in abundance. On All Souls' Day the Catacombs are open to the public, when they present a very curious spectacle.

Returning to the Strada Nuova di Capodimonte, we ascend to the circular space called **Tondo di Capodimonte,** where the tariff for carriages comes to an end. Here, on the left, is the entrance of the **Villa Gallo** or Regina Isabella, built by the Duca di Gallo in 1809, and bought by Queen Isabella in 1831.

On the right is the entrance to the **Palazzo Reale di Capodimonte** (a permission must be obtained at the Palazzo Reale in the town. Guide 1 lira, porter 50 c.). This palace, which has nothing but its situation to recommend it, was begun in 1738 by Charles III., under the Sicilian architect, *Giovanni Medrano*, and finished in 1843. Having been built over a part of the Catacombs, enormous expense was involved in strengthening its substructions. There is very little worth seeing, though the gardens are much admired by Neapolitans.

South-west of the palace is the **Observatory** (La Specola), whence, by a steep descent, we may reach the *Botanic Garden* (**Orto Botanico**), a little to the north-west of which is the capacious **Albergo dei Poveri** or **Reclusorio,** an immense poorhouse, begun by the magnificent Charles III. under *Ferdinado Fuga*, and finished by *Vanvitelli*. It is inscribed "Regium totius regni pauperum hospitium." The wide **Strada Foria,** which leads westward to the Museum, divides into two ways at the Albergo dei Poveri. That on the right leads to the Campo Santo Nuovo, that on the left to the picturesque **Ponti Rossi,** remains of the aqueduct called Aqua Julia, which was made by Augustus to supply the fleet at Misenum with water. The red bricks, with which the tufa is lined, have given these ruins their name.

Turning to the right from the Albergo dei Poveri down the **Strada dell' Arenaccia,** five minutes will bring us to the **Protestant Cemetery** (**Campo Santo Inglese**), planted with cypresses and myrtles (1 lira). Amongst other tombs we may notice that of the Margravine Elizabeth of Anspach-Baireuth, 1828, who is buried in the same grave with her son, and her friend, Sir William Gell. Opposite this cemetery, the **Via del Campo Santo Vecchio** leads

to the old Neapolitan cemetery, only used for the poor. It contains 366 horrible pits, one of which is opened every day. The bodies of the dead (unattended by any relations) used then to be thrown out of their coffins into the pit upon a general heap of corpses, exhibiting all the various progressions of decay —a terrible and disgusting sight. Hither the whole population of Naples pour out on November 2—All Souls' Day—when they "eat a feast for the good of the dead!"

South-east from hence the **Strada Nuova di Poggio Reale** leads to the **Campo Santo Nuovo** (one-horse carriage from town 1 lira 50 c.), in a beautiful situation.

Wearied with filthy streets and dirty, yelling, yelping people, let us now turn from the Museum up the hill to the west by the winding **Strada di Salvatore Rosa,** which leads to the **Corso Vittorio Emanuele**, a noble terrace road with glorious views over the town and bay.

"With every winding of the way, with every hill, with every valley, the view of town, of gulf, of mountains and islands is changed, and, in the glory of sea and distance, one does not know where to look, whether to the amphitheatre of the town flooded in sunshine, or to the upland gardens, full of golden oranges and blood-red pomegranates, to the pleasant villas, or to each artistic group of exquisite pines, palms, and cypresses."—*Gregorovius.*

Far on, in the windings of the terrace, are the Hotels Bristol and Tramontana, overlooking the Parco. Thence the road descends, with many windings, to Fuorigrotta, close to the Grotto of Posilipo.

Two ways ascend to S. Martino and S. Elmo. The more usual but much longer way is to continue the Strada di Salvatore Rosa for some distance, and then where the road goes to Antignano on the right, turn to the left by a small chapel, following a path which leads, first left, then right, to the court below S. Elmo. From the Toledo (Strada di Roma), opposite Palazzo Maddaloni, the Strada dei Sette Dolori leads up to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, whence, on the right, just beyond No. 363, below a very pink house, a steep ascent forms the most direct way to S. Elmo. Donkeys are waiting at the bottom of the ascent, and are very desirable for those who mind a steep walk over rough stones. In Neapolitan a donkey is *ciucio*, the attendant *pedone*. A one-horse carriage to S. Elmo costs from 3 lire to 3 lire 50 c.; a donkey 1 lira to 1 lira 50 c.

From a quiet platform on the steeper ascent we gain a view which is perhaps better known from pictures than any other, to those who have never seen Naples. On the right, a great solitary umbrella-pine rises from a garden of palms and oranges, upon terraces overhung with masses of banksian roses and wistaria. Behind are the port, with its shipping, and the blue bay, beyond which Portici and Torre del Greco lie in lines of sparkling houses under the lower slopes of Vesuvius, over which rise its purple-grey peaks, the larger casting a whiff of silvery smoke upon the turquoise sky. In the distance is Castellamare, backed by aerial mountains. To the left extends far and wide the vast town, brown and yellow, with monotonous flat roofs, only broken by the great mass of S. Chiara, and by a number of domes of the

smaller churches, one of which, almost at our feet, is covered with blue and orange tiles, arranged—Eastern fashion—in gaudy patterns. Farther still to the left, the height of Capodimonte rises, with its palace and gardens, and a number of hills follow, covered with villas and gardens, with pines and cypresses breaking their sky-line, till they join the steeps of S. Elmo.

S. Elmo (735 ft.) derives its name from S. Erasmo, a Neapolitan martyr under Diocletian. The magnificent fortress was built for King Robert the Wise by Giacomo de Sanctis, but was enlarged and altered by the great viceroy, Pedro di Toledo. Under the present Government it is used as a prison.

To the left, below the fortress, is the entrance to the Carthusian *Convent of S. Martino*, now called Museo Nazionale; open from 10 to 4; admission 1 lira. On Sundays, from 9 to 2, free.

The **Convent of S. Martino,** begun in 1325 by Charles, Duke of Calabria, but almost entirely rebuilt in the seventeenth century, was magnificently endowed, and was one of the noblest monastic institutions in Italy. Since the change of government its revenues have been confiscated and its monks expelled.

Through the first court and a wicket we reach a *Cloister* (*Museum*), which is surrounded by monuments, coats-of-arms, and inscriptions from destroyed buildings or confiscated convents. Much of the sculpture deserves attention. In a room opposite the entrance is the triumphal barge of Charles III. The central door on the right leads to a number of rooms, chiefly devoted to the beautiful collections of Abruzzi and Capo di Monte porcelain and Venetian glass purchased by the town of Naples from the collection of the Cavaliere Bongi. Amongst the relics preserved here are the hat of the famous Cardinal Ruffo, the dress of the patriot Poerio, and a life-size figure of Padre Rocco, the Dominican preacher (by whose efforts Naples was first lighted), in the habit he wore in his lifetime. An extraordinary *presepio*, containing many hundreds of figures, with Neapolitan costumes and action, is an immense amusement to children.

The **Great Cloister** surrounds a garden with its graceful Doric columns and marble arches, and is very bright and attractive. The arcade to the right ends in a passage leading to the **Belvedere** of the monks, with an exquisitely beautiful view of sea, mountains, and town.

The first door in the arcade to the right of the first cloister forms the present approach to the church.

It is reached by a series of chambers, of which the **Chapter-House** has a ceiling by *Belisario Corenzio*, and the **Tesoro** contains the Deposition from the Cross, one of the finest works of *Giuseppe Ribera*, "Lo Spagnoletto" (1593–1656), who took Caravaggio as his model, and was always more full of power than feeling; as he delighted in horrors, this is perhaps the quietest of his important works. The story of Judith on the ceiling of this room

is affirmed to have been painted by *Luca Giordano* in forty-eight hours!

The ceiling of the **Sacristy** is by the *Cavaliere d'Arpino*, by whom also is the Crucifixion on the entrance wall, his finest work. The Ecce Homo is by *Stanzioni*; the Denial of S. Peter by *Michaelangelo da Caravaggio*.

Between the sacristies, the visitor enters the **Choir** of the church—"véritable bonbonnière," as Valery calls it—which has a ceiling by the *Cavaliere d'Arpino*. Here is the beautiful Nativity of *Guido Reni*, left unfinished at his death. Four other colossal pictures are—

Ribera. The Communion of the Apostles (1651).
Caracciolo. The Washing of the Feet.
Stanzioni. The Last Supper (1639).
Given by the Heirs of Paul Veronese. The Institution of the Eucharist.

Turning into the **nave** we come to—

R. 2nd Chapel.—Massimo Stanzioni. The Story of S. Bruno, 1631.
"In these pictures we find an elevated beauty and repose, a noble simplicity and distinctness of line, united with such excellent colour, as are rarely to be met with at this period."—*Kugler.*
Over the west door.—Stanzioni. The Pietà.
"Splendid even in ruin; equal to the most feeling pictures of Vandyke, and in its noble keeping and foreshortening of the dead body excelling all Neapolitans, including Spagnoletto."—*Burckhardt.*
It is said that, as the colour of this picture was rather dark, Spagnoletto persuaded the monks to let him wash it, and used corrosive fluid. When Stanzioni was entreated to restore it, he refused, saying that it should remain a monument of Spagnoletto's enmity.
At the sides.—Moses and Elias, and *in the lunettes* over the chapels, the Prophets, by *Spagnoletto.*
"Along the nave are the twelve prophets of Spagnoletto, each thundering down from his own compartment; all seem variously inspired, yet all are children of the same dark, deep-featured family."—*Forsyth.*
L. 1st Chapel.—Massimo Stanzioni. Madonna with two Carthusian bishops. Side pictures by *Andrea Vaccaro.*
L. 2nd Chapel.—Carlo Maratta, 1710. The Baptism of Christ, painted in his eighty-fifth year.
L. 3rd Chapel.—Giambattista Carracciolo (master of Stanzioni). The gorgeous *marble decorations* of the church are chiefly from designs of *Cosimo Fansaga.*

If we turn to the right from the **Piazza Vittoria,** we find ourselves in the **Chiaja,** celebrated fifty years ago for its society, especially for the literary reunions at the house of the venerable Capecelatro, Archbishop of Taranto. On our left is the Villa Nazionale, now a dusty and misused garden. The **Riviera di Chiaja** leads, by a turn to the right, to the **Grotto of Posilipo,** and on the left to the **Mergellina,** which till lately was one of the most characteristic quarters of Naples: where lazzaroni sprawled in the sun; where men danced and ate maccaroni, and women screamed and scolded; where beggars implored for *soldi*—"for the sake of your dead, Signore, for the sake of your poor dead"; where fishermen were seen drawing in their nets, with the bare limbs of antique beauty which inspired the piscatorial verses of Sannazaro; and where, ever and anon, a *corricolo* came dashing past, twenty persons standing or sitting

in a kind of gig, and two or three more hanging in the net beneath, in which a beggar could always take his drive for half a grano, considerably less than a farthing—sixteen persons in all, travelling perfectly well with one half-skeleton horse, and the horse, in true Neapolitan spirit, seeming to enjoy it.

On the right is the Church of **S. Maria del Parto,** usually called *Chicsa di Sannazaro* from having been built upon the estate which was given, in 1496, to the poet Jacopo Sannazaro by Frederick II. of Aragon. He followed his prince into exile, and, finding his villa destroyed by the French on his return, wrote

"La vendetta d'Apollo ha fatto Marte,"

and gave his land to the Servite monks, who built the church, which they named from his poem "De Partu Virginis." Behind the high altar is the tomb of the poet, executed in his lifetime by *Fra Giovanni da Montorsoli* from designs of Girolamo da Santacroce. A richly decorated sarcophagus is surmounted by a bust of Sannazaro, inscribed with his academic name, Actius Sincerus. Bembo wrote the inscription, which, taking advantage of the position, places Sannazaro next to Virgil in genius—

"Da sacro cineri flores; hic ille Maroni
Sincerus Musa proximus ut tumulo."

At the sides of the tomb are statues of Apollo and Minerva, generally believed to be David and Judith. Sannazaro in his poems copied the style of Virgil, having been chosen by the Pope, who feared the influence of the returning love of classical literature, as the poetical champion of Christianity.

In the first chapel on the right is a picture by *Leonardo di Pistoia* of S. Michael trampling on the Devil, represented as a beautiful Neapolitan woman who tempted the youthful virtue of Diomede Caraffa, Bishop of Ariano, buried near this spot. It is this picture which has given rise to the Neapolitan expression for seductive beauty, "Una diavola della Mergellina."

On the left, projecting into the sea, are the picturesque ruins of the **Palazzo di Donn' Anna**, begun by Cosimo Fansaga, in 1638, for the beautiful Donn' Anna Carafa di Stigliano, wife of the Viceroy Duca Medina di las Torres, but never finished.

The road now winds, a diorama of loveliness, high above the sea, through pines, aloes, and vineyards, amid which villas are interspersed, with glorious views towards the town, Vesuvius and the more distant mountains—

"La beata spiaggia
Che di Virgilio e Sannazar nasconde
Il cener sacro."

Where the road turns, near the end of the promontory, a path on the left leads through bosquets of myrtle and coronilla, interspersed with ruins. Some of these are fancifully called the *Scuola di Virgilio*, and others the *Villa of Vedius Pollio*, the friend

of Augustus, who fed his tame lampreys with the flesh of his slaves.

Continuing the high-road, on the left is the entrance to the **Grotto of Sejanus** (entrance 1 lira), a tunnel two-thirds of a mile in length. It is called after the favourite of Tiberius, but is of earlier date, and is asserted by Strabo to have been constructed by M. Cocceius Nerva, 37 B.C. An inscription has been found stating that it was repaired by the Emperor Honorius, 400 A.D.

Beyond the **Punta di Coroglio** is a lovely view of the Bay of Bagnoli, and the islands, Nisida, Procida, and Ischia. Here, till recently, might be read a Neapolitan inscription upon a tavern, now destroyed as too epicurean, but very typical of the Neapolitan character—

"Amici, alliegre mangiammo e bevimmo
Fin che n' ci stace uoglio e la lucerna :
Chi sa s'a l'autro munno n' ci vedimmo ?
Chi sa s'a l'autro munno n' c' è taverna ? "

Friends, eat and drink joyously, as long as there is oil in the lamp : who knows if we shall meet in the other world ? who knows if in the other world there is a tavern ?

"Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I past,
With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
My heart was hot within me ; till at last
My brain was lightened when my tongue had said—
Christ is not risen ! "

Clough.

CHAPTER IV

EXCURSIONS WEST OF NAPLES

West of Naples : Posilipo : Tomb of Virgil : Fuorigrotta : San Vitale : Lago d'Agnano : Grotta del Cane : Astroni : Solfatara : Pozzuoli : La Storza : Monte Nuovo : Avernus : Arco Felice : La Grotta della Pace : Cumae : Liternum : Lago de Fusaro : Scalandrone : Baia : Bacoli : Mare Morto : Cento Camerelle : Piscina Mirabile : Casaluce : Misenum : Elysian Fields : Bagni di Tritoli : Stufe di Nerone : Lucrine Lake : Procida : Ischia : Casamicciola : Monte Epomeo : Lava del Arso : Capri : Grotta Azzurra : Grotta Verde : Il Salto : Sta. Maria del Soccorso : I. Faraglioni : Palazzo di Barbarossa : Monte Solaro : Villa Giunone.

If weather, health, and waves are favourable, all the most beautiful places in the neighbourhood of Naples may be seen in eleven days; but all to whom it is possible will wish to linger longer in the exquisite spots on the coast, especially at Sorrento and Capri, while the artist will find it impossible to tear himself away from Amalfi, which is perhaps altogether the most picturesque place in Europe. Hurried travellers may divide their days thus :

1. Excursion to Pozzuoli, Baiae, and Cumae, returning to sleep at Naples or Pozzuoli.
2. Excursion by steamer to Procida and Ischia (the boats leave in the afternoon). This excursion is only worth while to very good sailors, though several days may be delightfully spent at Ischia.
3. Island of Ischia.
4. Return by early boat and ascend Vesuvius. (It may be well to sleep at Castellamare.)
5. Pompeii. (This may be most conveniently seen from Castellamare.)
6. Sorrento—Vigna Sersale, &c.—sleep at Sorrento.
7. Excursion to Capri (or from Naples)—sleep at Sorrento.
8. Drive to Salerno, spending several hours at La Cava on the way—sleep at Salerno or La Cava.
9. Excursion to Paestum—sleep at Salerno or La Cava.
10. Drive to Amalfi—ascend to the Cappuccini Convent, &c.—sleep at Amalfi.
11. Ride or walk to Ravello and La Scala—sleep at Amalfi.
12. Return to Naples or Rome.

A road to the right, at the end of the Chiaja, leads to the mouth of the Grotto of Posilipo, above which those who do not wish to leave their carriages may see, high on the left, close above the grotto, the ruined columbarium popularly known for the last six centuries as the **Tomb of Virgil.**

A door in the wall, on the left of the approach to the grotto,

and a steep staircase, lead to the columbarium, which is situated in the pretty fruit-garden of a Frenchman (M. Bonniot), who charges 1 lira entrance to each person.

Virgil, who owned a villa at Posilipo, desired that his body should be brought to Naples from Brundusium, where he died, 19 B.C., on his return from Athens with Augustus, and there is some probability that he was buried near this spot, which was visited as Virgil's burial-place little more than a century after his death by the poet Statius, who was born at Naples, and who describes composing his own poems whilst seated in the shadow of the tomb—

"En egomet somnum, et geniale secutus
Littus, ubi Ausonio se condidit hospita portu
Parthenope, tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, et magni tumulis adcanto magistri."
Silv. iv. 4, 51.

Lo! idly wand'ring on the sea-beat strand
Where the fam'd Syren on Ausonia's land
First moor'd her bark, I strike the sounding string;
At Virgil's honour'd tomb I sit and sing;
Warm'd by the hallow'd spot, my Muse takes fire,
And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre."
Eustace's Trans.

Silius Italicus, who lived at the same time with Statius, purchased the tomb of Virgil, restored it from the neglect into which it had fallen, and celebrated funeral rites before it.

"Silius haec magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.
Heredem, dominumque sui tumulive, larisve
Non alium mallet, nec Maro, nec Cicero."
Martial, Ep. xi. 48.

"Above all others," says Pliny, "did Silius venerate the image of Virgil, whose birthday he kept more religiously than his own, for the most part at Naples, where he used to visit his tomb as he would a temple."* Up to that time the tomb had only been cared for by a poor countryman—

"Jam prope desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
Nomina qui coleret, pauper, et unus erat.
Silius in tantae succurrere censuit umbrae,
Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, colit."
Ep. xi. 49.

This tomb was originally shaded by a gigantic bay-tree which is said to have died on the decease of Dante. Petrarch, who was brought hither by his friend King Robert, planted another, which existed in the time of Sannazaro, but was destroyed by relic-collectors in the last century. A branch was sent to Frederick the Great by the Margravine of Baireuth, with some verses by Voltaire. Dante mentions the spot—

* Lib. iii. *Ep.* 7.

"Vespero è già colà dov' è sepolto
Lo corpo, dentro al quale io faceva ombra:
Napoli l' ha, e da Brundizio è tolto."

Purg. iii.

If from no other cause, the tomb would be interesting from its visitors: here Boccaccio renounced the career of a merchant for that of a poet, and a well-known legend, that S. Paul visited the sepulchre of Virgil at Naples, was long commemorated in the verse of a hymn used in the service for S. Paul's Day at Mantua—

"Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piae rorem lacrymae;
Quantum, inquit, te fecissem,
Vivum si te invenissem,
Poetarum maxime!"

"When to Maro's tomb they brought him
Tender grief and pity wrought him
To bedew the stone with tears;
What a saint I might have crowned thee,
Had I only living found thee,
Poet first and without peers!"

Trans. by J. A. Symonds.

The tomb is a small, square, vaulted chamber with three openings. Early in the sixteenth century a funeral urn, containing ashes, stood in the centre, supported by nine little marble pillars. Some say that King Robert of Anjou for security removed it, in 1326, to the Castel Nuovo, others that it was given by the Government to a cardinal from Mantua, who died at Genoa on his way home. In either event the urn is now lost. Opposite the entrance of the tomb is placed a copy of the epitaph,

"Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces,"

which originally appeared on the frieze, and is described as existing in 1526. The epitaph now inscribed upon the tomb itself dates from 1554—

"Qui cineres? Tumuli haec vestigia? Conditur olim
Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces."

It is just beneath the tomb that the road to Pozzuoli enters the famous **Grotto of Posilipo,** a tunnel about half a mile long, in breadth from 25 to 30 ft., and varying from about 90 ft. in height near the entrance, to little more than 20 ft. at points of the interior. Petronius and Seneca mention its narrow gloomy passage with awe, in the reign of Nero, when it was so low that it could only be used for foot-passengers, who were obliged to stoop in passing through. In the fifteenth century King Alphonse I. gave it height by lowering the floor, which was paved by Don Pedro di Toledo a hundred years later. In the Middle Ages the grotto was ascribed, like every other curiosity, to the magic arts of Virgil. In recent years it has been the chief means of

communication between Naples and Baiae, and is at all times filled with dust and noise, the flickering lights and resounding echoes giving it a most weird effect. However much one may abuse Neapolitans, we may consider in their favour, as Swinburne observes, "what a terror this dark grotto would be in London!"*

Emerging from the grotto, which may be considered as the barrier of the noise of Naples (the entrance on the farther side is very picturesque), is the village of **Fuorigrotta,** where the little **Church of S. Vitale** contains the tomb of Count **Giacomo Leopardi,** a native of Recanati, who, having been a prodigy of boyish learning, then philologer, poet, and philosopher, died at Naples, June 14, 1837. The station of the Ferrovia Cumana is but five minutes' walk from the Piazza.

Hence a divergence may be made (right) to the site of **Lago d'Agnano,** an ancient crater, till lately a picturesque lake, two miles in circumference, but recently drained, and no longer worth a visit, except for those who make a long stay at Naples. There are remains of thermae at **Stufe di S. Germano.**

To the south-east of the crater is the sulphureous cave called **Grotta del Cane** (50 c.), because its vapours render a dog insensible in a few seconds. Pliny describes the cave as the "breathing-place of Pluto." Extortionate wretches generally swarm in the neighbourhood with animals which they offer to "die" for the amusement of visitors; a dog is the favourite victim.

"Le tour du malheureux chien était venu. Son maître le poussa dans la grotte sans qu'il opposât aucune résistance; mais une fois dedans, son énergie lui revint, il bondit, se dressa sur ses pieds de derrière pour élever sa tête au-dessus de l'air méphitique qui l'entourait. Mais tout fut inutile; bientôt un tremblement convulsif s'empara de lui, il retomba sur ses quatre pattes, vacilla un instant, se coucha, raidit ses membres, les agita comme dans une crise d'agonie, puis tout à coup resta immobile. Son maître le tira par la queue hors du trou; il resta sans mouvement sur le sable, la gueule béante et pleine d'écume. Je le crus mort.

"Mais il n'était qu'évanoui: bientôt l'air extérieur agit sur lui, ses poumons se gonflèrent et battirent comme des soufflets; il souleva sa tête, puis l'avant-train, puis le train de derrière, demeura un instant vacillant sur ses quatre pattes comme s'il eût été ivre; enfin, ayant tout-à-coup rassemblé toutes ses forces, il partit comme un trait et ne s'arrêta qu'a cent pas de là, sur un petit monticule, au sommet duquel il s'assit, regardant tout autour de lui avec la plus prudente et la plus méticuleuse attention.

"Tout cela est bien hideusement cruel, mais c'est l'habitude. D'ailleurs, les animaux en meurent, c'est vrai, mais aussi les maîtres en vivent, et il y a si peu d'industries à Naples, qu'il faut bien tolérer celle-là."—*Alexandre Dumas.*

"The poor animal who is now undergoing the experiment at the Grotta del Cane has already been three years at it, and, at a moderate computation, he has been killed a hundred times a year. In about three or four minutes' time, being held down to the steam, he is in violent convulsions, and immediately afterwards has every appearance of being dead; upon being brought again into the air, his lungs begin to play violently, and in four or five minutes' time he is perfectly recovered."—*Miss Berry's Journals,* 1784.

Cluverius says that the grotto was used as a place of execution for Turkish captives, who were shut up there to die of suffocation,

* A second and wider Grotto of Posilipo, to accommodate the tramway from Naples to Pozzuoli, with promenad s for foot-passengers along the sides, was opened August 15, 1882.

and it is asserted that Don Pedro de Toledo tried the animal experiment upon two galley slaves with fatal effect.

Half a mile beyond the grotto is the extinct crater of **Astroni,** a hollow, several miles in circuit, used as a royal preserve. A *permesso* is necessary. (Under the Bourbons to fire a gun in this neighbourhood was to ensure the punishment of the galleys for life.) The floor of the crater is girdled with a drive.

The main road from Fuorigrotta leads, between poplars hung with garlands of vine, to the sea at **Bagnoli** (Ristorante Figlio di Pietro), the birth-place of Bartolo, who invented the barometer, where there are warm springs and baths. Opposite is the little island crater-rock of **Nisida,** of which, as the ancient Nesis, the poisonous vapours are described by Lucan—

> "Traxit iners coelum fluidae contagia pestis
> Obscuram in nubem, tali spiramine Nesis
> Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis,
> Antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant."
>
> *Lucan, Phars.* vi. 89.

The hideous buildings of a modern lazaretto (Coroglio) take the place of the woods of Statius—

> "Spectat et Icario nemorosus palmite Gaurus,
> Silvaque, quae fixam pelago Nesida coronat."
>
> *Silv.* iii. 1, 147.

The son of Lucullus owned a villa on it, which became the retreat of the assassin Brutus. Under the last Bourbons it was used as a penal prison for brigands and patriots alike.

The view is lovely towards the promontory of Misenum as we drive round the sandy bay towards Pozzuoli. Everywhere we meet those "veteris vestigia flammae," which gave the name of Phlegraean to the district. A little before reaching the town, a bridle-road on the right turns off to the **Solfatara** (admission 50 c.), the Forum Vulcani of Strabo, a semi-extinct volcanic crater, which still sends forth sulphureous gases from its fissures (fumaroli). At some points water can be heard boiling beneath the surface. A large stone thrown violently upon the ground makes a report like distant artillery.

> "Est locus, exciso penitus demersus hiatu,
> Parthenopen inter magnaeque Dicarchidos arva,
> Cocyta perfusus aqua: nam spiritus extra
> Qui furit, effusus funesto spargitur aestu.
> Non haec autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
> Cespite laetus ager; non verno persona cantu
> Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur:
> Sed chaos, et nigro squalentia pumice saxa
> Gaudent ferali circum tumulata cupressu.
> Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora,
> Bustorum flammis, et cana sparsa favilla."
>
> *Petronius Arbiter, Carm. de Bell. Civ.*

> ". . . Tum sulphure et igni
> Semper anhelantes coctoque bitumine campos
> Ostentant. Tellus, atro exundante vapore
> Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis,

Aestuat, et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus.
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exsibilat antris.
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
Aut exire fretis, sonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, laceratque viscera terrae
Mandit, et exesos labefactat murmure montes."
Silius Italicus, xii. 133.

To the east are the white alum-bearing hills still called by their ancient name of *Colles Leucogaei*, and at their foot rise the aluminous waters called *Fontes Leucogaei*.* A Capuchin convent, between the Solfatara and Pozzuoli, marks the spot where S. Januarius was beheaded in A.D. 305, and a stone is shown as that on which the saint suffered, tinged with his blood, which is believed to liquefy and boil whenever the miracle takes place in the Cathedral of Naples. The road cuts through M. Olibano, over which ran the aqueduct.

Of all Italian robbers those of Pozzuoli are the most offensive. As the traveller's carriage ascends the little hill to the town gate, he is beset by a pack of vociferous guides, who pounce upon him as their prey, and whose insolence and extortion know no bounds. As Stamer (*Dolce Napoli*) says, "Until the foreigner has spent half an hour in Pozzuoli, he has never understood the signification of the verb 'to pester.'" The would-be guides are for the most part as ignorant as they are unpleasant, and should on no account be permitted to accompany a visitor beyond the walls of Pozzuoli, as their system is to play into the hands of all the custodes at Baiae and Cumae, and to divide the plunder. It is perfectly easy to find the way alone in Pozzuoli itself, which is little more than a village; indeed the sights can scarcely be mistaken. If, however, the traveller is betrayed into taking a guide, he should make a strict contract beforehand that he is not to pay more than 1 lira for all the (ludicrous) services he receives. Ladies, on engaging a carriage at Naples, should make the porter of their hotel stipulate with their driver that he should protect them against the "guides" of Pozzuoli. The town is full of vendors of false antiquities manufactured at Naples, and buried for a time to give them a look of age.

Pozzuoli (17,000 inhab.). Ristorante dei Cappuccini, 6 lire to 8 lire a day according to rooms. Pozzuoli is now brought into most convenient proximity to Naples by the tramway through the tunnel of Posilipo, opened in 1882.

To the Christian traveller the chief interest of Pozzuoli will lie in the fact that on the 3rd of May, A.D. 59, the *Castor*, a ship of Alexandria, landed here a Jewish prisoner—S. Paul.

"And we came the next day to Puteoli, where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days; and so we went toward Rome."—*Acts* xxviii. 13, 14.

Puteoli is described by Strabo as having been important on account of its commerce with Alexandria; but the chief cause of its prosperity always lay in the abundance of its mineral

* Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxxi. 2.

waters, which attracted the richest Roman citizens to its baths during the summer season, and lined its coasts with their villas. It was to Puteoli that Sulla retired after his resignation of the dictatorship in 79 B.C., and here that he abandoned himself to those debaucheries which led to his death in the following year. The ruin of the town has been caused by the Saracenic invasions in the Middle Ages, by earthquakes, and the increase of malaria.

The **Temple of Augustus,** in the upper part of the town, which was erected by the Roman knight L. Calpurnius, and which looked down upon S. Paul as he landed, is built into the modern **Cathedral of S. Proculus,** the companion of S. Gennaro, which contains the monuments of the Duke de Montpensier, viceroy under Charles VIII., who died here in 1495, while a prisoner on parole to Gonsalvo de Cordova, and of Giovanni Battista Pergolese, the charming composer, who died in his twenty-sixth year, 1736. Six Corinthian columns can be seen in the walls.

In the Piazza Maggiore is an ancient statue of a senator—Q. F. Mavortius Lollianus—found in 1704, with the head added from another ancient statue; the opposite statue represents Bishop de Leon Cardenas, viceroy of Sicily under Philip III. The ancient quay is occupied by Piazza Malva.

From the angle of the piazza one must turn to the right, pass under an archway, ascend the hill by the Strada Mandra, and then turn to the left, to reach the ruins of the **Amphitheatre** (1 lira, which are unusually perfect, and measure 480 ft. by 382. Within its walls Nero entertained Tiridates, King of Armenia, and himself, seizing a lance from a guard and hurling it into the arena, killed a bull at one blow. Under Diocletian S. Januarius and his companions were fruitlessly exposed to wild beasts here. The Emperor's Loggia has black marble columns.

Descending to the shore, at the farther or western extremity of the town is a narrow street marked "Bagni e Tempio di Serapide," which leads to the **Temple of Serapis** (admission 1 lira), which was overwhelmed by the earthquake of 1538, and excavated in 1750. It had a square court, enclosed by forty-eight granite and marble columns, with a circular temple surrounded by sixteen Corinthian columns of African marble in the centre. Only the bases of the inner columns remain, the pillars themselves having been carried off to Caserta. The three principal remaining columns belonged to the portico. Fixed in the Greek marble pavement, one of the rings to which the sacrificial victims were attached is still to be seen. A little farther west some pillars, almost covered by the sea, bear the name of the **Temple of Neptune.** A few fragments beyond this are called the **Temple of the Nymphs;** rather farther still are some ruins supposed to have belonged to the *Puteolaneum*, the delightful villa of Cicero, where he wrote his *Questiones Academicae*, and which he sometimes called his Academia. In this villa the Emperor Hadrian (who died at Baiae, A.D. 138) was buried, and here Antoninus Pius erected a temple. Pliny says

that after the death of Cicero a warm spring burst forth here, of which the waters were found to have medicinal properties useful in disorders of the eyes.*

As we leave Pozzuoli on the west we see thirteen huge piles still remaining in the bay. These once supported some of the twenty-five arches of the mole (mentioned by Seneca as *pilae*) upon which S. Paul landed. The piles are masses of brick faced with stone and cemented by *pozzolána*.

It was across this bay that Caligula made his bridge of boats, seizing every vessel in the ports of Italy for the purpose.

"Caligula invented a new kind of spectacle, such as had never been heard of before For he made a bridge, about three miles and a half long, from Baiae to the mole o Puteoli, collecting trading vessels from all directions, mooring them in two rows by the anchors, and spreading earth upon them to form a viaduct, after the fashion of the Appian Way. This bridge he crossed and recrossed for two days together; the first day mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, wearing on his head a crown of oak leaves, armed with a battle-axe, a Spanish buckler and sword, and in a cloak of cloth of gold; the following day, dressed as a charioteer, standing in a chariot, drawn by two high-bred horses, having with him a young boy, named Darius, one of the Parthian hostages, and attended by a cohort of Praetorian guards, and a number of his friends in cars of Gaulish fashion. I know that most people believe that this bridge was designed by Caius, in imitation of Xerxes, who, to the amazement of the world, laid a bridge across the Hellespont, which is somewhat narrower than the distance between Baiae and Puteoli. Others, however, think that he did it to excite alarm in Germany and Britain, which he was just about to invade, by the report of some stupendous work. But for myself, when I was a boy, I heard my grandfather say that the reason assigned by some of the courtiers who lived in greatest intimacy with him was—that when Tiberius was in doubt about the nomination of a successor, and inclined to choose his grandson, Thrasyllus, the astrologer, had assured him that Caius would no more be Emperor than he would ride on horseback across the Gulf of Baiae."—*Suetonius, Calig.* xxix.

Crossing the fertile district called **La Storza,** at 1½ miles from Pozzuoli we see the **Monte Nuovo,** an extraordinary volcanic crater which overwhelmed the prosperous village of Tripergola, having been suddenly thrown up to the amazement of the neighbourhood during the earthquake of the first days of October 1538. It is a hill 1½ miles in circuit, rising to a height of 440 ft.

"Ce tremblement de terre de 1538 est le grand événement de Pozzuoli et de ses environs. Un matin, Pozzuoli s'est réveillée, a regardé autour d'elle et ne s'est pas reconnue. Où elle avait laissé la veille un lac, elle retrouvait une montagne où elle avait laissé une forêt, elle trouvait des cendres; enfin, où elle avait laissé un village, elle ne trouvait rien du tout.

"Une montagne d'une lieu de terre avait poussé dans la nuit, déplacé le lac Lucrèce, qui est le Styx de Virgile, comblé le port Jules, et englouti le village de Tripergole.

"Aujourd'hui, le Monte Nuovo (on l'a baptisé de ce nom, qu'il a certes bien mérité) est couvert d'arbres comme une vraie montagne, et ne présente pas la moindre différence avec les autres collines qui sont là depuis le commencement du monde."—*Alexandre Dumas.*

Near the Monte Nuovo the road to **Baiae** branches off on the left, and that to Cumae ascends a hill. Following the latter, we soon have a lovely view across the **Lake of Avernus,** "pestilent Avernus" ("destructive to birds"), to the sea.

* *Nat. Hist.* xxxi. 2.

Lake Avernus

"Nunc age, Averna tibi quae sint loca quomque lacusque,
Expediam ; quali natura praedita constent
Principio, quod Averna vocantur nomine, id ab re
Impositum est, quia sunt avibus contraria cunctis,
E regione ea quod loca quom venere volantes,
Remigium oblitae, pennarum vela remittunt,
Praecipitesque cadunt, molli cervice profusae
In terram, si forte ita fert natura locorum ;
Aut in aquam, si forte locus substratus Averni.
Is locus est Cumas apud acri sulfure montes ;
Obpletei calidis ubi fumant fontibus auctei."

Lucretius, vi. 738.

There is little in the hills around Avernus, dismally barren in winter, though radiant with vines in summer, to recall the feeling with which this lake, the especial lake of the poets, was formerly regarded. The "Tartarean woods" have entirely disappeared, and the hills are now perfectly bare which are described by Pliny as inhabited by the Cimmerii, who lived in a city of caves like the existing gipsies at Granada, and are represented by Festus as a race of men dwelling in regions impervious both to the morning and evening sun, then shut out by the thick forests.

"There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells ;
The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats :
Unhappy race ! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades."

Odyss. xi. 14, *Pope's Trans.*

The pestilential and sulphureous vapours which rose in the hollow encouraged the ancient belief in its supernatural qualities, and led to the erection of temples upon the shores of the lake, in order to appease the infernal deities, to whose realms it was said to be the entrance. Here Ulysses is supposed to have descended to the shades.

"Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends ;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods :
There fix thy vessel in the lovely bay,
And enter then the kingdom void of day ;
When Phlegethon's loud torrents, rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron ;
And where, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread ;
Where the dark rocks o'erhang the infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

Odyss. x., *Pope's Trans.*

The lake was considered to be unfathomable,* and it was believed that no bird could fly across its poisonous waters and live, whence possibly the Greek name Ἄορνος was derived.

"Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris :
Quam super haud ullae poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis. Talis sese halitus atris

* Lycophron Alex. 704 ; Lucan. ii. 665.

Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat;
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon."

Aen. vi. 238.

"Deep in the craggy gorge a cavern yawned;
A pitchy lake and forests black as night
Girdled its depths profound. No bird unharmed
O'er that dread orifice might steer its flight—
Such baneful exhalation through the air
Reeked from its murky jaws: by Grecians hence
Aornos named."

Richard's Trans.

"Tum, tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri, letale vomebat
Suffuso virus coelo, Stygiaque per urbes
Religione sacer saevum retinebat honorem."

Sil. Ital. xii. 122.

Hannibal tried to make himself agreeable to the natives by sacrificing to the terrible deities of Avernus, whilst he was reconnoitring the fortifications of Puteoli. But superstition vanished when the sacred groves were destroyed, and a canal was cut by Augustus to admit first the waters of the Lucrine Lake, and then those of the sea, into the stagnant Avernus, that he might form a port, the Portus Julius—large enough to contain the whole Roman fleet at once. Great is said to have been the angry chafing of the excluded waters as this design was accomplished.

"An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra,
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus aequor;
Julia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso;
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur aestus Avernis?"

Georg. ii. 161.

But henceforth the terrors of the place were dispelled.

"Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum."

Sil. Ital. xii. 121.

Nero, the great desirer of the impossible, is said afterwards to have entertained the absurd idea of constructing a canal, navigable for ships, from the Tiber to Avernus, and thence to the Gulf of Baiae,* and works for this purpose were actually begun. The communication between the lakes was, however, again cut off when the eruption and earthquake of 1538 formed the Monte Nuovo (455 ft.), but some remains of the canal which connected them may still be discovered.

The hill we have been ascending, now called **Monte Barbaro**, is the Mons Gaurus of the classics.

"Ut maris Aegaei medias si celsus in undas
Depellatur Eryx, nullae tamen aequore rupes
Emineant, vel si, convulso vertice, Gaurus
Decidat in fundum penitus stagnantis Averni."

Lucan. ii. 665.

Trans. "Just as if the lofty Eryx were hurled down into the midst of the caves of the Ægean Sea, still, no rocky crests would tower above the main; or, if Gaurus, uprooted, were to fall into the depth of still Avernus."

"Illic Nuceria, et Gaurus navalibus acta."

Sil. Ital. viii. 534.

* Suet. *Nero*, xxxi.; Tac. *Ann.* xv. 42.

On reaching the summit, we must turn to the left by a hollow way, which is crossed by the **Arco Felice,** a noble brick arch, 64 ft. in height, and pre-eminently picturesque. The ancient pavement remains belonging to the road from Puteoli to Cumae. The steep banks are full of tombs. Very near the arch was the monument of Tarquinius Superbus, which Petrarch saw and describes in his *Itinerary*. A little to the left, after passing the arch, is the entrance to the vaulted passage, nearly half a mile long, which was constructed by Agrippa to make a direct communication between Cumae and Avernus. It is now called **La Grotta della Pace,** from a Spaniard, Pietro della Pace, who brought it again into notice in the sixteenth century.

As we descend from the Arco Felice towards Baiae, the ruins of **Cumae** lie on the right rather more than a mile from the arch. Cumae, the Greek Kymê, occupied the summit of a tufa hill, the "sea-girt cliffs" of Pindar.†

Probably founded by Eubœans *circa* 775 B.C., Cumae was the most ancient Hellenic settlement in Italy, and occupied a site thoroughly Hellenic in character, being a hill-fort overlooking but not immediately near the sea. It was also one of the wealthiest cities of the peninsula, and its influence on the civilisation of Italy is proved by the fact that all the Italian alphabets were derived from the Cumean. From hence the Sibylline books were taken to Rome, and here the last of the Roman kings, Tarquinius Superbus, took refuge with Aristodemus, tyrant of the town, and died in exile in 509 B.C. The naval victory which was gained in behalf of Cumae over the Etruscans, by Hiero of Syracuse, is celebrated by Pindar.‡ From the spoils the victor devoted to Zeus at Olympia the inscribed bronze helmet now in the British Museum.

Cumae was besieged and taken by the Samnites in 427 B.C., and by the Romans 337 B.C., after which it sank into a Roman municipium. Petronius Arbiter died here during the reign of Nero, opening his veins in a perfumed bath. He talked to his friends, closing the veins when the conversation became interesting, and opening them again when he was bored; ordered his most precious vase to be broken that the Emperor might not inherit it; and, when dying, gave to a friend his *Trimalcion* the eternal memorial of imperial debauch.

In the time of Juvenal, Cumae was nearly deserted.

> "Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
> Laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
> Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllae."
>
> *Sat.* iii. 1.

After almost fading out of existence under the later empire, the town was restored by Totila, but was burnt by the Saracens in the ninth century and utterly destroyed four hundred years

* Strabo, v. 245. † *Pyth. E.* 6. ‡ *Ibid.* i.

after by the citizens of Naples and Aversa, because it was occupied as a stronghold by pirates.

Cumae is chiefly remembered now as the abode of its Sibyl, who from the earliest ages was believed to dwell in a cavern beneath the Acropolis, which, undermined and destroyed in the siege of the citadel by Narses, is said to have answered to the description in Virgil of the cavern of a hundred mouths, where the Sibyl delivered her oracles.

> "Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum :
> Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
> Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae."
> *Aen.* vi. 42.

> "A spacious cave, within its farmost part,
> Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
> Through the hill's hollow sides : before the place
> An hundred doors an hundred entries grace ;
> As many voices issue, and the sound
> Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound."
> *Dryden's Trans.*

High above the vineyards rises the hill of the **Acropolis,** the first spot in Italy in which the Greek emigrants found a home, and within whose recesses the Sibyl resided. Some fragments of its ancient walls remain, and, from its summit, where there are some small remains of a **Temple of Apollo,** there is an exquisite view.

On the north-western shore a tower (Torre di Patria), near a lake and forest, marks the site of **Liternum,** where Scipio Africanus passed the latter years of his life in rural pursuits and philosophic resignation.

> "In così angusta, e solitaria villa
> Era'l grand'uomo che d'Affrica s'appella ;
> Perchè prima col ferro al vivo aprilla."
> *Petrarch, Trionfo della Castità.*

Scipio died here, and Byron speaks of—

> "Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore,"

though his ashes were probably removed to the family burial-place at Rome, where a sarcophagus was long shown as his, with the words "Ingrata patria" as part of its inscription, which has now disappeared, but has left a name to the tomb. The lake, which we see from Cumae, now called **Lago di Patria,** was the Liternina Palus, and the neighbouring forest was the Gallinaria Pinus, long celebrated for its banditti.

The other foundations of temples and minor buildings at Cumae, though many of them are named by *ciceroni*, are scarcely worth notice, with the exception of the **Amphitheatre** (near the road leading to the Lago di Fusaro), which retains its twenty-one rows of seats, half concealed by brushwood ; but there is a wild loveliness in the site of the Greek town, which, combined with the intense antiquity of its associations, will make it, in the eyes of many, the most striking part of the excursion.

On the left of the descent is the western entrance to the passage, called the **Grotto of the Sibyl,** supposed to have been the cavern through which she led Aeneas to his sacrifice to the infernal deities. Carriage-drivers generally try to persuade travellers to take this way, as, besides shortening the distance to Baiae, it enables them to share the plunder of the various custodians (1 lira each person, torches 1 lira each). Should we, undeterred, advance like Aeneas to this cave, we shall find it no "alta spelunca," but a low, dark, unpleasant passage, 330 ft. in length.

Midway, on the left, is the approach to a small chamber called the entrance to the Infernal Regions,

> "That dim cave
> Secluded, where the awful Sibyl dwells,
> Whose soul with Divination's mystic lore
> The prophet-god inspires."
>
> *Aen.* vi. 11, *Richard's Trans.*

Visitors are carried on the backs of the too officious guides into another chamber with mosaic pavement, which is flooded from a spring, and called the Bath of the Sibyl, with regard to whom most travellers will share the feeling of Forsyth, that "a reasonable man will seek nowhere for a poetical being, except in the poem that produced it." If the traveller follows the grotto, he emerges on the western shore of Avernus.

On the opposite shore of the lake (abounding in snakes in summer) are some ruined Baths, commonly called the Temple of Apollo.

A pleasanter route follows the shore of the **Lago del Fusaro,** the Palus Acherusia of the ancients, supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano. It is still, as in classical times, celebrated for its oysters (Ostricoltura), for the better enjoyment of which a pavilion was erected in its waters by Ferdinand I. The lake communicates with the sea by the canal called *Foce del Fusaro,* on the north side of which the **Torre di Gaveta** marks the ruins of the **Villa** of Servilius Vatia, who was praised for escaping hither from the dangers of Rome under Nero; though, says Seneca,* he only knew "how to hide himself, not to live."

Upon the hills to the left, between Fusaro and Avernus, at the spot called **Scalandrone,** are some ruins, supposed to have belonged to the *Villa Cumana* of Cicero, where he first saw the young Octavius, who was staying in a neighbouring villa with his mother Accia and her second husband Lucius Philippus.

A rough road, which passes several ruined tombs, leads to **Baia** (*Hôtel della Vittoria,* tolerable restaurant near the station: guides annoying and unnecessary), an exquisitely beautiful place.

Horace describes the bay of "pleasant Baiae" as surpassed by no other in the world—

"Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amoenis."—*Ep.* i. 1, 83.

* *Ep.* 55.

and Martial writes—

"Litus beatae Veneris aureum Baias,
Baias superbae blanda dona naturae
Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias,
Laudabo digne non satis tamen Baias."

Ep. xi. 80.

The great castle built by Don Pedro de Toledo in the sixteenth century combines wonderfully in views with the three ruins, which are called the Temples of Mercury, Venus, and Diana. These, however, are mere names, unless the "Temple of Diana Lucifera" really bore an inscription identifying it with that mentioned by Propertius. In the so-named Temple of Mercury (a bath), called "Il Truglio" (a trough) by the natives (left from the hotel—in a vineyard), is a curious echo: women generally offer to dance the tarantella there. Venus seems to have been the tutelary goddess of this luxurious shore.

Baiae was supposed to derive its name from Baius, a companion of Ulysses—

". . . Illic, quos sulfure pingues
Phlegraei legere sinus, Misenus, et ardens
Ore giganteo sedes Ithacesia Baii."

Sil. Ital. viii. 539.

". . . Docet ille, tepentes
Unde ferant nomen Baiae, comitemque dedisse
Dulichiae puppis stagno sua nomina monstrat."

Id. xii. 113.

The celebrity of the place was chiefly due to its hot springs, which began in the latter years of the Republic to attract rich Romans to its shores, and which are described by Pliny as surpassing all others in number and variety, being sulphureous, aluminous, acidulous, &c.

"Quid referam Baias, praetextaque littora velis,
Et, quae de calido sulfure fumat, aquam?"

Ovid, Art. Am. i. 255.

"Nam mihi Baias
Musa supervacuas Antonius, et tamen illis
Me facit invisum, gelida cum perluor unda
Per medium frigus. Sane myrteta relinqui,
Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit."

Horace, i. *Ep.* 15, 2.

"Vos quoque caeruleum, ponti Nereides, agmen,
Surgite de vitreis spumosae Doridos antris,
Baianosque sinus, et foeta tepentibus undis
Littora tranquillo certatim ambite natatu."

Statius Silv. iii. 2, 13.

"Nec desunt variae circum oblectamina vitae:
Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias,
Enthea fatidicae seu visere tecta Sibyllae
Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo;
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri."

Id. iii. 5, 95.

From the number of palatial villas erected upon the shores of this "far-famed watering-place," Baiae soon became typical as the abode of luxury, and is mentioned by Seneca as

"diversorum vitiorum"—a place where all restraint was thrown off. Nero and Caligula made it especially notorious by their crimes and follies.

"Baiae was usurped by the great alone. They admitted no towns, no commonalty, nothing but palaces on their "golden shore." Men, who possessed half a province elsewhere, contended here for a single acre. They who wanted room on the bank built into the sea, and there met the freshness and salubrity of another element. In the course of a few minutes you sail past the highest names of antiquity. You see Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Piso, Cæsar, Tiberius, Nero, all crowding in for the most beautiful angles, and elbowing each other's villas. Yet what are these villas now? Alas! nothing but masses of built tufo which you can hardly distinguish from the tufo of the hill, naked walls, skeletons which were concealed from the ancients themselves, and covered with marbles too beautiful to remain."—*Forsyth.*

An excursion should be made from Baiae to the **Cento Camerelle, Piscina Mirabile,** and **Misenum.** The proper price for a boat is 3 lire. The excursion may also be made on foot, in which case, about one mile beyond the Castle of Baiae, we reach the village of **Bacoli** (*Trattoria del Monte de Procida*), looking down upon the bay called **Mare Morto,** and situated just above the remains of the ancient **Bauli.*** The small remains of a **Theatre** near the shore are often shown as the tomb of Agrippina, mother of Nero, who was really buried higher up (A.D. 59), under "a humble monument upon the road to Misenum, near a villa of Caesar the Dictator, which, elevated above surrounding objects, overlooks the coast and the bays below."† Hence it was that Nero fled, for "the face of a country cannot change its aspect like the countenances of men," and here "the offensive prospect of that sea and those shores lay ever before his eyes, and there were even those who believed that the sound of a trumpet was heard from the surrounding hills, and that wailings arose from Agrippina's grave."‡

Almost every famous man of the late Republic and the Empire had his villa on this coast; but now the glory has departed: the land has become a desolation and reproach, and a desert and a curse, and all her cities are "everlasting wastes."

Some ruins near the theatre, for the most part submerged, belong to the so-called **Villa of Hortensius,** celebrated for its fish ponds filled with the lampreys to which he was devoted. This villa was afterwards possessed by the beautiful Antonia, wife of Drusus and sister-in-law of Tiberius (so familiar to us from her statue called "Clytie"), who had the same passion for pet *muraenae,* and decorated one of them with golden ear-rings.

It is here that Cicero lays the scene of his supposed dialogue with Catullus and Lucullus, which forms the second book of his *Academics.*§ Here also it was that Nero planned the murder of Agrippina, and that the freedman Anicetus, commander of the fleet, suggested that she should be drowned by her vessel being submerged between Baiae and Bauli—a design which failed, owing to her skill in swimming. Here also, after his

* "Ipso in littore."—Sil. Ital.
† Tacitus, *Ann.* xiv. 9.
‡ *Ibid.* xiv. 10.
§ Cic. *Acad.* ii. 3, 40.

mother's death, Nero poisoned his aunt Domitia, that he might inherit her property at Baiae.

> "Dum petit a Baulis mater Caerellia Baias,
> Occidit insani crimine mersa freti.
> Gloria quanta perit vobis! haec monstra Neroni
> Nec jussae quondam praestiteratis aquae."
>
> *Martial*, iv. *Ep.* 63.

It was here also, probably, that the Empress Sabina, the great-niece of Trajan and ill-used wife of Hadrian, died, and also Hadrian himself, who was buried in the villa of Cicero.

The earlier villas were on the heights; it was possibly under Augustus that it became the fashion to build them along the shore, and even in the sea.

The curious subterranean chambers called **Cento Camerelle** (the hundred little chambers), or *Carceri de Nerone* (prisons of Nero)—admission 50 c.—are supposed to have belonged to the villa of Julius Caesar, which was given by Augustus to his sister Octavia after the death of her second husband Mark Antony. It was here that her son Marcellus, adopted son of Augustus and husband of his daughter Julia, expired in his twentieth year, to the unbounded grief of the Emperor; and here also, probably, the bereaved mother and uncle (22 B.C.) listened to Virgil while he recited his famous verses—"In Marcellus eris," &c.*

On the high ground between the Bay of Bacoli and the Mare Morto is the **Piscina Mirabile**—the wonderful fish-pond (admission 50 c.—the custode's house is on the right), a reservoir to receive the waters of the Julian Aqueduct, and supply them for the Roman fleet. It is 234 ft. in length and 88 ft. in width, and has a vaulted ceiling supported by forty-eight massive columns. It possibly belonged to the projected works of Nero, who "began a reservoir from Misenum to Lake Avernus, covered in, and enclosed by piazzas, into which all the warm springs of Baiae were to be turned."

To reach **Misenum** it is necessary to return through the village of Bacoli. Carriages may be taken as far as the embankment now uniting the promontory to the mainland, to which formerly it was only joined by the strip of land a mile in length called **Spiaggia di Miliscola.** The embankment divides the Mare Morto from the harbour. The great war-harbour which Augustus constructed here in the old port of Cumae—the "Portsmouth of the Roman Empire," as Forsyth calls it—consisted of three basins, of which the inner was the Mare Morto, connected with the other basins by a very narrow entrance, which could be closed by a bridge. On the south side of the port, at the spot now called **Casaluce,** are some remains of the town of Misenum. Here Pliny the younger lived with his mother in a house separated by a court from the sea. Farther west, at **Il Forno,** where the Mare Morto opens into the outer port, are some ruins of a theatre. It was on board the ship

* *Aen.* vi. 886.

of Pompey, in the harbour of Misenum, that Octavius, Antony, and Pompey met, and concluded a treaty for dividing the Roman Empire between them. Here the Admiral Menas proposed to Pompey to cut the ropes and carry the two triumvirs off to sea. "You should have done it, Menas, without asking me," answered Pompey. The elder Pliny was stationed here as commander of the fleet at the time of the great eruption of Vesuvius, in which he perished.

The almost isolated headland (300 ft.), called the promontory of Misenum, is said by some to have derived its name from Misenus, son of Eolus, one of the companions of Ulysses,* but more generally from the trumpeter of Aeneas supposed to be buried here (after having foolishly challenged Triton, and having been slain by him).

"Atque illi Misenum in littore sicco,
Ut venere, vident indigna morte peremptum;
Misenum Aeoliden; quo non praestantior alter
Aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.

. . . . . .

At pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,
Monte sub aëreo: qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen."

Aen. vi. 162, 232.†

"Qua jacet et Trojae tubicen Misenus arena."

Propertius, iii. *El.* 18, 3.

A boy may be taken from the village for a few soldi as a guide to the top of the hill, where there are remains of a mediæval castle. The view of the Bays of Naples and Gaeta is beautiful. All around are ruins of villas; some near the summit of the hill are pointed out as the villa of Lucullus, the extravagance of which drew forth the lines of Horace—

"Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus; et sepulcri
Immemor, struis domos;
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa."

Od. ii. 18.

Trans. "You put forth marble to be hewn, with one foot already in your grave; and, unreflecting, are building houses, and are minded to extend the shore of the violent sea at Baiae, not rich enough, with the mainland."

The buildings here afterwards became known as the "Villa Misenensis" of Tiberius.

"Caesar Tiberius quum, petens Neapolim,
In Misenensem villam venisset suam,
Quae monte summo posita Luculli manu
Prospectat Siculum, et despicit Tuscum mare."

Phaedrus, ii. 5.

"Being detained by storms, Tiberius died at a villa formerly belonging to Lucullus, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the twenty-third of his reign. Some say

* Strabo, v. 245.
† *See also* Sil. Ital. xii. 155; Statius' *Silv.* iii. 1, 150.

that a slow-consuming poison was given him by Caius (Caligula). Others say, that during the interval of the intermittent fever with which he was seized, food was denied him when he asked for it. Others affirm that he was stifled by a pillow thrown upon him, when, on recovering from a swoon, he called for his ring which had been taken from him in the fit. Seneca writes, 'that finding himself dying, he took his signet-ring off his finger, and held it a while, as if he would deliver it to some one; but put it again upon his finger, and lay for a time, with his left hand clenched, and without moving; when, suddenly calling his attendants, and no one answering, he rose; but his strength failing him, he fell down near the bed.'"—*Suetonius, Tiber.* lxxxiii.

We may return by the Miliscola (Militis Schola, from being the exercise ground of the Roman marines), which ends in the tufa rock called **Monte de Procida,** covered with vineyards and with ruins of villas, amongst which are pointed out those of the villa of Cornelia, which she purchased of the heirs of Marius, and where she died in exile. It was bought by Lucullus after her death. At the Miliscola, travellers who wish for the shortest possible sea passage embark for Procida (boats 2 lire).

The flat district between the Mare Morto and the Lago di Fusaro is supposed to be the **Elysian Fields—Campi Elisi**—of Virgil. They are covered with poplars and mulberries, garlanded with festoons of vines, and interspersed with tombs, where the dead, chiefly sailors of the fleet, as is shown by inscriptions removed to the museum, rest "far removed from human concern." There are many spots which will recall the charming description of the Baian farm of Faustinus in Martial*—the "rough vine-dresser bringing in the ripened grapes; the savage bulls bellowing in the deep valley; the crafty nets set for greedy thrushes; the long-haired children, freed from the rule of their master, delighted to obey the farm-bailiff," &c. Still, those whose imagination is excited by the name are sure to be disappointed.

"The name of the Elysian Fields sounds harmoniously to the ears of the classic youth, and opens enchanting scenes to his imagination. He will be disappointed in reading the description, and little less so in contemplating the reality. In the splendour of a Neapolitan firmament, he will seek in vain for the *purple light* so delightful to his boyish fancy; and on the sandy beach of the *Mare Morto* he will discover no traces of the crystal Eridanus; he will look to no purpose for meadows ever green, rills always full, and banks and hillocks of downy moss. The truth is, Virgil improves and embellishes whatever he touches; kindled by the contemplation of nature, his genius rises above her, and gives to her features charms and beauties of his own creation. The hills, the groves, the paths, he copied from the scenery now before us; but he waters them with purer streams; he calls up unfading flowers to grace them; and he lights them with a new sun and milder constellations."—*Eustace's Classical Tour.*

In returning from Baiae to Pozzuoli, we pass the **Bagni di Tritoli,** one of the baths mentioned by Pliny as Posideanae, from Posides, a freedman of Claudius. A little higher up the hill, reached by a path from hence, are the **Stufe di Nerone** (50 c.), a passage in the rock, at the end of which rise some warm springs. The heat is sufficient to boil an egg, though the cook is liable to share the fate of the dog at the Lago d'Agnano. As the Thermae Neronianae, these springs were a well-known cure in classical times, and were believed to be a panacea for all maladies—

* iii. 58.

"Quid Nerone pejus ?
Quid thermis melius Neronianis ?"
Martial, Ep. vii. 34.

and in the Middle Ages their efficacy had such a repute as to excite the fury of three physicians of the school of Salerno, who, disembarking on the coast by night, completely destroyed the bathing establishment, but were themselves shipwrecked on Capri and lost as they were returning. Dionis de Sarno mentions that an inscription in the palace of King Ladislaus held up their names to universal execration.

"Ces temples du plaisir par la mort habités,
Ces portiques, ces bains prolongés sous les ondes,
Ont vu Néron, caché dans leurs grottes profondes,
Condamner Agrippine au sein des voluptés.
Au bruit des flots, roulant sur cette voute humide
Il veillait, agité d'un espoir parricide ;
Il jetait à Narcisse un regard satisfait,
Quand, muet d'épouvante et tremblant de colère,
Il apprit que ces flots, instruments du forfait,
Se soulevant d'horreur, lui rejetaient sa mère."
Casimir Delavigne.

We now skirt the remains of the *Lucrine Lake*, **Lacus Lucrinus** (station, Lucrino), the Styx of Virgil, a great part of which has been swallowed up by the Monte Nuovo. It was separated from the sea by a causeway, called Via Herculea, from a tradition that it was made by Hercules, who drove the bulls of Geryon across it.

"Et sonat Herculeo structa labore via."
Propertius, iii. 18.

"Ast hic Lucrino mansisse vocabula quondam
Cocyti memorat, medioque in gurgite ponti
Herculeum commendat iter, qua discidit aequor
Amphitryoniades, armenti victor Hiberi."
Sil. Ital. xii. 116.

The oysters of the lake are mentioned by Cicero as "Lucrinenses," and are frequently the theme of the poets. Its other delicacy is the spigola.

"Circaeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."
Juvenal, Sat. iv. 140.

Trans. "He could tell at the first bite whether oysters came from Circeii, or from Sandwich."

"Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia."
Horace, Epod. ii. 49.

The heat in summer by the Lucrine Lake is tremendous; thus Martial wrote to Faustinus at Tivoli—

"Dum nos blanda tenent lascivi stagna Lucrini,
Et quae pumiceis fontibus antra calent ;
Tu colis Argei regnum, Faustine, coloni,
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemeaei pectora monstri
Nec satis est, Baias igne calere suo.

Ergo sacri fontes et littora grata valete,
Nympharum pariter Nereidumque domus.
Herculeos colles gelida vos vincite bruma,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus."

Ep. iv. 57.

"While near the Lucrine lake, consumed to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat,
You taste the cooling breeze, where, nearer home,
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
But now the sun to the bright lion turns,
And Baiae with redoubled fury burns;
Then, briny seas and tasteful springs, farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confused with Nereids dwell;
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize."

Addison's Trans.

Horace extols the mussels, which he says were better than the murex of Baiae—

"Sed non omne mare est generosae fertile testae;
Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris,
Ostrea Circacis Miseno oriuntur echini."

Sat. ii. iv. 31.

The winter hours of the two rival steamers (Societa Napoletana and Navigazione a vapore) for **Ischia** and **Procida** involve staying two nights at **Casamicciola.** Fares—3 lire 20 c., 1 lira 65 c. To Casamicciola, 4 lire 5 c., 2 lire 55 c. The steamers usually leave the port at Naples (Immacolatella Vecchia) together about 2 P.M. (inquire), arriving about 5 P.M., and return at about 5.30 A.M., arriving about 8.30. During the bathing season of July and August there is an additional early boat leaving Naples at 9 A.M. and returning at 4 P.M. from Casamicciola. The voyage occupies from 2½ to 3 hours, though the distance is only 20 miles. Embarkation and landing at Naples and Casamicciola costs 20 c.; at Procida and Ischia 10 c. These charges are fixed by tariff. A commissionaire from the hotels at Casamicciola is usually on board the boats. *Market Boats* to Procida perform the voyage in 2 to 6 hours; fare 50 c. each person.

Bad sailors may sometimes find a boat at Miliscola for the short passage (2 lire) to Procida, and thence across to Ischia (1½ lire). There is, however, not much worth notice at Procida. Most travellers will go direct to Casamicciola. Monte Epomeo is most conveniently ascended from thence.

In favourable weather a boat (25 lire) will perform the voyage from Ischia to Capri in 6 hours.

Procida (no decent inn), the ancient Prochyta, is declared by Strabo and Pliny to be a fragment torn in an earthquake from the neighbouring Inarime or Ischia. The geological formation of both islands is the same, and both are entirely volcanic, formed of pumice-stone and trachytic tufa. Statius speaks of "aspera Prochyta,"* and Juvenal alludes to it as the very type of all that is bare and dismal;† but Procida is much changed since those days, and is now well populated, and radiant with vegetation, being the great market-garden for Naples.

The island, two miles in length, is for the most part flat, and there is nothing but the height called **Punta di Rocciola** to justify the epithet "Prochyta alta" of Virgil.‡ Beneath this, facing north, is the town of **Procida,** which has a glorious view from its fortress. Those who wish to explore the island may

* *Silv.* ii. 27, 5. † iii. 5, 9. ‡ *Aen.* ix. 715.

walk hence (2¾ miles) to the beach of *Chiaiolella*, below the château of **S. Margarita,** and near the pretty islet of **Vivara,** which is the nearest point to Ischia, about three-quarters of an hour's row.

The women of Procida—Procidane—retain much of their ancient costume, which is best seen on September 29, the festa of S. Michele, where the tarantella may be seen danced *con amore.*

A great part of the island was the property of John of Procida, the hero of the Sicilian Vespers. It was confiscated by Charles I., but was afterwards restored.

Ischia is twenty miles from Naples, and two miles from Procida; it is fifteen miles in circumference. Its present name is a corruption of Iscla, for thus it was known in the Middle Ages. In ancient times it was called Aenaria, a name which Pliny derives from its having been the station of the fleet of Aeneas; Inarime, an exquisite name only used by the poets; or Pithecusa, which Pliny considers to come from the pottery πίθοι, manufactured on the island, but which the poets generally derive from πίθηκος, because monkeys were found here. Thus Ovid writes—

> "Inarimen, Prochytenque legit, sterilique locatas
> Colle Pithecusas, habitantum nomine dictas."
> *Met.* xiv. 89.

The island was colonised by Greeks from Chalcis at a very early period, probably at the same time as Cumae, but the settlers were soon forced to fly to the mainland by the terrible eruptions of Monte Epomeo, the ancient Epopeus, a volcano of much older date than Vesuvius. It was believed that the agitations of the mountain were due to the struggles of the giant Typhoeus, imprisoned beneath it for his rebellion against Jupiter, as Enceladus was under Etna.*

> "Apparet Prochyte saevum sortita Mimanta:
> Apparet procul Inarime, quae turbine nigro
> Fumantem premit Iäpetum, flammasque rebelli
> Ore ejactantem."
> *Silius Italicus,* xii. 147.

> "Campana fremens ceu saxa vaporat
> Conditus Inarimes aeterna mole, Typhoeus."
> *Lucan.* v. 100.

The last eruption took place in 1302. For more than five centuries Epomeo has been at rest, but, like other volcanic districts, the island is full of hot springs, which make it the hospital of Italy.

"The island of Ischia is a good example of a great volcanic cone, the flanks of which are covered with numerous small parasitic cones, while the great central volcano has long been extinct, and one side of its crater-wall is completely broken down; some of the small parasitic cones around its base have been formed within the historical period—one of them as recently as the year 1301."—*Judd's Volcanoes.*

Travellers will probably proceed at once to **Casamicciola,** a delightful resting-place, where all prices are fixed by tariff.

* Pind. *Pyth.* i. 18.

Small boats on landing, 20 c. each person.

Facchini from the landing-place to the carriage, for each box, 20 c.; for each bag, 10 c. *Facchini* from the landing-place to any spot within the commune, for every package under 50 chilo, 40 c.; over 50 chilo, 50 c.

Carriages, with 2 horses, the course, 1 lira 50 c.; the 1st hour, 2 lire 50 c.; succeeding hours, 1 lira 50 c. With 1 horse, the course, 70 c.; 1st hour, 1 lira 50 c., succeeding hours, 1 lira.

Horses, the course, 50 c.; the hour, 1 lira; for the ascent of Monte Epomeo, 5 lire and *buonomano*.

Donkeys, the course, 40 c.; the hour, 80 c.; for the ascent of Monte Epomeo, 4 lire and *buonomano*.

Boats to Procida, 10 lire; to the mainland, 15 lire; to Pozzuoli, 20 lire; to Capri, 25 lire.

Hotels.—*La Piccola Sentinella*, very clean and good, and a pleasant garden. Pension 7 to 12 lire, according to the season and rooms. *Grand Hotel Sauve*, *Eden Hotel*. *Pension Suisse*, very well situated and comfortable, with a nice garden, kept by M. de Rivaz, son of the doctor whose work on Ischia has made him a name. *Hotel Bellevue*, in a beautiful position, with delightful walks in gardens and vineyards, and a very comfortable house, but the rooms are too much exposed to the sun in summer, and are far from the baths.

Casamicciola (pop. 3731) is exquisitely beautiful, and always enjoys a pleasant breeze in summer, and it is a good central position from whence to make excursions. Its waters, especially from the source called Gurgitello, have been found most efficacious in cases of paralysis, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula. In 1881 the continual undermining of the springs produced the effect of an earthquake, which, in six seconds, laid the church and many of the poorer habitations level with the ground. Unfortunately the catastrophe occurred at the dinner-hour, and from its extreme suddenness, a great number of persons were buried in the ruins of their ill-built houses, but, except in rare instances, all the larger and stronger buildings escaped; only, however, to be demolished in July 1883 by a more violent catastrophe.

Many of the old towers, by which the island was once fortified, are still standing amongst the vineyards, used as church towers, or occupied as houses. An excursion should be made to the old church and convent of *S. Restituta* (to whom the old cathedral of Naples is dedicated), the patroness of the island, near **Lacco,** the headquarters of the straw-plaiters, where there is a pretty festa on May 17; and by a pretty pathway, to the Saracenic town of *Forio*. But still more interesting is the ascent of **Monte Epomeo,** now generally known as *Monte de S. Nicola*, 2578 ft. in height. The ascent (5 lire) is easily accomplished in two hours, and is practicable on donkeys. The Ischia road is followed for some distance, then a path strikes off to the right, through a variety of zones, like those of Etna on a very small scale—first vineyards, then chestnut-woods, lastly a district of bare rock. Near the summit is the *Cappella di S. Nicola*, with galleries and cells for hermits, formerly seven in number, who subsisted by begging, and were first established by Beatrice della Quadra, and revived by a German in the time of Charles III. Hence steps are cut in the rock to the Belvidere, whence there are glorious views of the bays

of Gaeta, Naples, and Salerno.* The descent may be made by the villages of **Fontana** and **Moropano.**

A pleasant road of four miles, crossing the lava stream of 1302, called **Lava del Arso,** leads from Casamicciola to the town of **Ischia** (2750 inhab.), at the north-east corner of the island. An old Roman aqueduct still carries water from Monte Notaro to the town, which contains nothing worth seeing, though the insulated castle built by Alphonso I. of Aragon, and connected with the mainland by a stone pier, is highly picturesque, and is well known in England from the drawings of Stanfield. Here the famous Ferdinand d'Avalos, who afterwards succeeded his father Alfonso as Marquis of Pescara, was born in 1489. He was betrothed in his sixth year to the five-year-old Vittoria, eldest child of Fabrizio Colonna and great-niece of Pope Martin V. The little Vittoria was sent by her parents to be educated in Ischia under the care of Costanza d'Avalos, Duchess of Francavilla, the elder sister of her future husband, who had been invested by Ferdinand II. of Aragon with the governorship of the island. She held a little court here, frequented by poets and literary men, amid whose society Vittoria grew up, till her marriage in 1509. During the absence of her warrior husband Vittoria continued to reside in Ischia, which, in the phraseology of the day, became one of the best-loved haunts of Apollo and the Muses. Thus it is apostrophised by Bernardo Tasso:

"Superbo scoglio, altero e bel ricetto
Di tanti chiari eroi, d'imperadori,
Onde raggi di gloria escono fuori,
Ch' ogni altro lume fan scuro e negletto;
Se per vera virtute al ben perfetto
Salir si puote ed agli eterni amori,
Queste più d'altre degne alme e migliori
V'andran, che chiudi nen petroso petto
Il lume è in te dell' armi; in te s'asconde
Casta beltà, valore e cortesia,
Quanta mai vide il tempo, o diede il cielo.
Ti sian secondi i fati, e il vento e l'onde
Rendanti onore, e l'aria tua natia
Abbia sempre temprato il caldo e il gelo!"

After the life of Pescara, not unstained by treachery, had closed at Milan in 1525, Vittoria remained for a year in retreat at the convent of S. Silvestro at Rome, but afterwards returned to Ischia, and devoted herself for three years to those poetical compositions, which were a kind of "In Memoriam" to her husband. The governorship of Ischia remained in the hands of the family of d'Avalos till 1734.

To this castle Ferdinand II. and his wife Joanna fled from Charles VIII. in 1495, but were refused admittance. At length the castellan, Giusto della Caudina, consented to the entrance of the king and queen alone, when the king ran him through with his sword, and then admitted all his followers. In 1501 King Frederick with his family also took refuge here with the

* *See* Timæus in Strabo, v. 9.

Duchess of Francavilla, when he was despoiled of his kingdom by Louis XII. of France.

The little lake of Ischia, one mile from the town, was an ancient crater. Near it was a casino of the Bourbon kings.

The costumes of the women of Ischia—Ischiajole—are very picturesque.

"The island of Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea; the vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards interspersed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut-groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. But that which crowns the scene is Mons Epomeus. Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle afford pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus."—*Bishop Berkeley to Pope*, 1717.

A boat leaves Ischia once a week for the island of Ponza, starting about midday.

Two steamers leave Naples for Capri in the morning, and touch at Sorrento at 10.30. The whole distance occupies nearly four hours. The fare from Naples is 3 lire. Both steamers stop at the Blue Grotto, which is entered (weather permitting) in little boats. Tickets to visit the Blue Grotto are issued on board, price 1 lira 25 c., but the boatmen expect a *buonamano* of 10 c. The steamers are always accompanied by a number of singers, guitar-players, and *mercanti ambulanti* (of coral, inlaid wood, walking-sticks and music), who will usually ask (literally) six times the sum with which they are satisfied in the end. Especially avoid the touts for hotels.

The *Railway* and a *Carriage* may be taken to Sorrento, and thence the steamer for the transit of 1½ hours to Capri (return ticket 3 lire). A boat may be taken from Sorrento (2 hours) with two rowers, price 8 lire.

Capri Hotels. Quisisana (the best), pension 7 lire, beautifully situated on the central ridge of the island, with a delightful garden, reading-room, &c. *Hotel Vittoria Pagano*, pension 6 lire, in the same situation, with a fine palm-tree in its garden, chiefly frequented by Germans. *Croce di Malta*, inferior. *Continental*, *Du Louvre*, near the Marina, pension 5 to 6 lire, convenient for bathing, but cold in winter and spring, and greatly inferior in beauty of position. *Pension Stanford* (good).

Boats.—Each hour, 1½ lire; to the Blue Grotto, 2 lire; to Sorrento and back, with two rowers, 8 lire; with four rowers, 12 lire; passing the night at Sorrento, with two rowers, 12 lire; with four rowers, 18 lire.

Donkeys, the whole day, 3 lire; half-day, 2 lire; guide (quite useless), 4 lire.

The **Island of Capri** (pop. 6400) (in the dialect of the people Crapi), the ancient Capreae, is a huge limestone rock 1920 ft. high, a continuation of the mountain range which forms the southern boundary of the Bay of Naples. Legend says that it was once inhabited by a people called Teleboae, subject to a king called Telon, whence Silius Italicus calls the island "antiqui saxosa Telonis insula."* Augustus took possession of Capreae as part of the imperial domains, and repeatedly visited it. His stepson Tiberius (A.D. 27) established his permanent residence on the island, and spent the latter years of his life there, abandoning

* viii. 543.

himself, said his enemies, to the voluptuous excesses which gave him the name of Caprineus.

"I believe that Tiberius was captivated by the perfect solitude of the island, for there are no harbours in its neighbourhood, and fewer stations even for ships of an inferior class, while none could put in unperceived by the coastguard. The climate is mild in winter, having the shelter of a mountain, which intercepts the violence of the winds: the summer is tempered by western breezes, and rendered enchanting by the wide expanse of sea which the island overlooks; there was also a delightful view of the Bay of Naples, before the fiery eruptions of Vesuvius changed the face of the country. Tradition asserts that the Greeks occupied the opposite coast, and that Capreae was inhabited by the Teleboi. Be this as it may, Tiberius selected for his retreat twelve villas, bearing different names, and of considerable magnitude. And in proportion as he had formerly devoted himself to public affairs, so he now entirely gave himself to secret debauchery and hidden wickedness."—*Tacitus*, iv. 67.

The first point usually visited (2 hrs. from the Marina) in Capri is the **Blue Grotto** (Grotta Azzurra), which is entered from the sea by an arch under the wall of limestone cliff, of the north side of the island, only available when the sea is perfectly calm. Visitors have to lie flat down in the boat, which is carried in by the waves and is almost level with the top of the arch. Then they suddenly find themselves in a magical scene. The water is liquid sapphire, and the whole rocky vaulting of the cavern shimmers to its inmost recesses with a pale blue light of marvellous beauty. A man stands ready (3 lire) to plunge into the water when the boats from the steamers arrive, and to swim about; his body, in the water, then sparkles like a sea-god with phosphorescent silver; his head, out of the water, is black like that of a Moor. Nothing can exaggerate the beauty of the Blue Grotto (175 ft. × 100 ft.), and perhaps the effect is rather enhanced than spoiled by the shouting of the boatmen, the rush of boats to the entrance, the confusion on leaving and reaching the steamers.

"The rower took in his oars; we were obliged to lie down in the boat, which he guided with his hands, and we glided into a dark recess beneath the stupendous rocks which are washed by the great Mediterranean. Instantly we were in a vast vault, where all gleamed like the ether. The water below us was like a blue-burning fire, lighting up the whole. All around was closed in; but, beneath the water, the little opening by which we had entered prolonged itself almost to the bottom of the sea, forty fathoms in depth, and expanded itself to about the same width. Thus the powerful sunshine outside threw a reflected light upon the floor of the grotto, and streaming in now like fire through the blue water, seemed to change it into burning spirit. Everything gave back the reflection; the rocky arch—all seemed as if formed of consolidated air, and to dissolve away into it. The drops of spray tossed up by the movement of the oars, fell red, like fresh rose-leaves. It was a fairy world."—*Hans Christian Andersen, The Improvisatore.*

"J'avais devant moi, autour de moi, dessus moi, dessous moi, et derrière moi, des merveilles dont aucune description de pourrait donner l'idée, et devant lesquelles, le pinceau lui-même, ce grand traducteur des souvenirs humains, demeure impuisant. Qu'on se figure une immense caverne toute d'azur, comme si Dieu s'était amusé a faire une tente avec quelque reste du firmament; une eau si limpide, si transparente, si pure, qu'on semblait flotter sur de l'air épaissi; au plafond, des stalactites pendantes comme des pyramides renversées; au fond, un sable d'or mêlé de végétations sous-marines; le long des parois qui se baignent dans l'eau, des pousses de corail aux branches capricieuses et éclatantes; du côté de la mer un point, une étoile, par lesquel entre le demi-jour qui éclaire ce palais de fée; enfin, à l'extrémité opposée, une espèce d'estrade ménagée comme le trône de la somptueuse déesse qui a choisi pour sa salle de bains l'une des merveilles du monde."—*Alexandre Dumas, Le Spéronare.*

That the Grotta Azzurra was known to the Romans is evinced by the existence of a subterranean passage, leading to it from the upper heights, and now blocked up: it was also well known in the seventeenth century, when it was described by Capranica. **Anacapri** is reached by a path commencing near by.

There are other beautiful grottoes in the cliffs surrounding the island, the most remarkable being the natural tunnel called the **Grotta Verde,** under the southern rocks, quite as splendid in colour as the Grotta Azzurra itself—a passage through the rocks, into which the boat glides (through no hole, as in the case of the Grotta Azzurra) into water of the most exquisite emerald. The late afternoon is the best time for visiting this grotto. Occasionally a small steamer makes the round of the island, stopping at the different caverns.

On landing at the Marina, a number of donkey-women offer their services, and it will be well to accept them, for the ascent of about one mile to the village of Capri (450 ft.) is very hot and tiring. On the left we pass the **Church of S. Costanzo,** a curious building with apse, cupola, stone pulpit, and several ancient marble pillars and other fragments taken from the palaces of Tiberius.

The little town of Capri, overhung on one side by great purple rocks, occupies a terrace on the high ridge between the two rocky promontories of the island. Close above the piazza stands the many-domed ancient church, like a mosque, and so many of the houses—sometimes of dazzling whiteness, sometimes painted in gay colours—have their own little domes, that the appearance is quite that of an Oriental village, which is enhanced by the palm-trees which flourish here and there. In the piazza is a tablet to Major Hamill, who is buried in the church. He fell under French bayonets, when the troops of Murat, landing at Orico, recaptured the island, which had been taken from the French two years and a half before (May 1806) by Sir Sidney Smith. Through a low wide arch in the piazza is the approach to the principal hotels, **Quisisana** being the favourite resort of the English, *Pagano* of the German colony. There is a tiny English chapel, All Saints', in Via Tragara. An ascent of half an hour by stony donkey-paths leads from Capri to the ruins called the *Villa Tiberiana,* on the west of the island, above a precipitous rock 700 ft. high, which still bears the name of **Il Salto.**

"The place of execution is still shown at Capri, whence, after long and agonising tortures, Tiberius ordered those who were condemned to die to be thrown, before his eyes, over the precipice into the sea, where a band of men from the fleet received them, and broke their bones with clubs and oars, lest any life should be left in them." —*Suetonius, Tib.* lxii.

Near the Salto is a little *locanda.* A few steps farther is the old *Faro* of Capri. A very little farther still is the *Villa di Giove* (*Villa di Timberio*), the principal residence of Tiberius.

"Even when Tiberius had quite defeated the conspiracy of Sejanus, he was so little reassured, that for the next nine months he never left the villa of Jupiter," —*Suetonius, Tib.* lxv.

Near this are a number of vaults, chambers, and underground corridors, now used as wine-cellars or cow-stalls (the marble steps and columns of *giallo* in S. Stefano come from hence). Above, where there is an exquisite view of the Bays of Naples and Salerno as far as Paestum, stands the *Chapel and Hermitage* of **S. Maria del Soccorso,** supposed to be the spot where Tiberius met the fisherman.

"A few days after his arrival in Capri, a fisherman suddenly coming up to him when he wished to be alone, and presenting him with a large mullet, he commanded that the man's face should be scrubbed with the fish; being terrified to realise that he had been able to steal upon him from the back of the island, over such rugged and steep rocks. As the man, whilst he was undergoing his punishment, expressed his satisfaction that he had not offered him also a large crab which he had likewise taken, he commanded that his face should also be torn with its claws."—*Suetonius Tib.* lx.

Reached by a path turning to the left, from the ascent to the Salto, at about half an hour's walk from Capri, is the **Arco Naturale,** a wonderful natural arch in the strangely contorted rock, which, with the view it frames of delicate mountains on the mainland, presents splendid material for artists. On the opposite side of the valley are remains of a **Grotto of Mithras** called Mitromania, having magnificent cliffs.

Below the Hotel Quisisana, between the castle hill of Castiglione and that called *Tuoro Grande,* is the **Certosa,** founded in 1363 by Count Giacomo Arcucci, High Chamberlain of the kingdom. It was here that Hudson Lowe (the gaoler of Napoleon on S. Helena) had his headquarters from 1806 to 1809, after the gallant seizure of the island by Sir Sidney Smith, which he held for two and a half years.

A good path (turning to the right from Hotel Quisisana) leads to the **Punta Tragara,** the south-eastern point of the island, where, near the ruins of the ancient harbour, are the three picturesque island rocks named **I. Faraglioni,** the nearest called **Monacone** (the monk), the second **Stella** (295 ft.), the third **Lo Scopolo** (288 ft.).

A new road has been constructed (1881) from Capri to Anacapri, passing the fort built by Murat in 1809, and the small ruins called **Campo Pisco,** whence a zigzag road in the steep cliffs passing beneath the ruins of a pirate's castle of 1544—**Palazzo di Barbarossa**—leads to the heights of Anacapri, where the island is far more fertile than at Capri, and is covered with olives and fruit-gardens, amid which stands the village of Anacapri with its pretty white houses and cupola-bearing church.

The view from **Monte Solaro,** the highest point (1920 ft.) of the island on this side, is most striking. Vesuvius is exquisitely aerial in its delicate tints.

"A wreath of light blue vapour, pure and rare,
Mounts, scarcely seen against the bluer sky,
In quiet adoration, silently—
Till the faint currents of the upper air
Dislimn it, and it forms dissolving there,
The dome, as of a palace, hung on high
Over the mountain." *Trench.*

The visitor who lingers in Capri may interest himself in tracing out the remains of all the twelve villas of Tiberius. Besides the Villa Tiberiana and the Villa di Giove, there are the **Villa Giunone** (before reaching S. Maria del Soccorso); the **Palazzo della Marina,** where an altar of Cybele and beautiful marbles have been found (near the old steps leading to Anacapri); villas near Damecuta, above the Blue Grotto; near the Certosa; near Castiglione, to the south of the town; near Mitromania; in the plain of Sopra-Fontana, called the **Grotte Tiberiane**; near Tragara; on the terraced height of S. Michele; in the Campo di Pisco; and, on the north, at Ajano, near S. Costanzo. A relief exhibiting Tiberius riding a led donkey, as modern travellers do now, was found on the island, and is now in the museum at Naples. Capri has a delightful winter climate, and is most comfortable as a residence. The natives are quite unlike the Neapolitans, pleasant and civil in their manners, and full of courtesies to strangers. The women are frequently beautiful, and good models may be obtained here by artists more cheaply than anywhere else. One lira a day is the usual price of a model, and yet the artist may feel he is doing no injustice, as 60 c. a day would be the wages of a day's hard work in the fields. Easter is perhaps the pleasantest time of all at Capri, and the Easter ceremonies are very curious and unlike any others in Italy. In Holy Week no bell rings, and silence prevails as much as possible. A grand procession on Good Friday is followed by a solemn service on Easter Eve, when even the priests lie flat upon the floor as they chaunt, till the resurrection moment arrives, when the doors are thrown open suddenly, all the bells clang out together, numbers of little guns and crackers are let off *in* the church itself, and so many people give freedom to a little bird which they have hitherto concealed in a handkerchief (emblems of the freed soul) that the whole air is filled with them. The Bishop of Capri was formerly supported by a tax on quails, which abound upon the island, and was thus commonly known as "Il Vescovo delle Quaglie." But the chief festas are, May 14, S. Costanzo, and S. Antonio, June 13. From Capri to **Anacapri** (*Eden Hotel*) is half an hour's drive up a fine winding road. Over it rise the ruins of the Castello di Barbarossa (1334 ft.), belonging now to Dr. Axel Munthe. The piazza contains Santa Sofia. It has 2350 inhabitants and a good winter climate.

CHAPTER V

EXCURSIONS SOUTH-EAST OF NAPLES

Portici : Herculaneum : La Favorita : Vesuvius : Torre del Greco : Camaldoli : Torre dell' Annunziata : Castellamare : Stabia : Lettere : Capo d'Orlando : Vico : Meta : Sorrento : Massa : Punto della Campanella : Il Deserto : Positano : Sireni : Conca : Pompeii : Nocera Pagani : Chiunzo : La Cava : Monte Finestra : Vietri : Maiori : Minori : Atrani : Amalfi : Ravello : La Scala : Salerno : Paestum.

Soon after leaving the town, the railway, of which the first part is the oldest in Italy, crosses the **Sebeto,** often little more than a dry torrent-bed, rightly described by Metastasio as "quanto ricco d'onor, povero d'onde." The line runs along the coast—"full of little cities, of gardens, of fountains, and of rich men"—which Boccaccio regarded as the most beautiful corner of Italy,* to—

Portici. (All guides here are impostors, and should be rejected.) Charles III. built a *Palace* and made gardens, which are little worth visiting, upon a lava stream at Portici. The carriages on the great road to the south pass under the porticoes of the royal residence. Nevertheless this was the favourite abode of Murat, who furnished it with a magnificence which was in great contrast to the simple, frugal habits of the Bourbons. The dirty suburb called Portici is supposed to take its name from Porticus Herculis—a temple of Hercules situated at the western gate of Herculaneum.

This is the station nearest to **Herculaneum** (which is best understood *after* a visit to Pompeii). On leaving the station one should first turn to the right to *Resina*, then to the left, and again to the right down the principal street. The *Officina delle Guide* is marked by an inscription at the corner of the Vico di Mare. (Carriages from Naples are more convenient for a visit to Herculaneum.)

The foundation of **Herculaneum,** mentioned by Ovid as "Herculea Urbs," was attributed to Hercules—

> "Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat,
> Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi mersa favilla."
> *Martial, Ep.* iv. 44.

The history of the town is exceedingly obscure, and it owes its attraction to the circumstances of its destruction and rediscovery, having never risen above the condition of a third-

* *Decameron, Giorn.* ii. *Nov.* 4.

rate city in ancient times. It was probably a Dorian settlement, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Samnites, from whom it was taken by the Romans in 293 B.C. In the reign of Nero, 63 A.D., it was half destroyed by an earthquake, and in 79 A.D. the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Pompeii, annihilated Herculaneum, covering it with volcanic mud, which hardened into coarse tufa, and was, in its turn, partly covered by successive streams of lava. For, in 472 A.D., an eruption destroyed the hamlet which had arisen over the buried city.

The discovery of Herculaneum (Heracleia) in 1719 is due to the energy of Emmanuel de Lorraine, Prince d'Elboeuf, married to a Neapolitan, and established at Portici, who, hearing that a native of Resina had discovered many fragments of sculptured marble in sinking a shaft, purchased the right to excavate on the spot, and continued his subterranean research for five years, after which the Austrian Viceroy, Count Daun, interfered, and claimed restitution on behalf of the State of all the treasures d'Elboeuf had found. The shaft struck at 85 ft. upon the seats of the theatre. Since then such ignorant and dishonest overseers have been employed in the works that thousands of precious fragments have been lost for ever, and it is only marvellous that some of the larger statues, especially those of the family of Balbus, should be preserved, and still visible in the museum at Naples. Charles III. continued the excavations; and in 1750 had a passage cut, sloping down to the theatre. From 1806–15 the French carried on further exploration. The Scavi Nuovi were made between 1828–38, and can be entered on the left of the Vico di Mare; and consist of a street, 20 ft. in width, paved with basalt and bordered by houses.

Owing to the fact that the excavations run under the populous suburbs of Resina and Portici, the greater part of the buildings which have been discovered have been again filled up. The principal remains (visible by torchlight) belong to a **Theatre,** which had nineteen rows of seats capable of containing 3000 persons. An inscription tells that it was built by a private citizen, L. Annius Mammaianus Rufus, but at what date is unknown. Hence, a street, bordered by porticoes, led to the **Forum,** on the north side of which stood a **Basilica,** built by M. Nonius Balbus, praetor and proconsul, by whom also the gates and walls of the city were erected. The discovery of a villa and several small temples produced some of the most beautiful frescoes and statues in the museum at Naples. A curious memento of earthly vanity, laid bare when the city was first opened, was an inscription in red paint upon the wall, announcing that the gladiators of Rufus would give two combats in the amphitheatre, and that there would be a hunt, with a velarium or awning against the sun. It is almost impossible to realise that the ruins which we now see in their black gulf can have been once beneath the blue sky, "before," as Tacitus says, "the burning mountain of Vesuvius

changed the face of the country," *and said to the sea, "Be thou removed."

"Some workmen were digging the gloomy well on the brink of which we now stand looking down, when they came on some of the stone benches of the Theatre—those steps (for such they seem) at the bottom of the excavation—and found the buried city of Herculaneum. Presently going down, with lighted torches, we are perplexed by great walls of monstrous thickness, rising up between the benches shutting out the stage, obtruding their shapeless forms in absurd places, confusing the whole place, and making it a disordered dream. We cannot, at first, believe or picture to ourselves, that *this* came rolling in and drowned the city; and that all that is not here, has been cut away, by the axe, like solid stone. But this perceived and understood, the horror and oppression of its presence are indescribable." —*Dickens.*

"Herculaneum, au lieu d'irriter la curiosité, la fatigue: on descend dans les fouilles d'Herculanum comme dans une mine, par une espèce de puits; ensuit viennent des corridors souterrains où l'on ne pénètre qu'avec des torches; corridor noircis par la fumée, qui de temps en temps laissent entrevoir, comme par la déchirur d'un voile, le coin d'une maison, le péristyle d'un temple, les degrés d'un théâtre tout cela incomplet, mutilé, sombre, sans suite, sans ensemble, et par conséquence sans effet. Aussi, au bout d'une heure passée dans ces souterrains, le plus terrible antiquaire, l'archéologue le plus obstiné, le plus indefatigable curieux, n'éprouvent-il qu'un besoin, celui de revoir la clarté du jour, ne ressentent-ils qu'un désir, celui de respirer l'air du ciel."—*Alexandre Dumas.*

The royal villa of **La Favorita,** at the end of the principal street of Resina, had a pretty garden. It is now an agricultural College.

Vesuvius.

The wire-rope railway was destroyed in 1906, but the narrow gauge one is working. The former was succeeded by a good path. Messrs. T. Cook manage the excursion excellently in six hours from Naples for about 18 lire, and tickets should be taken a day in advance.

The price of a ticket for visiting **Vesuvius** and **Pompeii** in the same day, including luncheon at Pompeii and dinner at Vesuvius (!), is 50 lire. If visitors (as is often most natural) decline what the authorities choose to consider the orthodox way of visiting Vesuvius, a charge of 5 lire is made for *every* person ascending the mountain, at a barrier on the way.

In whatever manner it be undertaken, the latter part of the ascent is glaringly hot in summer, and fatiguing when the mountain is covered with snow, but at most seasons the difficulties are ludicrously exaggerated. Every one should wear their worst clothes; boots are ruined by the sharp lava, and coloured dresses are stained by the fumes of the sulphur.

Delicate persons, who do not wish to make the final **Ascent** will find it quite worth while to drive as far as the Observatory for the sake of a near view of the lava streams, with their strange contortions and delicately beautiful colouring.

"There is a sentence of Burke which indicates, with his usual felicity, the compensation to be derived from that apparent waste of energy to which, in all times of its history, the polemics of the Church have given occasion: 'Old religious factions are volcanoes burned out; on the lava and ashes, and squalid scoriæ of old eruptions, grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn.' Those who have seen the sides of Vesuvius can well appreciate the force of this image. There indeed may be seen tracts of desolation, bare, black, and lurid, beyond any other which earth can show. These are where the sulphur still lingers and repels every effort of vegetation. But there are also tracts, close adjoining to them, and even in the midst of them, where the green vineyard, the grey olive, the golden orange, and the springing herb, mark that, out of the attrition and decomposition of the ancient

* *Ann.* v. 67.

streams of lava, the vital forces of nature can assert themselves with double vigour, and create a new life under the very ribs of death. So it is with extinct theological controversies. So far, indeed, as they retain the bitterness, the fire and brimstone of personal rancour and malignity, they are, and will be to the end of time, the most barren and profitless of all the works of man. But if this can be eliminated or corrected, it is undeniable not only that truths of various kinds take root and spring up in the soil thus formed, but that there is a fruitful and useful result produced by the contemplation of the transitory character of the volcanic eruptions which once seemed to shake the earth."—*A. P. Stanley, Essays on Church and State.*

"Vesuvius,' says Goethe, "is a peak of hell, rising out of paradise." There is no volcano concerning which we have so complete a series of historical records, especial attention having been attracted to it from its position in a thickly populated district, and its close proximity to the city of Naples.

"Nothing is more certain than the fact that the Vesuvius upon which the ancient Romans and the Greek settlers of Southern Italy looked, was a mountain differing entirely in its form and appearance from that with which we are familiar. The Vesuvius known to the ancients was a great truncated cone, having a diameter at its base of eight or nine miles, and a height of about 4000 ft. The summit of this mountain was formed by a circular depressed plain, nearly three miles in diameter, within which the gladiator Spartacus with his followers were besieged by a Roman army. There is no evidence that at this time the volcanic character of the mountain was generally recognised, and its slopes are described by the ancient geographers as being clothed with fertile fields and vineyards, while the hollow at the top was a waste overgrown with wild vines.

"But in the year 79 a terrible and unexpected eruption occurred, by which a vast cratered hollow was formed in the midst of Vesuvius, and all the southern side of the great rim surrounding this crater was broken down. Under the materials ejected during this eruption, the cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae were overwhelmed and buried."—*Judd's Volcanoes.*

Even a *résumé* of the many eruptions of Vesuvius is wearisome reading, and the last one (1906) has done its interest a *very* evil turn. By far the most celebrated was that of October, A.D. 79, which covered up and embalmed Pompeii and destroyed Herculaneum, both already half ruined by the earthquake of 63 A.D. Since then fifty-nine eruptions have occurred, the most terrible being that of December 16, 1631, when the mountain, "sweating fire," as Professor Palmieri calls it, discharged seven streams of lava, overwhelming Bosco, Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, and destroying 3000 persons. Each eruption has altered the form of the mountain, the outline of its summit having completely changed even within the last twenty years. From the great rain caused by the steam of eruptions, the falling dust generally descends like paste and sets like concrete. This is the *puzzolana*, which the Romans used as mortar. The rock formed by the volcanic mud, which is firm, though light and porous, is the *tufa*, of which Naples is built. The lower slopes of Vesuvius are covered with vineyards of Lacrima Cristi, the wine of ashes, celebrated by Chiabrera—

"Chi fu de' contadini il sì indiscreto,
Ch' a sbigottir la gente
Diede nome dolente
Al vin, che sovra gli altri il cuor fa lieto?
Lacrima dunque appellerassi un riso,
Parto di nobilissima vendemmia."

A drive of less than two hours leads from Resina to the Hermitage, now a tavern, where Lacrima Cristi is sold. Near this the lava streams are exceedingly picturesque, contorted like the lizards and crocodiles of a nightmare, their "ropy surfaces" having been caused by slowly moving currents.

The ascent of the cone begins at the point called **Atrio del Cavallo,** about half an hour beyond the Hermitage. The ascent is a clamber through the ashes or on the loose lava, not the least dangerous or difficult, and not fatiguing to a man in good health. A stick is an advantage, but the assistance offered by importunate natives is ridiculous, and they are very much in the way. The top of the mountain has been fitly likened to a ruined coal-pit, with the lava for slag. Its form varies so constantly that it is impossible to describe what will be seen. Sometimes the traveller looks down into a fiery pit; sometimes he can cross part of the crater, always going forward like Dante, and leaving a flame where his feet have trod; sometimes the hot stones and sand which are ejected render it dangerous for him even to approach the edge of the circle. But at all times, the view is glorious, and is, as Goethe found it, "a bath of beauty, to wash away the fatigues of the ascent."

"Tout ce qui entoure le volcan rappelle l'enfer, et les descriptions des poètes sont sans doute empruntées de ces lieux. C'est là que l'on conçoit comment les hommes ont cru à l'existence d'un génie malfaisant qui contrariait les desseins de la Providence. On a dû se demander, en contemplant un tel sejour, si la bonté seule présidait aux phénomènes de la création, ou bien si quelque principe caché forçait là nature, comme l'homme, à la férocité."—*Madame de Staël, Corinne.*

After leaving Portici, the line of railway intersects the great lava streams of 1794. On the left we still have dilapidated yellow houses, and on the right the blue sea and distant Capri, till we reach—

Torre del Greco (35,000 inhab.) (hotel, *Pension, Santa Teresa*). A town perpetually destroyed by Vesuvius, and rebuilt on and from its lava streams. Its history has given rise to the Neapolitan witticism—"Napoli fa i peccati, e la Torre li paga." Coral-fishing is the chief industry.

The line now runs nearer the foot of Vesuvius, and the peak of the crater swallows up the view of Monte Somma. The **Convent of Camaldoli** is seen (left) on a volcanic mound beneath the mountain. The domed buildings in the vineyards, the wells with their revolving wheels, and the hedges of prickly pear, give a very Eastern character to the country. We pass through a stony wilderness of lava, before reaching—

Torre Annunziata. A large fishing-town, with flourishing maccaroni manufactories, where Charles IV. established a great powder manufactory, placing the inhabitants, to their infinite terror, between the dangers of a double volcano of nature and man. There is a beautiful view of the bay from hence, with the islet and ruined fort of **Rovigliano** in the foreground. The lava of 1906 reached the cemetery.

A branch line leads, in ten minutes, from Torre dell' Annunziata to **Castellamare**, the station for Sorrento. There are crowds of carriages at the station, for which it is necessary to make a bargain. The right prices for Sorrento are—2 horses, 5 lire; 1 horse, 3 lire.

(Hotels, *Quisisana*, and *Du Parc*, excellent; in a high situation, with a beautiful view, and walks in the woods behind; pension, 12 lire.* *Hôtel Weiss*, in the same situation. *Reale*, in the town, not far from the railway station.)

Castellamare (27,000 pop.) is a large dirty town (17 miles from Naples), situated between the sea and the lower spurs of the Monte S. Angelo. It occupies the site of Stabiae, destroyed by Sulla in the Social War, and was overwhelmed at the same time with Pompeii in the eruption of A.D. 79. The castle, which gave a name to the modern town, was built by Frederick II.

Castellamare is a most uninviting place to those who do not ascend by the Hotel Quisisana, through an avenue of ilex, by a very steep hill, to the royal Casino of **Quisisana** (now the property of the Municipio), erected on the site of a palace built by Charles II. of Anjou. Its name was invented 1820 by Ferdinand I. The view of Vesuvius, the plain of Pompeii, and the bay is glorious, and there are delightful walks in the many-fountained royal *parco*, or in the *bosco* on the mountain-side, which gives Castellamare an advantage over Sorrento, where nearly all the walks are shut in by walls.

In summer Castellamare is much frequented for its mineral waters, which are of three kinds—*acqua media*, sulphuric; *acqua rossa*, chalybeate; and *acqua acetosella*, aperient. It is the custom for people with liver complaint to drink half a bottle of the first in the morning; a tumbler of the second, with wine, at midday; and as much as possible of the last in the evening. Delightful excursions may be taken along the mountains on donkeys or on foot, and there are drives along the old Sorrento road, or to the ruined castle of the Acciajuoli, at **Lettere** (5 miles), whence there is a lovely view. A longer expedition may be made to the *Cappella di S. Michele*, on the top of Monte S. Angelo (4735 ft.). It contains a statue of the archangel, which is said to perspire freely on the first of August, when the blessed dew is collected on cotton-wool by a monk, and distributed in little bottles to the faithful.

The drive of eleven miles from Castellamare to Sorrento occupies two hours and is one of the most beautiful in Italy. The road passes beneath the Convent of S. Maria di Pozzano (now a pension—*Pozzano Cottage*) to the **Capo d'Orlando,** which gave a name to the naval victory gained here by Ruggiero di Loria (July 14, 1299) over the fleet of Frederick II. of Aragon. On the left of the road are precipitous cliffs, overgrown here and there with euphorbia, cytisus, and myrtles.

The carriage rattles over the paved streets of several villages. **Vico Equense** (*Hotel de Vico*), built by Charles II., has a cathedral

* The Hotel Quisisana is the best point whence to visit Pompeii—about 2½ miles distant (carriages, 2½ lire). In the unhealthy state of Naples, this is a great advantage to those who wish to avoid the hotels in the great city.

containing the tomb of Gaetano Filangieri, the famous jurist (1788). After crossing a handsome bridge, in a lovely valley clothed with olives, to the Oriental-looking village of **Seiano** (295 ft.), we have a view of Vico, with its bright houses and arches, which has been painted by Stanfield and a thousand other artists. The road now ascends to the **Punta di Scutolo,** and descends through groves of oranges, pomegranates, and olives to **Meta** (5900 inhab.) (*Pension, Bella Meta*), at the entrance of the rich **Piano di Sorrento,** in which we pass the villages of *Carotto, Pozzo Piano,* and *S. Aniello* (*Albergo di Cocumella*—pension, 7 lire), and cross two ravines (which will recall the *latomiae* of Syracuse in their walls of perpendicular rock and the rich growth of their carpet of oranges), before reaching **Sorrento,** "La Gentile."

The Hotels line the cliff, which abruptly overhangs the sea, and have delightful gardens and orange groves on the land side. They are—*Hotel Vittoria,* above the Marina, expensive, but comfortable; pension, 12 lire. *Hotel Grande Bretagne,* quieter and more old-fashioned, approached by a lovely lemon grove; pension, 10 lire. *Hotel Tramontano,* once the Villa Strongoli, excellent, with a pretty garden—the older building having been Tasso's house. *Hotel Lorelei,* above the port of Marina Grande—good, but rather dear. Reasonable lodgings for the summer may be obtained in many delightful villas among the orange groves near the town. Café de Martino and Circolo Club, both in the piazza.

Donkeys, half-day, 2 lire; whole day for the longer excursions, 4 lire. To Scaricatojo, 2 lire; to Vigna Sersale, 1 lira 50 c.

Boats *to Capri:* with two rowers, 8 lire; three to four rowers, 12 lire; five to eight rowers, 16 lire. Shorter excursions may be made to the Bagno della Regina Giovanna, and Grotte delle Sirene.

Carriages, for the half-day, 5 lire; to Castellamare, 2 horses, 5 lire; 1 horse, 3 lire. To Amalfi, 12–15 lire.

Sorrento (7100 inhab.) is delightfully cool in summer compared with other places in this part of Italy.

"Zephyro Surrentum molle salubri."
Sil. Ital. v. 466.

Agrippa, Augustus, and Antoninus all had villas here. The village (160 ft.) looks north, and is often very damp and cold in winter; and in spring it is well to be prepared for the sudden change from the heat of Naples to the chill breezes here. The water of the 1892 aqueduct may be trusted.

As we enter Sorrento, we cross a deep ravine by a bridge guarded by a statue of S. Antonino, patron of the city. The town extends along a rocky platform above the sea, which comes up almost close to the cliffs, never leaving more than a very narrow strip of beach. Two tiny creeks at the extremities—**Marina Piccola** and **Grande**—are crowded with fishing-boats and fishermen's houses. There are no remains of the villa of Pollius Felix, extolled by his friend Statius; and, though tombs and vases are often found in the gardens, there are few visible relics of the ancient Surrentum, except some pillars of a temple engrafted into the porch under the tower belonging to the cathedral, which contains an old episcopal chair, with a canopy supported by pillars from some ancient building.* A gaily painted chapel

* The original cathedral was at S. Renato, now a picturesque ruined convent in an orange garden.

near this is now used as a kind of antiquarian museum. The population is busy and prosperous, chiefly occupied in straw-plaiting, lace-making, or the carving and inlaying of olive-wood, in which Sorrento drives a brisk trade. A statue of **Torquato Tasso** (1870) stands at the entrance of the modern street, which has been driven straight through the shady alleys of the old town since the change of government, and which is lined by olive-wood shops; that of *Gargiulo* should be visited. Much of the picturesqueness of the place has been swept away since 1870, especially the Porta S. Antonino, at the south end of the town, which was surmounted by the bust of that sainted bishop who is said to have saved Sorrento by soundly thrashing with his stick Sicardo, Prince of Beneventum, when he came to besiege it in 836. He is still the patron saint of Sorrento, and adored by its inhabitants. Miss Kavanagh, in her pleasant *Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies*, mentions how a Sorrento girl said to her with Italian *naïveté*—"Signora, he is our father, and, for my part, I never pass beneath the gate but I look up and say, 'Father, since you are our father, why, then guard us well.'"

The poet Tasso (1544–1595) was born in the house occupied by part of the Hotel Tasso, being the son of Bernardo Tasso (author of a poem on Amadis of Gaul), belonging to a noble family of Bergamo, and of Porzia de' Rossi, his wife. Hither also he fled, in 1592, after his seven years' captivity at Ferrara. He had embarked, dressed as a shepherd, at Gaeta, and at sunrise he reached Sorrento, where his beloved sister Cornelia, who had married Marzio Sersale, a noble cavalier of the town, was living as a widow. Finding her alone, he at first pretended to be a messenger from her brother, and gave her such a terrible account of his sufferings and misfortunes that she fainted. On her recovery he revealed himself, exacting a promise that she would only discover the secret to her two sons, Antonino and Alessandro; her neighbours believed him to be a cousin from Bergamo.

No one should visit Sorrento without taking a donkey or walking to its most beautiful point of view, about a mile and a half distant. If we leave the town by the new road to Amalfi we shall find, on the left, a steep path, the old bridle-road, which ascends the side of the hill to the **Vigna Sersale** (entrance 50 c.), the vineyard of Tasso's sister, Cornelia Sersale, whence there is the most glorious view, through some noble umbrella pines growing in a very picturesque valley, of Capri with its jagged cliffs rising above a shimmering sea—showing the "tremolar della marina" of Dante, the "aquae tremulum lumen" of Virgil.

Hence one may proceed (3½ miles) to the village of **Massa Lubrense** (2870 inhab.), to which there is a beautiful carriage road from Sorrento. Above it are the remains of the Castello di S. Maria. Beyond is the promontory at the end of the peninsula, called **Punto della Campanella** (155 ft.), from the watch-bell erected

PINES AT MASSA, NEAR SORRENTO *A. Hare*

there on a tower by Charles V. to give notice of pirates. The ancient name was Capo di Minerva, from a temple which Ulysses is said (by Strabo and Seneca) to have built there to the goddess. In returning from Massa we may visit, on the **Punta di Sorrento,** the natural arch and cove called *Bagni di Diana*, or *della Regina Giovanna*, which, with Vesuvius smoking in the distance, forms another lovely artistic subject.

> " O fortunato peregrin, cui lice
> Giungere in' questa terra alma e felice."
> *Tasso.*

Beautiful also is the immense depth of pink ravine at the entrance of the town from Castellamare, with perpendicular walls of rock and a tiny stream below, crossed at either end by a bridge of a single arch at an immense height. High in the air are gay houses with pergolas of vines and painted shrines. The cliffs are overhung by wild figs, cytisus, *erba della fontana*, and a thousand flowers; long tresses of ivy swoop into the depths, and the narrow, rugged staircases, clinging to or cut off the rock, add to the effect.

In general, however, Sorrento is less agreeable for walking and riding than La Cava and Amalfi, as nearly all the paths are shut in by high walls, obscuring the view, for a great distance from the town. Excursions may be made to **Il Deserto** (1490 ft.), a deserted red convent above Massa, with a fine view of Capri; to the lofty **Conti della Fontanelle,** reached by path from the Villa Cacace on the Meta road, and the **Arco Naturale,** in a romantic position above the sea, but much spoiled since the greater part of the arch fell in in 1851; to **Caserlano,** a chapel with an exquisite view of the sea and islands; to *S. Maria della Neve*, beyond Massa; and to *S. Maria a Castello*, with a view of the village of **Positano** (Hotel Margherita, Albergo Roma), where there is a pretty little illumination on August 15. A boat excursion may be made to *Crepolla*, with its picturesque Romanesque ruined church of S. Pietro, and even to the distant **Isles of the Sirens** or ***Li Galli*** and *Insulae Syrenusae*, now known individually as Isola di S. Pietro, Il Castelletto, and Rotonda. After having been used as prisons by the short-lived Republic of Amalfi, they are now quite deserted, and as dismal as when Virgil described them.

> " Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subíbat,
> Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
> Tum rauca assiduo longe sale saxa sonabant."
> *Aen.* v. 864.

The exquisite coast road may be taken, *via* Praiano, Vettica Maggiore and Conca, to Amalfi. Those who wish to go thither by water should order a boat from thence to be ready to meet them at the *Scaricatojo* (with two rowers, 7 to 8 lire; with four rowers, 10 lire). It is possible to ride within half an hour of the embarking place, but then there is an immense rock staircase to be descended.

The people of Sorrento are for the most part civil to strangers. The women wear pretty blue lace veils on festas, and the processions at Christmas and on Good Friday and several church festivals are striking and picturesque. If you give to beggars, they thank you with "La Madonna v' accompagna," or "Cento mill' anni," meaning "May you have a hundred thousand years' freedom from purgatory." The dialect, however, is harsh and very unpleasant. The peasants marry amongst one another—and, it must be allowed, to please their parents, for a house, a position—for anything but love. They value life and enjoy it to the utmost, and they have little dread of death, which they speak of as going to "la patria." The wine of the Piano di Sorrento is wretched enough now, but was celebrated by classical authors.

> "Surrentina bibis? nec myrrhina picta, nec aurum
> Sume; dabunt calices haec tibi vina suos."
> *Martial, Epig.* xiii. 110.

> "Surrentina vafer qui miscet faece Falerna
> Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo;
> Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus."
> *Horace, Sat.* II, iv. 55.

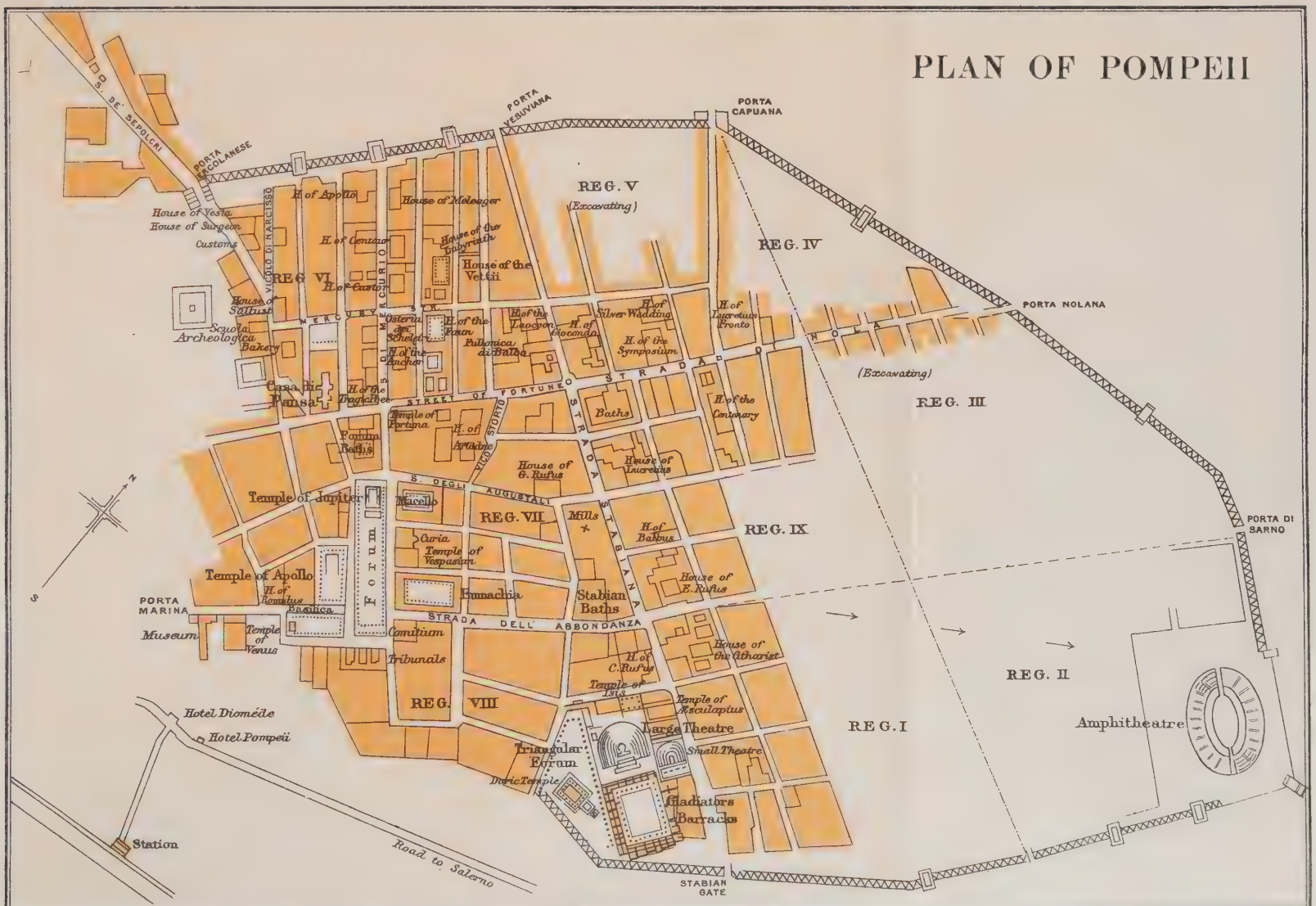
Leaving Torre dell' Annunziata, the main line of railway turns inland through a rich country, for whose lava soil the cultivators pay as much as £12 an acre. Soon mounds of ashes on the left indicate—

Pompeii. *H. Diomede* and *Hotel Pompei,* close to trains and to one of the three entrances. Three or four hours are as much as the ordinary tourist gives to Pompeii. **Artists** must obtain a "permesso" to draw, from the Museum authority, at Naples.

A Portantina, or carrying chair, with two bearers, can be hired on the spot. Entrance. The traveller pays 2 lire for admission, and is provided with a guide. Those who desire more than a superficial visit should make the fact known. Photographs are on sale by the guides. The amphitheatre 50 c. extra.

Pompeii was an Oscan settlement in the sixth to the seventh century B.C., and at least one temple, partly remaining (in the Triangular Forum), belongs to that early date. It was dedicated to Heracles, and legends of the demi-god having landed at the mouth of the **Sarno** were contrived in order to account for the fact. The latter river bounded the town along its east, and was to some extent navigable until choked by volcanic mud and *débris*. The pastoral **Oscans** appear to have been driven out by the highlander Samnites, though their language survived; and it served still for inscriptions down to late Republican days. The Samnites, imitating neighbouring Nola and Paestum, built their town in the Doric manner and walled it massively without mortar. By the latter part of the fourth century B.C. they found themselves compelled to make a treaty with Rome, then in truth an infant Hercules. The story of the successive Samnite wars and the final triumph of the Romans brought

QUEEN JOAN'S BATH, SORRENTO *A. Hare*



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Pompeii completely under their domination, 290 B.C. Sulla found himself obliged to besiege **Pompeii** during the Social War (94 B.C.), the inhabitants, together with those of **Herculaneum, Stabiae,** and **Salernum,** having declared in favour of revolt against Rome. The Roman commander of the garrison at **Nola** was executed. Caesar besieged neighbouring **Acerra.** Possibly the walls of Pompeii suffered during these troubles. Both **Sulla** and **Cicero** afterwards patronised it; and while the former conferred municipal privileges upon it, the great orator actually wrote his "**De Officiis**" in a suburban villa, where likewise he received such guests as **Octavius** (Augustus), Hirtius, and Pansa, and others. Perhaps in memory of these days Augustus later in his life extended the municipal privileges of the town. Little did Cicero imagine, when Sulpicius, consoling him for the loss of his beloved Tullia, spoke of the corpses of cities which he viewed on his return from Asia, how precisely the expression would eventually apply to the two places of his especial predilection: "Tusculanum et Pompeianum valde me delectant." In A.D. 59 a formidable outbreak, occasioned by local bitternesses, occurred in the amphitheatre (one of the earliest of these in Italy) between the Nucerians (of Nocera) and the Pompeians, ending in a massacre of many of the former. The outbreak, as Tacitus tells us, with its causes and results, came before **Nero,** who referred it to the Senate, and ended in the Pompeians being prohibited from holding any public meetings for ten years. It is noteworthy, too, that **Livineius Regulus,** who had exhibited the gladiators on that occasion, was expelled the Senate. This was a sad event for a town which had but a few years before (A.D. 55) been made a colonia, with abundant privileges. It lay still under the imperial interdict when, on February 5, A.D. 63, a violent earthquake practically destroyed it, and nearly destroyed its ancient neighbour, Herculaneum. It was then an irregular hexagonal city girdled with a lofty wall pierced by eight gates, and containing about 20,000 inhabitants. **Seneca,** Nero's former tutor, relates that it drove the survivors distracted, killed six hundred sheep, and caused the site to be temporarily abandoned. For a somewhat lighter shock visited the remains in the year following, and it became a question at Rome whether the Pompeians should be permitted to rebuild the city at all. Eventually this was decided in their favour, and it began to be rapidly reconstructed, its houses and shops restored handsomely, and its Forum and theatres redecorated. This work was in active progress when, on November 23, A.D. 79, the neighbouring **Vesuvius,** which had long remained dormant and smokeless (since perhaps a prehistoric period of eruption), sent up a terrific column of smoke which expanded like a gigantic black tree, and there followed the destruction and extinction of **Pompeii.** It is a loss for the modern world that this catastrophe should have occurred in A.D. 79 instead of in A.D. 63; for had it been otherwise we should have unearthed the unrestored temples

with Etruscan and Greek pictures and abundant Greek and archaic statues. Dio, using authorities no longer extant, states that the people of Pompeii were in their theatre at the moment of the disaster, *i.e.* in the afternoon. Then the fog of murky ashes and lapilli began to darken the air and choke the terrified refugees, who doubtless escaped chiefly by the steep descent to the Stabian and Nucerian gates. It is even probable that most of those who died at this moment were killed, not by the atmosphere, but by the crushing throng. The lowest strata of ashes contained no bodies. The storm of dust and ashes was accompanied by violent rain and lightning which set fire to some parts of the town, and was followed by terrific showers of hot pumice-stone which, made heavy by rain, gradually broke in the roofs and filled up the streets and courtyards to a depth of 7 ft. more. It must have been in the short intervals of storm and fire during the next days that many of the citizens returned to save their goods, or to obtain food; others to plunder; and some became victims. Among these, likely enough, may be included many who belonged to other towns who were also homeless and camping on the neighbouring hillsides. Nobody rescued the prisoners or the sick. Meantime, the crops were burned up, the fruit trees destroyed, and the river Sarnus became dammed up and sought for itself a new channel; moreover, **Herculaneum** was being slowly deleted by streams of hot mud, only the roofs and parapets and towers of these two towns revealing themselves above the deadly rising tide of volcanic materials. Nevertheless, the excavations have proved that by desperate efforts many of the citizens did succeed in locating their dwellings, and in carrying off considerable portions of their treasure. One or more small ghosts of the former town arose during the later Empire upon its site, and were probably destroyed in like manner, namely, in A.D. 472, and still later. A Benedictine named Martino mentions one of these villages in A.D. 838.

In 1595 the local Conte di Sarno constructed a small **aqueduct** in order to supply the town of **Torre dell' Annunziata,** and it passed near the amphitheatre, across the Stabian street, by the Temple of Isis, and so by the Forum to the well-known House of Diomedes. Unfortunately the inscriptions then found have been again lost.

In 1748, while sinking a well, a contadino discovered a painted chamber together with water-pipes of lead, mosaics and statuary. **Charles III.,** becoming interested owing to the recent discovery of Herculaneum, ordered excavations to be made. By 1755 the Amphitheatre had been cleared. The Forum, and the street of tombs and certain houses were excavated and covered in again, under Murat. Since 1860 the Italian Government has granted 60,000 lire per annum for the continuance of the clearing, and under Professor **G. Fiorelli,** for the most part, the work has been carried out so successfully that three-fifths of the city have now been explored. It measures half a mile by three-quarters of a mile.

The **walls** may be traced almost throughout their course by following them on the inner face of the town as far as the **Amphitheatre,** and thence externally for the remainder. The best section remaining lies eastward of the **Porta Ercolanese.** The ramparts have been demolished all along the west and south sides. Hence, for purposes of study the walk from **Porta Ercolanese** to **Porta di Capua** is rewarding.

The first impression on entering the mummied city of Pompeii (except for the background) is always one of disappointment. Its **streets** are straight, narrow alleys, in which the ruts worn by the waggon-wheels remain in the lava pavement, being almost the only objects, except the town walls, upon which we can look with any certainty that they belonged to the original town which perished in the earthquake. At intervals occur **stepping-stones** for the use of foot-passengers in the wet weather, which turned these streets into watercourses. The windowless houses, of concrete or brick, are perfectly without outside ornament, and look more like ruined cow-sheds and pig-styes than anything else. The doors are the only external openings into their tiny courts. It is evident that life was mostly passed out of doors. The **ground floors** of the larger houses were often let in shops, as is still the case in the *palazzi* of Naples and Palermo. In many instances the marble shop-counters still exist. There are a few trade signs, but they are rare; political notices painted on the walls are more frequent. An occasional phallus indicates the superstition of the evil eye. Where there were no shops, blank walls faced the streets, the few necessary openings being barred with iron, as in Oriental towns. There are seldom any ruins of more than ground-floor walls remaining; the upper storeys, possibly of wood, must have been burned by the red-hot stones of the eruption.

We enter the tiny houses by the *prothyron*, where the porter or *janitor* had his den or *cella*. This leads us to the central court—*atrium*, in the midst of which was the reservoir—*impluvium*. Hence different chambers opened on the right and left, receiving light from the court. Beyond the atrium was the *tablinum*, or public room; the *peristylium*, an open court with colonnades, the usual summer sitting-room; the *triclinium*, or dining-room, and the *oecus*, or parlour. The columns are of tufa, covered with stucco, and both the columns and walls were painted with the brightest colours attainable, though often with taste and harmony. Occasionally there is a flower-garden, or *xystus*. The best of the central wall-paintings, which in most cases have given their present names to the houses, have been removed to the Museum at Naples; but many of the beautiful arabesques remain. That all were fresh and brilliant when found, in the style followed by Raffaelle and his pupils in the Loggia, and that nothing had any appearance of antiquity, is accounted for by the fact that nothing had been in existence for more than sixteen years before the later catastrophe occurred which

embalmed it for more than sixteen centuries and a half. The many proofs of the open-air life which must have existed here make one imagine a very different climate from that of Southern Italy at the present time; a severe winter would be unendurable in the comfortless toy-houses of Pompeii. The most interesting of the streets are those possessing the remains of shops.

From the **Porta della Marina,** not far from the road from Naples to Salerno, the visitor ascends a narrow street to the **Forum.** On his right he passes the **Basilica** (220 ft. by 80 ft.), or law-court, an open area surrounded by an Ionic (brick) colonnade covered with stucco (excavated 1806–1814). Its main entrance with five doors faced the Forum. As was the case with the Roman Basilica, it was distributed into **nave and aisles,** though here the nave was open to the sky. Above the aisles were **galleries** for spectators. It is known to have been decorated with an **equestrian statue** of gilded bronze. At the further end, on a raised dais decorated by six columns, is the Tribunal. Beneath it was found a vault, perhaps a repository for the court archives and records. Numbers of graffiti were found scratched upon the walls, including complaints against law and lawyers, and quotations from Virgil and Ovid.

On the left hand, on a raised podium, is the ruined hexastyle-peripteral **Temple of Apollo,** originally a Doric, but restored after A.D. 63 as an Ionic structure. The torso of **Apollo** in bronze was found here, as well as a statue of Venus, and an oracular Diana, all in the Museum at Naples. It is the largest temple yet found. The walls were adorned with frescoes representing the Trojan War. The **Cella** is Corinthian, having six columns in front and ten at the sides. The floor is paved with various coloured marbles. The pedestal for his statue, and the **omphalos,** or cone, symbolising Apollo, are both *in situ.* A facsimile of the **Oscan Inscription** found here occupies its place.

This brings one to the long and narrow **Forum,** the most spacious area in the town, whence the purple slopes of the destroying mountain show grandly above the red and yellow ruins of the city. Its restoration was never completed, and many of the pedestals for honorary statues were still unoccupied at the date of the catastrophe. Fortunately a painting in the Museum at Naples reveals to us that many of the statues here were equestrian bronzes, as many as twelve of these being on its western side, while the eastern side was adorned by two only. The **northern end** was occupied by the **Temple of Jove,** flanked by triumphal arches, while upon the **southern** rose three apsidal brick buildings side by side, supposed to have been **Tribunals** (*Curiae*). The central one is sometimes called the **Treasury** (*Aerarium*). Close by at the south-east angle is a building called, without sufficient ground, the School of Verna. It contained statues and was probably an assembly hall of some

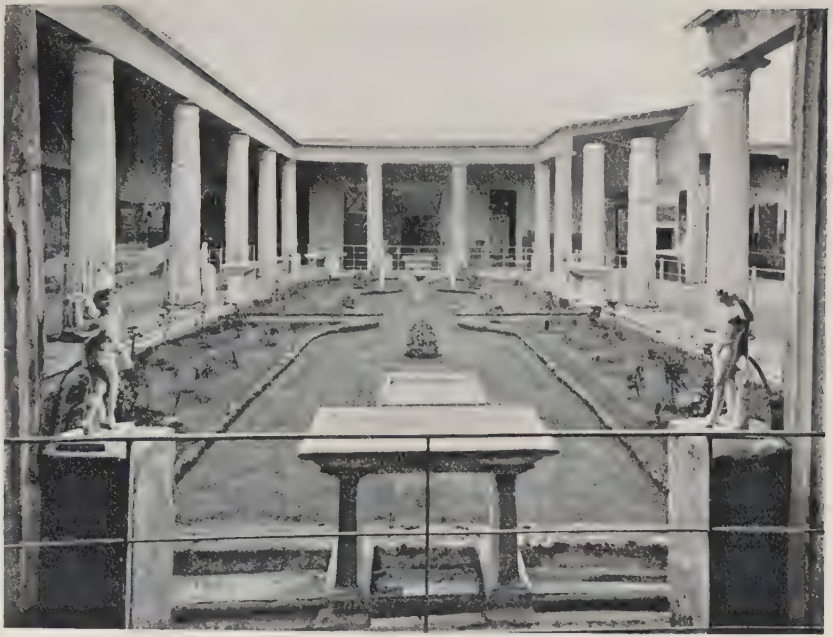
kind. The next building at this corner, flanking the Strada dell' Abbondanza, was a **public Exchange,** built at the cost of a priestess, **Eumachia.** The door, which was adorned with sculptured pillars, gave access to a court encircled by a Corinthian colonnade. Four statues decorated the marbled façade, the inscriptions belonging to which tell us that Aeneas and Romulus were two of these: hence, it is not improbable that their companions were Julius and Augustus Caesar. The **Temple of Mercury,** so called (83 ft. by 53 ft.), rises upon a platform and contains an altar of marble. Next to it follows the so-called **Senaculum,** or **Curia,** a semicircular hall with an Ionic portico, centred by a (?) rostrum. The last building on the east side of the Forum was probably a special market of an ornate character, with side as well as front entrance. Pictures on the south wall point to the intention of the building as a game and fish market. A statue of Augustus, and those of Drusus and Livia in the Naples Museum, were found here.

Following the Strada del Foro, we reach **r.** the **Temple of Fortuna** (1823); **l.** the **Forum Baths.** The temple to this favourite and influential goddess was in the Corinthian style, and was built by the duumvir Marcus Tullius on ground belonging to him. A metal railing passed in front of its altar, which was used to produce the diatonic scale correctly when struck. The Baths (*Thermae*) (1824–1826) date from the days of Sulla, and have two sections, one for ladies. They occupy the entire block, or *insula.* Passing through the passage we enter the dressing-room (*apodyterium*), with barrel-vaulted roof, and six entrances, two of which lead into the *praefurnium,* or heating chamber, and the warm-room (*tepidarium*), with niches upheld by terra-cotta figures of Atlantes. It was lighted by a single-paned window. At the further end is an ancient bronze brazier. The stucco reliefs here are much admired. The doors on the south side led into the circular plunge bath (*frigidarium*), domed and lit with a single opening. This is the best-preserved chamber. Crossing the **Strada di Nola** we find the **House of the Tragic Poet** (1825), and the **House of Pansa,** divided from one another by the **Vicolo della Fullonica.** The first of these is important, and is that called "of Glaucus" in Bulwer's story. It was formerly decorated with a series of fine paintings taking their subjects from Homer, now in the Museum at Naples, together with a picture of a poet in his study. Money and gold ornaments were likewise found. The pavement of its vestibule bore the mosaic inscription "Cave canem."

The **House of Pansa the Aedile** was formed by uniting two residences. It possessed also a stable and coach-house and garden, and its latest proprietor was Nigidius Maius, who paid for the festivities held at the inauguration of the Forum Baths. The bronze lamp with Bacchus astride the panther was found here. Northwards, in Vicolo di Modesto, we soon reach the so-called **House of Sallust,** containing several paintings, Actaeon

and Diana, &c. Following the Vicolo di Narcisso toward the north wall, we may visit the **House of the Surgeon** (1770), one of the oldest houses here, built without mortar and with inferior local materials. Abundance of surgical instruments, now in the Museum at Naples, were found within; and one attractive picture of a lady sketching Bacchus. This will bring us to the significant **Porta Ercolanese,** once composed of a central arch 14½ ft. wide, with two side arches for pedestrians. This led to the Street of Tombs, the "Appia" of Pompeii. The side-arches had iron doors; the central arch had a portcullis. The eastern side of the gate will take us to a buttress, whence the walls may be surmounted. The lowest section of these duplicated walls is made of blocks of travertine limestone and refers to an early date. The frequent and regular towers along this wall tell whence foes were most to be expected. Walking along, within the wall, we may take the **House of Apollo,** and turn down the Strada di Mercurio, visiting the **Houses of Meleager,** the "**Centaur,**" and "**Castor and Pollux.**" In that of the Centaur was found the beautiful picture of "Atalanta and Meleager." The **House of the Labyrinth** has a noble atrium. But more attractive than any house left in the town will prove its neighbour, the **House of the Vettii** (1894–1895), which was identified by the discovery therein of the Family Seal. Owing to the wealth of objects and the comparatively good condition of the abode, it was fortunately resolved not to carry away to the already replete Museum at Naples the contents, but to strengthen, repair, and secure the house as a representative one. In the lobby leading to the atrium we see the strong-boxes, or safes, from which the proprietor is presumed to have recovered his "deeds," &c. After he had escaped, he presumably returned, and all the plate and jewels have been removed. We enter on the eastern side, passing straight into the atrium, to the right of which is a smaller atrium, the centre of the service and kitchen department, with a large hearth, and a room for the cook. The corridor, to left of the larger atrium, led to a side street-entrance and the staircases leading to the second storey. But the great beauty of the house will be found in the **Peristyle,** or garden court, six bays by three, with its well-preserved columns with moulded and coloured stucco capitals. This garden seems to have been uninterfered with by the searchers, and it contains, *in situ*, all its original marble fountains, now playing (as of old) through the repaired water-pipes, tables and statuettes, both of bronze and marble. The beds are once more blooming with the same flowers and shrubs loved by the ancients.

The **Paintings** are by far the best preserved, and in some points of view are the most remarkable yet discovered in Pompeii. They belong to two distinct categories, and the earlier ones are far superior to those dating after A.D. 63. These are to be seen in the wings of the atrium and the larger room at the north end of the peristyle, probably a dining-hall. They are distributed



HOUSE OF THE VETTII, POMPEII *Sommer*

in four sections of panelling, of various dimensions. Perhaps, of these, the ones most fascinating are in the narrow 9-in.-wide sections, especially those representing "Psyches gathering flowers," "Cupids making and selling oil," "Cupids as goldsmiths," "Cupids gathering and pressing grapes," "Cupids as dealers in wine," and "Cupids celebrating the festival of Vesta."

It is not to be supposed that the Vettii (who were freedmen and the latest owners) caused these exquisite works to be painted. These doubtless belong to the days of the previous proprietor of the house. The later series, however, may safely be attributed to them.

The Classical pictures represent:

1. Iphigenia vowed as a sacrifice to Artemis by her father, but the goddess interposes to save her.
2. The Slaying of the Python by Apollo. The snake lies coiled about the "omphalos."
3. The Sacrilegious Slaughter by Agamemnon of a White Hind, Sacred to Artemis. Agamemnon rushes into the sanctuary with bared blade and drives the horrified priestess before him. It is full of dramatic force.

In two other rooms opening on to the peristyle are good pictures representing Bacchus and his train discovering the sleeping Ariadne. Opposite is seen Dædalus displaying to Pasiphæ a Wooden Cow he has fashioned. She gives him a golden armlet. A third picture shows Ixion fastened to the wheel by Hephæstus. In front of him stands Hermes, who has brought him to the place of punishment. Hera enthroned, with Iris behind her, watches the victim's fate. The melancholy figure in the foreground with veiled head personifies the spirit of the dead, indicating the "Underworld."

Another itinerary would take us down the Strada Stabiana to the south-east of the town, where lies a rich group of structures, including the Little Theatre side by side with the Great Theatre, which faces the Barracks of the Gladiators and is flanked west by the curious Triangular Forum, containing the Temple of Neptune. The street ends in the Stabian Gate. (*See* Plan.)

The Small Theatre, complete with dressing-room, stage, and tribunals, was built about 25 B.C. by Gaius, Q. Valgus, and Marcus Porcius, duumvirs, by decree of the town council. It was a covered-in building.

The Large Theatre seated about 5000 persons, in 29 tiers, divided into wedges. The seats were of masonry capped with tufa, and are arranged in three semicircular divisions. The lowest served for the council and magistrates: the next section (media cavea) for corporations and people of some importance. The summa cavea crowned all. The corridor had an entrance from the Triangular Forum. The stage had three exits. The audience was sheltered by awnings from the weather, as in the Coliseum at Rome. The stone sockets for the masts can be seen.

The Temple of Isis, standing hard by in its columned court, was destroyed by the earthquake and rebuilt, and was restored at the cost of Numerius Popidius Celsinus. The altar and statue of the Goddess of the Nile are at Naples, together with a fine bronze laver and the frescoes depicting Isiac rites and ceremonies.

The Foro Triangulare possesses (restored) a beautiful Ionic portico, which served as the entrance of the theatre. Its colonnade contained ninety-five Doric columns. The surface here was higher than the top of the city wall. There are remains of a Doric temple with a double cella, which Mau attributes to the sixth century B.C. This must have been a grand shrine resembling those at Girgenti and Paestum. In front of it rose a circular well-house carried upon eight Doric columns. This temple lay in ruins at the date of the destruction and the dedication is not known.

The Barracks of the Gladiators has been so called, and with some probability, for in ten of the rooms on the south side were found fifteen helmets, metal belts, some daggers and shoulder-guards (galerii). There were also several small shields of a non-military type. In another room were found eighteen skeletons, including that of a woman richly attired and bejewelled.

Not far north, past the Strada degli Olconii lie the interesting Stabian Baths;

the oldest and largest yet found, and dating from 120 B.C., though rebuilt and restored in later days. Seneca (*Epist.* 56) gives us a vivid idea of the functionary life of the baths:

"I am resting close to Baths, sounds are heard on all sides. Imagine to yourself every conceivable noise that can offend the ear. The more muscular men go through their exercises and swing their arms, to which are attached leaden weights. I hear their groans as they strain or the windy suspiration of forced breath. If one is merely lazy and is simply rubbed with oils, I hear the slapping he obtains from the *masseur*, with alternate flat or hollow palm. If a player at ball counts up his throws one can do nothing. Perhaps there occurs a quarrel, or a thief is caught, or a swimmer orates, or clumsy bathers take bad headers. . . . Above all there come the cries of the vendors of sweetmeats, sausages, and cakes."

Evidently abundant life crowded the great colonnaded court, and filled all its now ruined chambers. The **colonnade** was constructed of tufa columns coated to resemble white marble, and with the lower portions painted red. These carried an entablature with coloured stucco reliefs. The ladies used six chambers, situated at the northern angle of the institution, for their bathing, and had no **frigidarium**, or plunge; but their **tepidarium** and **caldarium** are better preserved than those of the men. The ladies entered through a long ante-room from a small court of their own. The **apodyterium**, or dressing-room, is both the oldest and most intact room of the entire baths. The stucco decorations of the panelled vaulting arch and passage arch, the lockers for garments, the benches, the floor, all make it easy to revisualise the daily functionary of the organisation here. Our modern Turkish bath is simply the Byzantine Roman bath, adopted or inherited by the Moslem.

The **Amphitheatre** stands at the south-east angle of Pompeii, and dates from about as many years B.C. as the Roman Coliseum dates A.D., and is thus the oldest amphitheatre known. It was erected at the expense of Valgus and Porcius, who also gave the lesser Theatre. It measures 444 ft. by 342 ft. The arena is girdled by a wall two metres high, and was covered with frescoes, some of which were copied, or are to be seen in copy, at the Naples Museum. The subjects relate to the "spectacula," or "shows." As in Rome, the spectators were protected from the more agile wild beasts by a bronze railing, which rose and recurved from the coping of this wall. Two broad passages open into the arena from the long axis as at the Coliseum, and in the centre of the west side at right angles to these two a straight and narrow way remains by which the dead were drawn out. There are thirty-five rows of seats distributed in three sections. The gladiators and the wild beasts entered from the northern corridor. It held about 20,000 people. It was here that the sanguinary strife broke out between the people of Nocera and the Pompeians, represented in a fresco in the Naples Museum.

There are various houses, shops, and temples as well as the **Street of Tombs**, which are all worth visiting, and abound with details illustrative of Pompeian life. These can be varied by asking the guide for particular objects.

"The looking from the ruined city, into the neighbouring grounds overgrown with beautiful vines and luxuriant trees; and remembering that house upon house, temple on temple, building after building, and street after street, are still lying under the roots of all the quiet cultivation, waiting to be turned up to the light of day; is something so wonderful, so full of mystery, so captivating to the imagination, that one would think it would be paramount, and yield to nothing else—to nothing but Vesuvius: but the mountain is the genius of the scene. From every indication of the ruin it has worked, we look, again, with an absorbing interest to where its smoke is rising up into the sky. It is beyond us, as we thread the ruined streets; above us, as we stand upon the ruined walls; we follow it through every vista of broken columns, as we wander through the empty courtyards of the houses; and through the garlandings and interlacings of every wanton vine."—*Dickens.*

The Museum must on no account be omitted. It consists of rooms containing specimens of all domestic articles, whether in woodwork, metal, terra-cotta, or bone, or mineral. But perhaps more absorbingly of interest are the casts made from cavities in the pumice and ashes caused by the bodies of men, women, and animals that were overwhelmed and buried in the catastrophe of A.D. 79. These cavities have been met with, for the most part, at a level some nine feet above the street level. Among these will be noted:

1. A Dog, on his back, from the House of Vesonius Primus. He had struggled as long as the length of his chain permitted him to rise above the showers.
2. The body of **A Young Girl**, her tresses gathered into a knot, and her right hand to her forehead.
3. **An African Slave.** At his side an iron instrument.
4. **A Man** of low type, with a belt on which rests his left hand.
5. An emaciated **Child** of six or seven years; left behind!
6. **A Man with only one leg**, lying on his face.
7. Two bodies called **Mother and Daughter.**
8. "**La Donna Gravida,**" wearing a silver serpent-ring.

"I stood within the city disinterred;
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls;
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood;
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
I felt but heard not:—through white columns glowed
The isle-sustaining Ocean flood,
A plane of light between two heavens of azure:
Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
Were to spare Death, had never made erasure;
But every living lineament was clear
As in the sculptor's thought; and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
Seemed only not to move and grow
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weighed on their life; even as the Power divine,
Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine."

Shelley.

R.—A large *pedestal* unfinished.

L.—*Tomb of Marcus Cerinus* with an inscription, and a vaulted niche, in which the fully armed skeleton of a soldier was found. He was evidently on guard at the neighbouring gate, and, faithful to his trust, only took shelter here from the burning shower, whilst his fellow citizens were escaping.

L.—*The Niche-Tomb of Mamia the Priestess*, inscribed—"Mamiae Publii filiae sacerdoti publicae locus sepulturae datus decurionum decreto."

R.—*The Tomb of T. Terentius Felix*, with an inscription.

R.—*The Tomb of the Garlands*, decorated with Corinthian pilasters, sustaining wreaths.

R.—*An open Tomb with a Seat.*—Near this the skeletons of a woman and three children were found—locked in each other's arms.

L.—Ruins of a villa, called, without reason, the *Villa of Cicero:* several beautiful mosaics and paintings, including the eight celebrated Dancing Girls, were found here.

R.—Two shops, then the ruins called the *House of Mosaic Columns.*

L. (beyond the Villa of Cicero), the *Tomb of Servilia.*

L.—*The Tomb of Aricius Scaurus*, with dilapidated reliefs of gladiatorial combats. An inscription records a decree of the decurions for the erection of this tomb and a statue of Aricius in the forum.

R.—An arcade, behind which were shops. The skeleton of a mule was found here.

R.—Ruined tombs.

L.—*The Circular Tomb*, with pilasters. On the basement are reliefs. A staircase leads to a circular chamber adorned with arabesques, with niches for urns.

L.—The rich *Tomb of Caius Calventius.*

L.—*A Triclinium*—for funeral feasts.

R.—*Tomb* erected by *Alleia Decimilla*, Priestess of Ceres, to her husband Marcus Alleius Lucius Libella and her son, on a site given by the people—built of blocks of travertine to resemble the pedestal of a column.

L.—*The Villa called the Villa of Diomede*, from the tomb opposite. Under the portico which surrounded the little garden of this villa, seventeen bodies of women and children were found. They had provided themselves with food, and were evidently suffocated in their refuge, having attempted to escape too late.

After leaving Pompeii, the railway crosses the rich plain of the Sarno—

> "Sarrastes populos, et quae rigat aequor Sarnus"
> *Virgil, Aen.* vii. 738.
>
> "Nec Pompeiani placeant magis otia Sarni."
> *Statius, Silv.* i. 2, 265.

Angri (7651 pop.) was the place where the great struggle of Italian history ended in the last fight of Teias and Narses, in which the last Gothic king was vanquished by the mighty eunuch.

"The king marched at the head of the Goths, bearing in his right hand a lance, and an ample buckler in his left: with the one he struck dead the foremost of the assailants: with the other he received the weapons which every hand was ambitious to aim against his life. After a combat of many hours, his left arm was fatigued by the weight of twelve javelins which hung from his shield. Without moving from his ground, or suspending his blows, the hero called aloud on his attendants for a fresh buckler, but in a moment, while his side was uncovered, it was pierced by a mortal dart. He fell: and his head, exalted on a spear, proclaimed to the nations that the Gothic kingdom was no more."—*Gibbon*, ch. xliii.

Fine road over St. Angelo to Amalfi.

Pagani. In the **Church of S. Michele** is the tomb of *S. Alphonso de' Liguori*, Founder of the Redemptorists, and Bishop of S. Agata. He died at Pagani in 1787, and was canonised in 1839 by Gregory XVI. Pius IX. visited his mummy in 1850, and left his pontifical ring upon its dead finger. Monte di Chiunzo is a splendid spot for picnics.

Nocera (12,000 pop.) occupies the site of Nuceria Alfaterna, the rival of Pompeii in classical times. It is called Nocera de' Pagani from a Saracenic colony of Frederick II., who was sometimes contemptuously called "The Sultan of Nocera."* Here the beautiful Greek, Helena, widow of Manfred, died in the castle (Castello in Parco) in 1271, after five years' imprison-

* Villani preserves the quaint words of the famous taunt which Charles of Anjou addressed to Manfred before the battle of Beneventum—"Alles e dit moi a le Sultan de Nocere hoggi meterai lui en enfers, o il mettar moi en paradis."

ment, though only in her twenty-ninth year; and here also died Beatrix of Provence, one of the four queen-daughters of Count Raymond Berenger, who, as wife of Charles I. of Anjou, entered Italy riding at the head of his troops.

"La mort de Béatrix fut considérée comme une grande perte. Tant que Béatrix avait vécu, malgré l'orgueil reproché à cette souveraine, elle avait su mettre des bornes à l'humeur violente de son époux. Béatrix vivante, Conradin ne serait pas monté sur l'échafaud. La présence d'une mère aurait rendu impossible le supplice d'un enfant."—*Alexis de Saint-Priest.*

S. Louis of Anjou, second son of Charles III., and Bishop of Toulouse, was born here. It was here also that (1386) the fierce Pope Urban VI. (Bartolommeo Prignani) imprisoned the cardinals and the Bishop of Aquila, whom he suspected of favouring his rival, the Antipope Clement VII., who had been enthroned at Sperlonga.

'The Pope inveigled such of the rebellious Cardinals as were not there, to Nocera as though to hold a consistory. Six of them, the most learned and of best repute, were seized and cast into a close and foetid dungeon, an old tank or cistern. There Theodoric à Niem (whose relation is extant) found them in the most pitiable state. The Cardinal di Sangro, a tall and corpulent man, had not room to stretch out his feet. They were loaded with chains. The Pope's ministers questioned them, adjured them in vain to confession. The inquisitors returned to the Pope; two of them burst into tears. Urban sternly taunted their womanish weakness. Theodoric, by his own account, ventured to urge the Pope to mercy. Urban became only more furious; his face reddened like a lamp; his voice was choked with passion. He produced a confession, wrung forth the day before by torture from the Bishop of Aquila, which inculpated the Cardinals. The conspiracy, indeed, with which they were charged by the suspicion of Urban, or by their enemies who had gained the ear of Urban, was terrible enough. They had determined to seize the Pope, to declare him a heretic, and to burn him. They were brought before the public consistory; if they had confessed, it was believed that they would have been made over to the executioner and the stake. They persisted in their denial; they were thrust back into their noisome dungeon, to suffer from hunger, thirst, cold, and reptiles.

"Three days after the Cardinals were submitted to the torture. The Cardinal di Sangro was stripped almost naked, and hoisted by the pulley. The Cardinal of Venice, an old, feeble, and infirm man, was racked with even worse cruelty from morning till dinner-time. He only uttered, 'Christ suffered for us.' The Pope was heard below in the garden, reciting aloud his breviary, that the executioner might be encouraged by his presence.

"Urban was besieged in Nocera; among his fiercest enemies was the Abbot of Monte Cassino; but he had still active partisans in Italy. The Pope was at the head of a great interest. Raimondello Orsini made a bold diversion in his favour. A Genoese fleet hovered on the coast. Pope Urban made a sudden sally from Nocera, reached first friendly Benevento, then got on board the galleys between Barletta and Trani. He dragged with him the wretched Cardinals, who, if they reached Genoa alive, survived not long. By some accounts they were tied in sacks and cast into the sea, or secretly despatched in their prisons. One only, an Englishman, was spared: it was said, out of respect for, or at the intervention of, King Richard II."—*Milman, Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

The railway passes near the **Church of S. Maria Maggiore,** an exceedingly curious circular building, 80 ft. in diameter, first used as a baptistery, then as a cathedral. Its chief peculiarity is its dome, vaulted with stone internally, but covered externally with a false roof, for all attempts in the tenth and eleventh centuries to construct true roofs of stone were failures. The basin in the centre is surrounded by a double circle of ancient

columns, the inner granite, the outer pavonazetto. The frescoes on the very damp walls are of the fourteenth century.

Swinburne describes the extraordinary festa of La Madonna della Galline at Nocera. During her procession hundreds of hens were placed on the poles supporting her image, and the miracle consisted in the birds sitting quiet! They were in fact so dreadfully frightened by the crowd and noise, that they remained as still as if perched at roost.

Passing the Apennines, the railway now reaches—

La Cava (dei Tirreni), 28 m. from Naples; 643 ft. *Inn, Albergo di Londra*, excellent and reasonable. The little town of La Cava, arcaded throughout like Padua, occupies the site of Marcina, an ancient city mentioned by Strabo. Having been taken by Genseric when he was marching to Rome at the summons of the Empress Eudoxia, it was entirely destroyed, and its inhabitants sought refuge in mountain caves till they were united in 1080 within the walls of a small city under the jurisdiction of the great neighbouring convent of Cava. In 1514 their constant quarrels with the abbots led to their being made independent under a bishop of their own.

La Cava is within reach of many delightful walks and rides, and is a charming summer retreat, but no ordinary traveller would linger there if it were not for the vicinity of the great Benedictine Convent of Cava, the most celebrated, except Monte Cassino, in Southern Italy. A winding ascent of two miles leads thither from the town, passing the **Church of Pietra Santa,** with a curious rock projecting through the floor before the altar, where the First Crusade was preached. Here Urban II., coming on pilgrimage to the convent with Duke Roger and his Norman knights, insisted that the whole party should dismount as they were unworthy to travel, otherwise than on foot, over the ground where so many holy men had trod. Beyond this, the richly-wooded valley narrows into a gorge—"a Swiss valley with the sky and vegetation of Southern Italy"*—till we reach (an hour's walk) the little village of **Corpo di Cava** (*Albergo di Michele Scapolatrello*, tolerable, pension 5 lire), occupying an exquisite position at the foot of high mountains, and itself 1970 ft. above sea-level. Hence, it is only a few steps to the **Abbey of Cava,** framed in by the woodland, which is most striking in appearance, though its façade is an addition of 1796.

About the year 1006, Alferius, a young nobleman of Salerno, of the Lombard family of the Pappacarbone, was sent on a political mission to Otho III. of Germany by Waimar III., Prince of Salerno. At the then newly founded monastery of S. Michel de Cluse near Susa he fell dangerously ill, and was nursed by S. Odillon of Cluny, who was halting at the monastery on his return to Rome. On his recovery, the near sight of death and the teaching of S. Odillon decided him to renounce the world entirely for the service of God, and after the fulfilment of his mission

* Valery.

and his return to Salerno, he retired to a cave above the gorge of the Selano, which had already been inhabited by Luitius, a hermit-monk from Monte Cassino. Here so many disciples gathered around him, that, in 1025, Waimar III. and his son made a donation to the church of the cavern and domain of Cava, where the monastery was founded.

In the **portico** of the church are two magnificent ancient sarcophagi, and the **tomb of Queen Sibylla** of Burgundy (second wife of Roger Bursa, Duke of Apulia and Calabria, and daughter-in-law of Robert Guiscard), who died at Salerno, where her husband is buried. The **interior** of the church, which contains one of the finest organs in Italy, has been adorned with modern frescoes by the Roman painter *Morani*, relating to the history of S. Benedict and his early disciples. Amongst the pictures are works of *Carlo Dolci*, *Sabatini*, and *Il Calabrese*. To the **left of the high altar** is the **tomb of the founder**, S. Alferius, enclosed in part of the grotto in which he lived as a hermit, and where he died in his 120th year, being found dead upon his knees on the evening of Holy Thursday, "just as the sun lighted the mountains of La Cava with its last rays before disappearing behind the sea." By his side repose the two succeeding abbots—Leo of Lucca, whose life was spent in trying to check the cruelties of Gisulf, Prince of Salerno, over whom he alone had any influence; and Peter of Salerno, the nephew of Alferius and tutor of Pope Urban II., who, according to the monastic legend, was escorted into the heavenly kingdom at his death by the three great abbots of Cluny—Odo, Mayeul, and Odillon. The three abbots buried here in sarcophagi of pietradura are those commemorated in the verses of John of Capua—

> "Abbas Alpherius primus virtute coruscus,
> Anno centeno bis deno vixit in orbe.
> Quem Leo subsequitur, vir providus atque benignus,
> Qui laudabiliter tres denis praefuit annis.
> Ordinis instructor post Petrus tertius abbas,
> Ipse quaterdenis est loris fortius usus."

Here also is the grave of the fourth abbot, Constabilis, "puer inclytus et venerandus," who reigned only a year, but is supposed to have appeared in a vision to rescue some of the monks of his convent, who were taken prisoners by the Moors whilst trading on the coast of Africa. A sepulchral stone, with a mitre reversed, in another part of the church, is said to cover the remains of the Antipope Gregory VIII., who was made prisoner at Sutri by Calixtus II., and sent for the rest of his life to the monastery of Cava, where he died in 1122. This tradition is disputed by Muratori, and the stone perhaps really marks the remains of a less celebrated Antipope, Theodoric, who, having vainly opposed Pascal II., became a monk in the convent, where he died. A third Antipope, Innocent, was imprisoned in the convent by Alexander II. There is a most picturesque Gothic **Cloister,**

and a **Crypt**, in which the monks were formerly buried; piles of bones are preserved there.

The **Archivio** of Cava is the most important monastic collection in Italy, comprising 60,000 contracts or donations, 40,000 acts written on parchment, and 1600 bulls or diplomas. The most ancient diploma bears the date of 840, and is signed by Radelchi, Prince of Beneventum. The most famous document here perhaps is the **Morgenabe** of A.D. 792, by which the husband gives part of his property to his wife on the morning after marriage. Amongst the charters, the earliest is the act of donation made to S. Alferius by the Prince Waimar of Salerno, written on parchment in Lombard characters, and dated 1025. A diploma of King Roger has a Greek inscription and a golden seal. The manuscripts include the Etymologies of Isidor of Seville, of the ninth century; Bede, *De Temporibus;* and some letters of Charlemagne. But the two greatest treasures are the *Codex Legum Langobardorum*, the oldest and most remarkable of the three known ancient digests of Lombard law; and the MS. Bible on vellum, supposed to have been written in the seventh century.

"A ceux qui s'occupent d'exégèse, cette Bible peut offrir des variantes et des leçons pleines d'interêt. Ils remarqueront d'abord que les livres de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament ne sont pas toujours distribués selon l'ordre suivi dans la Vulgate; que les Psaumes offrent beaucoup de leçons conservées de l'ancienne version italique, et qu'après le recueil des 150 psaumes en succède un dernier, mis par l'Église au rang des apocryphes, bien que plusieurs Pères l'aient regardé comme un chant composé par David lui-même pour célébrer sa victoire sur Goliath. Ils verront aussi que la première Epitre de Saint Jean renferme le célèbre passage: *Et hi tres unum sunt*, mais qu'il se trouve des différences dans l'ordre des versets et même des variantes dans les paroles du texte."—*Dantier, Monastères Bénédictins.*

Here Giannone, the historian of Naples, Matteo Camera, and Filangieri, all worked.

Turning down the valley from the convent door, there is a most beautiful ride or walk (impossible for carriages) to the wild *Ravine and Grotto of Salvator Rosa*, who lived long at Cava, and studied in these solitudes. Most exquisite is the first view of Corpo di Cava from the depth below, and then the glimpses through the woods of the purple peaks of Monte Finestra, especially in spring, when the steep banks are covered with flowers. From the grotto it is easy to return to the main road. Other lovely walks from La Cava are those to **Monte S. Liberatore** (1515 ft.), whence there is an exquisite view, to Croce, Arco, and S. Martino. The country is excessively rich and fruitful. The figs of La Cava are celebrated, and the small fruit which remain from autumn, being covered up through the winter, ripen in spring. Columella says, "Tunc praecox biferâ descendit ab arbore ficus," and Virgil speaks of "bis pomis utilis arbor." The hills are full of little towers used in the "Caccia dei Colombi"—catching the migrating pigeons in nets, which is the popular amusement of the upper classes at La Cava in October.

The most remarkable mountain in this neighbourhood is

Monte Finestra, so called from a strange caverned passage near the summit showing the light through. The ruined **Abbey of Bocato in Gobbo,** concerning which there are many weird traditions, may be visited from La Cava.

A beautiful view opens as the railway descends the incline to **Vietri** (3000 pop.), in the Bay of Salerno. Here a picturesque tower on the shore is a favourite subject with artists.

Carriages to Amalfi, with 2 horses, 10 lire; with 1 horse, 4–5 lire. The price must be distinctly settled before entering the carriage.

"On first quitting Vietri, Salerno is left low down upon the seashore, nestling into a little corner of the bay which bears its name, and backed up by gigantic mountains. With each onward step these mountain ranges expand in long aerial lines, revealing reaches of fantastic peaks, that stretch away beyond the plain of Paestum, till they end at last in mist and sunbeams shimmering on the sea. On the left hand hangs the cliff above the deep salt water, with here and there a fig-tree spreading fan-like leaves against the blue beneath. On the right rises the hillside clothed with myrtle, lentisk, cystus, and pale yellow coronilla—a tangle as sweet with scent as it is gay with blossom. Over the parapet that skirts the precipice lean heavy-foliaged locust-trees, and the terraces in sunny nooks are set with lemon orchards. There are few olives and no pines. Meanwhile each turn in the road brings some change of scene—now a village with its little beach of grey sand, lapped by clearest sea-waves, where bare-legged fishermen mend their nets, and naked boys bask like lizards in the sun—now towering bastions of weird rock, broken into spires and pinnacles like those of Skye, and coloured with bright hues of red and orange—then a ravine, where the thin thread of a mountain streamlet seems to hang suspended upon ferny ledges in the limestone, or a precipice defined in profile against sea and sky, with a lad, half dressed in goat-skin, dangling his legs into vacuity and singing—or a tract of cultivation, where the orange, apricot, and lemon-trees nestle together upon terraces with intermingled pergolas of vines."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Una costa sopra 'l mare riguardante, la quale gli abitanti chiamano la costa d'Amalfi, piena di picciole città, di giardini, e di fontane, e d'uomini ricchi, e procacciantì in atto di mercatanzia."—*Boccaccio, Giorn.* ii. *Nov.* 4.

The road soon passes through the fishing village of **Cetara,** the boundary of the Republic of Amalfi in the Middle Ages. High on the right is **Raito.** There is a most exquisite view from the guard-house on the **Capo del Tumulo.** Hence the road descends by the **Capo del Orso** (off which Filippino Doria gained a great victory over the fleet of Charles V., in which the Spanish viceroy, Don Hugo de Moncada, was killed) to **Maiori,** most exquisitely situated amongst orange-groves, beneath the castle of S. Nicolà (*Pension, Torre,* 8–10 lire). Here the inhabitants show a cave in which they say "a crocodile lived, who ate the early Christians." The next village, **Minori,** where the relics of S. Trofimena are preserved in the church, is perhaps even more beautiful.

Below us spreads out the blue gulf of Salerno, soft airs blowing freshly up from it. Our horse-bells resound in the steep crannies of the rocky coast-road, where a drive of ten beautiful miles lies in front of us. Grand tree-spurges, golden coronilla, and rosemary stand and stream over the rocks beside and above us; while far below virgin-pink nectarines in blossom look up delicately from their terrace-plots relieved against the azure waters.

With approaching evening each successive bay darkened until we reached Atrani, situated at the entrance of a great ravine called "Dragone," where signs of civilisation in the form of street-lamps began to appear. Soon after a sharp wind in the road brought us round a promontory, and then Amalfi glimmered from its own snug hollow at the opening of the Val de' Molini, and our vehicle was brought to a standstill in the thick of a civil, but inquisitive, crowd just freed from workshops and the mills up the gorge behind.

"Not in variety of interest, but in grandeur, in picturesque grouping and outline, and above all in loveliness of colouring, this Amalfi Riviera far surpasses any part of that from Nice to Genoa. Nothing in picture or imagination can surpass the colour of the sea: it is not blue, it is not purple, it is not green, but it is all of these by turns, nay, all of these together, flashing into and flashing through one another, and passing in the distance into an indescribable blended hue of all three—the reflexion of the amethyst in the surface of the turquoise. The whole coast is a series of deeply indented bays and coves, separated by bold and varied rocky promontories, each crowned with its ruined mediæval fort, quaintly machicolated. In the little bays are various towns and villages: Cetara, Maiori, Minori, Atrani, curiously piled up, each against its rocky glen, with quaint arcades and towers, and bright-coloured walls and houses—each with its tiny strip of white beach, and boats, and swarm of children in scant clothing or in none, splashing in the bright water. And thus, through a series of such scenes of marvellous beauty, is Amalfi approached." —*Dean Alford.*

Yet **Atrani,** raised high against the steep hillside, behind a causeway with arches, is the most picturesque of all the towns on this wonderful coast. Its tall Saracenic tower is a conspicuous feature.

Here the little church of **S. Salvatore di Biretto** is the place where the doges of Amalfi were elected and buried—the Westminster Abbey of the Riviera. It has noble bronze doors belonging to the set wrought at Constantinople, and presented to different churches in South Italy by the family of Pantaleone of Amalfi. They bear the date 1087. In the interior of the church is a mediæval relief like those of Ravenna. Masaniello—Tommaso Aniello—was born at Atrani in 1647, and his father's cottage is pointed out on the heights toward Pontone.

Turning the corner of the rocky promontory, we come at once upon **Amalfi.**

(*H. Cappuccini di Sopra*, kept by the family of Vozzi, one of the most comfortable small hotels in Italy; pension, 14 lire; the *old* hotel is a picturesque house upon the shore, but the Cappuccini Convent, perched high amongst the rocks, is now for the second time fitted up as a hotel under the same proprietors. *Albergo della Luna*, an old convent, with a picturesque cloister, also good.)

Amalfi (5176 pop.), a miniature Athens of the Middle Ages, is said to have been founded by emigrants from Melfi, and to have derived its name from thence. It is first mentioned, as a bishopric, in a letter of S. Gregory the Great, in the sixth century. In the seventh century it was already governed by its own doges. In the beginning of the ninth century it was plundered by the relic-hunting Sicardo, Prince of Salerno, who attacked it, in order to seize the body of S. Trofimena, and being opposed, carried off the inhabitants into exile; but they

came back four years after, having burned Salerno. From this time the citizens of Amalfi elected their own dukes, and rose to the greatest prosperity. The Emperor of Constantinople established a court in the town, for the regulation of all controversies in naval matters. The laws of Amalfi—the Tabula Amalfitana—became for centuries those of all Europe, and for a time it was recognised as the first naval Power in the world. At the end of the ninth century it was a walled town, with its own arsenal, and its doges obtained the title of Defenders of the Faith, for their services against the Saracens, with whom the coast towns kept up perpetual warfare. In 987 Amalfi was created an archbishopric, and in the time of Robert Guiscard it had fifty thousand inhabitants; it had sent out colonies to Byzantium, Asia Minor, and Africa, and its merchants traded in all parts of the world. The hospital which led to the institution of the Hospitallers of St. John, afterwards famous as Knights of Malta, was due to the merchants of Amalfi, who long engrossed the trade of the Levant, the Pisans, Genoese, and Venetians only rising on their ruin; at the end of the tenth century Amalfi was besieged by Roger Bursa, but the Crusades, which drew off the attention of its assailants, saved it for a time from being captured. In 1129 Count Roger of Sicily made war upon it, and after he had taken the subordinate cities of Ravello and La Scala, forced Amalfi to capitulate in 1131, and took it under his protection, allowing the citizens to be ruled by their own laws and magistrates. But four years afterwards Amalfi was attacked by the Pisans, and though Count Roger hastened to its assistance, and destroyed many of the Pisan vessels, those which escaped bore away the greatest treasure of the republic—the Pandects of Justinian—which was carried off from Pisa by the Florentines 300 years later. In 1137 the Pisans returned in vengeance. Ravello and La Scala were taken and plundered, and Amalfi was forced to purchase peace. From that time the power of the republic was gone, and in 1343 the town was totally ruined by a great inroad of the sea, which destroyed almost the whole of its buildings, with its arsenals and harbour. Now there is only a population of 6506, for the most part miserably idle, though the town has manufactories of paper, soap, and maccaroni.

"Only man is vile" in this earthly paradise. Without having suffered from it, no one can imagine the pest of beggars which make a long stay in the once enchanting Amalfi almost unendurable. Three-fifths of the able-bodied men, and every other woman and child, beg. The greater part of the population now loiter idle all day long in the streets or on the beach, ready to pounce upon strangers, and "Qual' co', Signo" resounds on every side, till the traveller, half-maddened, is driven back to his hotel, or into the higher mountains. The only hope of future comfort is *never*, under any circumstances, to be tempted to give to a beggar; once give, and you are lost.

The **Hotel Cappuccini** "below" is a charming old house with tourelles, hanging Cupids, and a broad balcony in the centre of Amalfitan life; but most travellers prefer the Cappuccini above (Di Sopra), with its exquisite views of the bay. Close by is a wonderfully picturesque boat-house, and the boats coming and going, the net-mending on the beach, and the number of people in the windows, are a perpetual amusement. The shore is a series of pictures, which come to a climax in the view looking back from *Il Cieco*, where the beach comes to an end. Here travellers who provide themselves with a key from the landlord of the *Cappuccini*, may have access to a cottage and garden above the sea, where they can enjoy the beauty undisturbed: it is the only quiet spot in Amalfi.

One side of the little piazza of the town is occupied by the picturesque **Cathedral of S. Andrea,** half Saracenic and half Romanesque, with a tall tower, of 1276, inlaid with glazed and coloured tiles, and a beautiful open Gothic portico, with pillars brought from Paestum, surmounting its great flight of steps. The **bronze gates** were cast (like those of Atrani, Monte Gargano, and Monte Cassino) at Constantinople by the Byzantine bronze-caster Staurachios. They are inscribed—"Hoc opus Andreae memori consistit honore auctoris studiis effectum Pantaleonis, his ut pro gestis succedat gratia culpis"; and—"Hoc opus fieri jussit pro redemptione animae suae Pantaleon filius Mauri de Pantaleone de Mauro de Maurone comite." Their date is about 1066.

"All these gates were the gift of two persons, father and son, members of a noble family at Amalfi, named Pantaleone. A chronicler tells us that Mauro di Pantaleone, the head of the family, was a man of great wealth, and the father of six sons, 'the eldest of whom, Pantaleone II., kept himself apart from the wickedness of his people, and walked righteously before God, doing much good at Salerno; lodging in his house all those who were bound on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and providing them with money and all things needful for their journey. He also founded hospitals at Antioch and Jerusalem, wherefore his fame spread far and wide, and he was well spoken of by all men, whether they knew him personally or by report.' This excellent man was the donator of the bronze gates which fill the portals of the churches at Monte Cassino, Amalfi, and Monte Gargano, and his son, Pantaleone III., of those of San Salvatore at Atrani. They are divided into panels, upon which Scripture subjects and personages are represented in outline by means of incised lines, filled in with silver and with metallic compositions coloured red, black, and green. The figures are exactly such as are represented in Byzantine manuscripts and mosaics, stiff in action, straight-lined and long-proportioned."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

On the left of the entrance is an ancient porphyry vase as a **font.** Two **sarcophagi** have reliefs of the Rape of Proserpine and the farewell of Theseus to Ariadne. From the right aisle a staircase leads to the **crypt** (entrance 20 c.), which dates from 1239, but was renewed and coated with precious marbles in 1719. The **paintings** on the ceiling are by Aniello Falcone, the master of Salvator Rosa. Here, under the central apsis, rests the **body of S. Andrew,** brought from Constantinople by Cardinal Capuano in the beginning of the thirteenth century. In the next century it was discovered that the miraculous oil

called Manna of S. Andrew exuded from the body, as from that of S. Nicholas at Bari—

> " Vide in sembianza placida e tranquilla,
> Il Divo, che di manna Amalfi instilla."
> *Tasso, Ger. Conq.* ii. 82.

This has attracted endless celebrated pilgrims from all parts of the world, amongst them Pope Pius II., in whose reign the head of S. Andrew was carried off to Rome, to be received with royal honours, and become one of the four great relics of the Vatican basilica. The bronze statue in the crypt at Amalfi was presented by Philip III. of Spain, and is the work of Michelangelo Naccarino. It represents the apostle walking, and proclaiming the Gospel as he walks.

" He is aged, and his countenance bears the traces of weariness and suffering —but, at the same time, of an unimpaired will, and unabated courage and love. He is advancing onward through the dark crypt of the world and of life, preaching the gospel of freedom and peace. 'Go thou and do likewise,' the glorious figure seems to say to the beholder."—*Frederika Bremer.*

The process of making maccaroni may be witnessed at Amalfi, and excellent paper is manufactured, and may be bought there. But no one must fail to walk up the old street, with its many curious archways, like those of an Oriental city. Beyond their dark recesses is the beautiful **Valle de' Molini,** where brilliant glints of sunshine fall, between the old buildings, upon the radiant lemons and oranges hanging over the high walls above the stream which turns the mills, near which *Pteris aquilina*—the Amalfi fern—may be found in shadowy places. A manufactory has now spoiled the view, so often painted, of the double bridge and perpendicular peaks at the end of the gorge, but artists will still find the valley exceedingly rich in " subjects."

" The valley is full of mills, each going with its deafening clack, and its great splash of water—each variously contrived so as to borrow the descending motive-power, and to pass it on, and thus presenting a series of arches, and aqueducts, and bridges, and stone stairs, and piled-up roofs, such as I should think can nowhere else be found. Add to all this diversity of form, the colours of stone, and wet wood, and brick, and clinging vegetation, and chemical matter employed in the mills : insert here and there a cottage-door with a family group,—the old man on his staff, the old woman spinning, the half-naked children, the curious, mummy-like chrysalis of an infant in its swathing clothes ; break the series now and then with a pergola, or trellised canopy of lemon-trees, bright green in the leaf, violet purple in the young shoot, hanging their pale, gold fruit almost thicker than the leaves, and then let all the scene be dappled with the dark, cool shadows of the South, cut clear into the white mass of sunshine,—let it all be towered over by fantastic rocks of every shape and tint, leaving only a broad stripe above for the blue heaven to look down through ; and you have but the vain struggle of words with the unparalleled strangeness and overpowering beauty of the glen of the *molini* at Amalfi." —*Dean Alford.*

Beyond the rocky barrier at the end of the valley the path winds up the hill to the picturesque ruins of **La Fonderia**—a wonderfully artistic scene, with many little bridges crossing the stream, and a grandly wild rocky background. The same path leads to La Scala.

Those who are staying on the shore must climb up to the once famous **Convent of the Cappuccini**, or "La Canonica," now a hotel, formerly approached by a staircase (now in ruins) from the seashore.

"The city lies, if 'I may' so' say, singularly piled upon itself. Beside' it, the narrow Ghetto in Rome would be a Corso. The streets are little passages between the tall houses, and right through them. Now one comes through a door into a long landing-place, with small openings on the sides leading into dark chambers, then into a narrow lane between brickwork and walls of rock, steps up and steps down, a half-dark labyrinth of dirty passages. I often did not know whether it was a room or a lane in which we were. In most places lamps were burning; and if it had not been so, although it was midday, it would have been dark as night."—*Hans Christian Andersen, The Improvisatore.*

A ridge in the cliff leads, from the last houses, high above the sea, to the monastery, which was founded for **Cistercian monks** by Cardinal Pietro Capuano in 1212. In 1583 it was given to the Capuchins, but was seized by the Government (1870), and for some time used as a naval school. A great grotto in the rock, formerly a Calvary, had a world-renowned view. The sharply pointed Saracenic cloisters, overhung by the red rocks, were most picturesque, but were much ruined by a fall of rock in 1900.

There is an exquisitely beautiful walk or drive from hence along the edge of the cliffs above the sea to **Conca**, and beyond it to *Furore, Praiano, Vettica Maggiore, Positano*, and *Sorrento*. At Positano, the mythical Flavio Gioja was born, who is locally held to have constructed the nautical compass—*c.* 1302—with eight points, the last point being adorned with a *fleur-de-lis* in honour of his sovereign, Charles II. of Anjou. It had been known to the Chinese for 4000 years that the loadstone would turn to the north, but they seem to have applied it only to land travelling, their compass being placed beside the driver. (*Hotel Margherita.*) Each village has its own small antiquities to show; each is eminently picturesque in situation; and most of all are the effects beautiful in looking back upon Amalfi, with its **Castello Pontone** crowning the roseate cliffs, and one delicate distance unfolding itself beyond another, to the aerial mountains of Lucania behind Paestum.

"Now to him who sails
Under the shore, a few white villages
Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margin of the dark blue sea
And glittering thro' their lemon-groves, announce
The region of Amalfi. Then, half-fallen,
A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,
Their ancient landmark, comes. Long may it last;
And to the seaman in a distant age,
Though now he little thinks how large his debt,
Serve for their monument!"

Rogers.

Every one who stays at Amalfi must visit Ravello.

Guide, 2 lire; donkey, 2 lire. Prices must be fixed; a donkey-boy without one of the—most provoking—guides is quite sufficient.

The ascent to Ravello turns up to the left, beyond the first promontory after Atrani, and winds easily up the hillside for two miles, above the torrent Dragone, to **Ravello** (1227 ft.), once a tributary city to Amalfi, but large and important, containing thirteen churches, four monasteries, and many palaces and other handsome buildings. Now, it is a mere village, but retains relics of its ancient walls and many traces of its former grandeur.

The donkey-boys will go direct to the **Duomo of S. Pantaleone,** built by the high admiral, Niccolo Ruffolo, in the eleventh century, when the town was made a bishopric by Pope Victor III., at the request of King Roger. The magnificent bronze doors of 1176, erected at the expense of Sergio Muscettola and Sigelgaita, his wife, are the work of "Barisano," a native of Trani, who used Byzantine designs: their fifty-four panels bear reliefs from Scripture history. The interior of the cathedral is much modernised. The **pulpit** of 1272, by Niccolo da Foggia, is one of the richest in Italy. It is approached by a marble staircase, over the entrance to which is a bust, believed to represent Sigelgaita Rufolo, perhaps as Mater Ecclesia, crowned. This pulpit was used for the Gospel, the opposite pulpit, erected by Bishop Costantino Rogadeo in the beginning of the twelfth century, and adorned with extraordinary mosaic representations of Jonah entering and vomited forth by the whale, being used for the epistle. In the **choir** are an ancient **episcopal throne,** and two mosaic **candelabra.** Nicholas Breakspeare, Pope Adrian IV., celebrated High Mass here in 1156, in the presence of 600 (?) nobles of Ravello. It is claimed that the blood of S. Pantaleone (a medical saint) here has the same properties as that of S. Gennaro at Naples.

Close to the cathedral is the beautiful thirteenth-century **Palazzo Ruffolo** (Mrs. Neville Reid), one of the most ancient and well-preserved of Italian palaces, entered by a high-towered gateway. It has a beautiful semi-Saracenic cloister, with delicate fern-leaf decorations. Its chambers have been inhabited by Adrian IV., Charles II. of Anjou, Robert the Wise, and perhaps Boccaccio. It is now the residence of an English family, who permit strangers to visit its lovely gardens, and whose generous and disinterested labours amongst the poor of Ravello show their fruits in the superiority of the population here to those of all the neighbouring villages. Fee, gardener, 50 c.

The modernised **Church of S. Giovanni del Toro** dates from the time of King Roger, and has a beautiful pulpit of that period. From the adjoining garden there is a glorious view over the Gulf of Minori. The little **Church of S. Maria del Gradillo** has three apses and a detached bell-tower with a cupola, of very Oriental character.

. . One may return to Amalfi by following the winding donkey-paths along the hills to **La Scala** (*Caffe della Rosa*), which, only about two miles distant, was the seat of another bishopric,

founded by John XVI. in 987, and not united to that of Ravello till 1603. In its **Vescovado** are the tombs of Simonetti Sannella, 1348, and Marinella Ruffolo, wife of Antonio Coppola, 1400. Its magnificent episcopal mitre was presented to the people of La Scala by Charles I. of Anjou in recognition of their valour against the Saracens. The other churches all contain architectural fragments of interest.

The scenery between La Scala and Amalfi is magnificent, the most conspicuous feature being **La Scaletta,** with its fortified basilica of **S. Eustachio,** which contains the monument of Filippo Spina, 1346. **Minuto** is another picturesque point, with a church, a great tree, and a rocky staircase. High in the mountain behind is the ruined hermitage of **S. Maria de' Monti.**

On leaving Vietri, the railway turns east along the crescent-shaped bay of Salerno.

Salerno (Stat.)—*Hotels, Victorio,* at the entrance of the town from Vietri, with a garden, pension 10-12 lire; *Angleterre.* (The hotels here are indifferent, and Salerno is best seen in an excursion from La Cava.) Sea-baths are near the Marina.

Salerno (27,000 pop.) is a dull place with a beautiful view from the Marina, which is now called Corso Garibaldi. Turning to the left by the Prefettura, one reaches the **Cathedral of S. Matteo,** rebuilt on the site of a more ancient cathedral by Robert Guiscard in 1076, and consecrated by Gregory VII. in 1087—"a pile so antique and so modern, so repaired and rhapsodic, that it exhibits patches of every style, and is of no style itself."* That the Norman princes aspired to the empire of the East is shown by the inscription which Robert Guiscard caused to be engraved on the front of this cathedral, in which he gives himself the imperial title. They resided in the castle on the hill to the rear (900 ft.), worth going up to by the Salita del Castello. The front of the cathedral towards the street has a fine Gothic porch with lions. This is the entrance of the atrium—a forecourt, like those of S. Clemente and S. Alessio at Rome, decorated with twenty-eight ancient columns brought from Paestum. In the centre stood the granite basin, now in the Villa Reale at Naples. Around the walls are fourteen early Christian sarcophagi. The beautiful bronze doors were given by Landolfo Butromile and his wife Guinsah in the time of Archbishop Alfano, 1058–1121. Above them, recording the restoration of the church by Robert Guiscard and its dedication to S. Matthew, is the inscription—

"A Duce Roberto donaris apostole templo :
Pro meritis regno donetur ipse superno."

The **ambones, pulpit, Easter candlestick,** and pavement of the choir are beautiful specimens of mosaic work (1175). Many tombs of archbishops are interesting, one curiously adapting a Bacchic sarcophagus. The chapel on the right of the high altar

* Forsyth.

was built by the famous John of Procida, who bore such an important part in the tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers which drove the French out of Sicily, and who was afterwards chancellor under Pedro of Aragon, and had been a witness to Frederick II.'s will. It has a splendid altar of wood and ivory, and is covered with (restored) mosaics of great magnificence. It is believed that King Manfred (of whom John of Procida was the physician and friend) is represented under the form of S. Fortunatus, who is dressed in the splendid costume of the emperors, without their crown, and bears a white Latin cross in his left hand. John of Procida himself is represented on his knees before the image of S. Matthew, with the inscription—

"Hoc studiis magnis fecit pia cura Johannis
De Procida, dici meruit quae gemma Salerni."

"A en juger par cette image, sans doute fidèle, sa physionomie n'avait rien du caractère élevé, de l'expression noble qui devraient révéler le libérateur de la patrie, le héros de l'indépendance. Son front est bas, son œil est petit, l'ensemble de ses traits exprime l'astuce, la finesse et la circonspection."—*Alexis de Saint-Priest.*

Another inscription, removed from the mole long since ruined, records its erection by Manfred—"Magnificus rex Siciliae"—on the intervention of John of Procida—"ipsius domini regis socii et familiaris."

Here, by a singular chance, in the chapel of the partisan and avenger of the House of Swabia which he so bitterly hated, stands the statue of Gregory VII. erected by Pius IX., who transferred the remains of his great predecessor to this spot from the sixteenth-century tomb at the side. This tomb was erected by Archbishop Colonna in the place of the interesting original monument which Robert Guiscard ordered to be constructed, only a few days before his own death, to Hildebrand—"the Caesar of spiritual conquest: the great and inflexible assertor of the supremacy of the sacerdotal order," who died in exile at Salerno in 1085.

"Death came slowly upon Gregory at Salerno. He spoke even to the end with undoubting confidence on the goodness of his cause, of his assurance that he was departing to heaven. He gave a general absolution to mankind; but from this all-embracing act of mercy he excepted his deadly enemies, and those of the Church, Henry, so called the king, the usurping pontiff Guibert, and those who were their counsellors and abettors in their ungodly cause. His last memorable words have something of proud bitterness: 'I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die an exile.' 'In exile,' said a Churchman of congenial feelings, whose priestly pride was not rebuked by that spectacle of mortality, 'in exile thou canst not die! Vicar of Christ and His apostles, thou hast received the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession!'"—*Milman, Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

"Ce fils du pauvre charpentier de Soanna, d'abord simple moine puis cardinal, fut l'âme du saint-siège sous trois papes, devint pape à son tour, et alors seul contre tous, entreprit l'œuvre qui peut se résumer ainsi: rendre au clergé sa pureté primitive affranchir l'Église de toute dépendance temporelle, enfin sous la haute direction du pontificat romain, donner à la société chrétienne cette vaste unité qui fut l'ideal du moyen age. Devant cette œuvre si grande, et alors si éminemment sociale et civilisatrice, il me semblait voir tomber bien des erreurs, bien des préjugés accrédités contre cette Hildebrand, auquel ses adversaires ont été obligés de

reconnaître des mœurs irréprochables, un complet désintéressement et une inébranlable constance dans la défense de la cause qu'il avait embrasée."—*Alphonse Dantier, Monastères Bénédictins.*

Gregory VII., canonised by Gregory XIII., has a festival observed here and at Rome, nowhere else in the Catholic world. Near the tomb of the Pope—strangely decorated with an ancient relief of the Rape of Proserpine—is the grave of Cardinal Caraffa, who desired in his lifetime to be laid "where Gregory VII., sovereign pontiff, watchful guardian of ecclesiastical liberty, still protects it, though lying in his grave."

In the **left aisle** is the beautiful tomb of Queen **Margaret of Durazzo,** wife of Charles III., and mother of King Ladislaus and Queen Joan II., 1412, by *Antonio Bamboccio.* Angels draw back the curtain to disclose the figure of the sleeping queen, who is represented again on the front of the sarcophagus seated in the centre of her court. Near this is said to be the grave of Sigilgaita, second wife of Robert Guiscard, with her son Roger Bursa, and her grandson William, in whom the line of Robert Guiscard became extinct. This is that imperious daughter of Gisulf, Prince of Salerno (for whom the great Norman repudiated his gentle first wife Alberada), who fought bravely in battle against the Greeks by the side of her husband, but who is accused by the English chroniclers* of having hastened her husband's death by poison. Ordericus Vitalis describes how, when her stepson, returning ill of his wounds from Greece, was sent by his father to the physicians of Salerno, Sigilgaita determined to poison him. Bohemund, feeling himself to be dying, sent for his father, who at once summoned his wife. "Is Bohemund alive?" he said in a severe tone. "How can I tell, sire?" she replied. "Bring me," he said, "the Holy Scriptures and my sword." Then seizing the weapon, he made this oath upon the sacred volume—"Do you hear me, Sigilgaita: I swear by the Holy Scripture that if my son Bohemund dies of the malady of which he is sick, I will kill you with this sword!" Terrified, she prepared an antidote which she sent by the doctor. Bohemund recovered, but, adds Ordericus Vitalis, "he remained pallid for the rest of his life."

Opposite the tomb of Queen Margaret is that of Nicolai Piscitelli, 1471, with his sleeping figure and statues of Faith, Hope, and Love. The **Inner Sacristy** contains a wonderfully wrought **Ivory Altar,** with thirty reliefs from the Old and New Testaments, presented by Robert Guiscard to the church. The **Crypt,** which is richly cased in marbles, contains the relics of S. Matthew brought from the East in 930. The **bronze statue** of S. Matthew is of the school of Bernini. Behind the altar is a pillar on which the native saints—Fortunato, Caio, and Ante (who are believed to have suffered on the site of the railway station)—are said to have been beheaded under Diocletian.

* William of Malmesbury and Roger of Hoveden.

The **Archbishop's Stable** is said to have been built with columns from Paestum. Artists will certainly seek, in the valley behind the town, the remains of a beautiful **Aqueduct** of 1320. The Olivetan Church contains the tomb of one Peter Bailardus, with an inscription relating the story of his life.

"He was a famous schoolmaster, ninety-five years old, consequently a great magician. One day, three of his grandchildren, who were under his tuition, happened to meet with his conjuring book, and to read aloud a cabalistic passage in it; at this powerful summons the devils appeared to know their pleasure, and frightened the boys to death. When Peter came home and saw the fatal catastrophe of his family, he evoked his infernal spirits, and chided them for having killed the children; but the imps proved their innocence cleverly, and the accident brought the old wizard to so speedy and lively a sense of his crimes, that in a fit of compunction he instantly seized his pernicious books, and kneeling before the door of this church, burned them all to ashes. A fountain bubbled up immediately on the spot, and runs to this day in commemoration of the event. Peter, still having doubts of his salvation, begged a crucifix, which hung before him, to give him some sign of forgiveness, and lo! the image opened its eyes, bent its head forwards, and the old man dropped down dead, overwhelmed with joy and contrition."—*Swinburne's Travels.*

Salerno was the place where Tancred took prisoner his aunt, Constantia, wife of his enemy the Emperor Henry IV., and sent her back with all honour to Germany. The Angevin kings always called their eldest sons Princes of Salerno. The town is chiefly celebrated for its School of Medicine, founded by the Saracens and fostered by Charlemagne. Petrarch gave it the name of "Fons Medicinae," and S. Thomas Aquinas describes it as being as remarkable for medicine as Paris for science, or Bologna for law. In 1100 its members published rules for restoring and preserving health (*Regimen Sanitatis*) in Leonine verses, dedicated to Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, that Prince being then at Salerno under the care of its physicians for the cure of a wound received in Palestine, from which his wife Sibylla had sucked out the first dangerous poison. They were comically detailed in their advice—

"Anglorum Regi scripsit Schola tota Salerno,
Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum,
Parce mero, coenato parum, non sit tibi vanum,
Surgere post epulas, somnum fuge meridianum,
Non mictum ratine, nec comprime fortiter anum."

Frederick II. greatly enriched the school by his grants. Its after-decline was partly due to the monopoly of medicine by the religious orders in the fourteenth century.

It is about 24 m. from Salerno to Paestum. The railway should be taken to the station of Pesto, which is at the ruins.

The road from Battipaglia runs through a country only recently cultivated. Where it remains in its wild state, vast herds of buffaloes graze in the marshes, and plunge about in the marshy swamps to escape the loud-buzzing stinging flies of Virgil.

"Volitans, cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, oestrum Graii vertêre vocantes;
Asper, acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus aether
Concussus, silvaeque, et sicci ripa Tanagri."
Georg. iii. 147.

The road is lined with tamarisk and wild quince, and enlivened by masses of the **Cerintha aspera**, with its pretty yellow bells and purple calix. In many places the country is entirely overgrown with malodorous asphodel—the flower of death. About three miles from our destination a bridge crosses the **Sele**, the ancient Silarus, of petrifying celebrity:

"Nunc Silarus quos nutrit aquis, quo gurgite tradunt
Duritiem lapidum mersis inolescere ramis."
Sil. Ital. viii. 583.

and we note the increased wildness of the mountain-scenery on our left.

We soon come in sight of **Paestum**, with its temples, a lasting witness to the splendour of the ancient Greek colony of Poseidonia—the City of Poseidon. The name was changed when after the fall of Pyrrhus the town fell into the hands of the Romans in 273 B.C., after which it began to be deserted, owing to the increase of malaria. The station is close to the ruins. Robert Guiscard, in the eleventh century, carried off all its portable sculptures to Salerno, and Paestum has since been a desert, though the city walls, three miles in circumference, are still traceable, built of travertine. Of the four gates, that on the east is the least imperfect. The later buildings, the temples of Roman date, the amphitheatre, and theatre, have been swallowed up and need excavation; only the Doric temples seem imperishable. Until lately the whole neighbourhood was a weedy wilderness; now there is some cultivation done by gangs of women from Capaccio, once famous for brigandage. There seem to be no descendants remaining of the famous roses, though Swinburne (1785) describes small damask roses as shooting up amidst the ruins, and flowering both in spring and autumn, as Virgil describes—

"Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub fine laborum
Vela traham, et terris festinem advertere proram;
Forsitan et, pingues hortos quae cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Paesti."
Georg. iv. 116.

Martial speaks of sending violets and privet to Paestum, as we should of sending coals to Newcastle;* and Propertius describes the drooping of the roses under the scirocco—

"Vidi ego odorati victura rosaria Paesti
Sub matutino cocta jacere Noto."
iv. 5, 60.

Ausonius speaks of their dewy freshness at sunrise—

* *Ep.* ix. 27.

Temples at Paestum

"Vidi Paestano gaudere rosaria cultu,
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero." *
Idyll, xiv.

Tasso also alludes to them—

"Qui vi insieme venia la gente esperta
D'al suol che abborda de vermiglie rose;
Là ve come si narro, e rami e fronde
Silaro impetra con mirabil' onde."
Ger. Lib. i. xi.

The **Temples** (entrance to their enclosure—guarded by a custode, whose residence here means precarious health—1 lira each person) are Doric of the sixth century B.C. The most magnificent is the so-called **Temple of Neptune**, the central of the three, measuring 197 ft. by 80 ft., and built of yellow travertine, once covered with white stucco, and coloured. The so-called **Basilica**, to the south of this, nearer the Silarus, measures 178 ft. by 80 ft. The **Temple of Ceres**, nearest the approach from Salerno, and at some distance from its companions, measures 105 ft. by 45 ft. The angles of its two fronts are gone.

"Although the date of the **Temple of Neptune** has never been established, it possesses all the characteristics of an early archaic type in the diminution of its shafts, the relative proportion of diameter to height 1 : 4.28, and the proportion of its capitals. It has the advantage of being one of the best-preserved, and retains the inner double range of superimposed columns within the *cella*, the sole object of which would appear to have been the support of the ceiling and roof, as there is no trace of any gallery, and the steps beyond the *pronaos* led only to the ceiling. The other buildings at Paestum are of later date.

"The **Basilica** (so called) has nine columns on the east and west fronts and a row of eight columns down the centre of the *cella*. This unusual disposition has led some to suppose that it was dedicated to two deities. The discovery of the foundations of the Great Altar at the east end contradicts this hypothesis."—*W. J. Anderson.*

"This temple, which is the smallest, consists of an outer range of columns, quite perfect, and supporting a perfect architrave and two shattered frontispieces. The proportions are extremely massy, and the architecture entirely unornamented and simple. These columns do not seem more than forty feet high, but the perfect proportions diminish the apprehension of their magnitude; it seems as if inequality and irregularity of form were requisite to force on us the relative idea of greatness. The scene between the columns of the temple consists on one side of the sea, to which the gentler hill on which it is built slopes; and on the other of the grand amphitheatre of the loftiest Apennines, dark purple mountains, crowned with snow and intersected here and there by long bars of hard and leaden-coloured cloud. The effect of the jagged outline of mountains, through groups of enormous columns, on one side, and on the other the level horizon of the sea, is inexpressibly grand."—*Shelley, Letters.*

"They stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic and moves on."
Rogers.

It is not difficult to picture the well-to-do and busy population of ancient Posidonium circulating about their splendid shrines, one of them perhaps glowing fresh from the tinter's hand, and perfect in completeness of finish. Imagine the festivals, the singing, the lowing of the garlanded victims, the wretched human

* "I have watched the rosebuds that luxuriate on Paestum's well-tilled soil, all dewy in the light of the rising dawn-star."—*Symonds' Trans.*

captives: the surges of joy, or wild bursts of lamentation. Prosperity, siege, conquest, captivity, decay, ruin—all present themselves. And at eventide now arise from the encircling swamps white and deadly mists like ghosts of the obscure past, weaving weird spells, as it were, among the moveless columns, and then vanishing, and letting the same stars look down upon these forlorn shrines of the gods.

The ancient road running past the temples at some 3½ ft. below their level was laid bare in 1907. The town walls, nearly 3 miles in extent, are in better preservation on the south side, whence also are obtained the best views.

CHAPTER VI

Casoria : Acerra : Nola : Sarno : Sanseverino : Avellino : Atripalda : Monte Vergine : Monteforte : Lake of Amsanctus.

Casoria, but six miles from Naples, is reached by electric tramway from Porta Capuana, as well as by rail, and is situated in rich cultivated land well supplied with water, and abounding in the characteristic stone-pines. **Acerra** (15,010 pop.) occupies the site of the ancient town of the same name, which Hannibal destroyed, and whose senate he severely punished.

> "Talem dives arat Capua, et vicina Vesevo
> Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non aequus Acerris."
> *Georg.* ii. 224.

Owing to the frequent overflowing of the Literno, or Clanius, the situation has always been unhealthy, but it is extremely fertile. Changing at *Cancello*, we can run on direct to Nola, which, however, can be reached more directly from Naples, *via* Pomigliano D'Arco, an important town of 10,000 inhabitants, which was once sacked and burned by Charles VIII. for its fidelity to the House of Aragon. **Nola** (Alb. Campidoglio; Corona di Ferro), though a large modern-looking town, is alive with the richest of associations. Its origin is derived from various colonies, including possibly Etruscan invaders (Vell. Pater. 1, 2). It was regarded as a Sabellian town by the early Romans. They adopted the Greek language and Greek manners, besides its own Oscan. But in the struggles between them and the Samnites, Nola found itself to be "the fell-incensed point twixt mighty opposites." It, however, concluded an alliance with Rome, and later received a Roman colony. It remained faithful to Rome after Cannae, and was privileged in consequence. It was taken after siege by Lucius Sulla during the Sulpician revolution. Augustus recolonised it, and himself died there, A.D. 14, on his way back to Rome. The coins bear (obv.) a helmeted head of Pallas with an olive wreath; (rev.) a man-headed bull. The utmost beauty in the manufacture of olive vases was achieved by Nola in the fifth century B.C.

"On the morning of his death, being fully sensible of his approaching end, Augustus inquired whether there was any popular excitement in anticipation of it. Being, no doubt, reassured on the point, he called for a mirror, and desired his grey hairs and beard to be decently arranged. Then asking his friends around him whether he had played well his part in the drama of life, he muttered a verse from a comic epilogue, inviting them to greet his exit with applause. He made some inquiries after a sick grandchild of Tiberius, and, falling into the arms of Livia, had just strength to recommend to her the memory of their long union."—*Merivale, Hist. of Romans under the Empire.*

"He was short of his seventy-sixth birthday by only a little over a month. Augustus died on August 19, A.D. 14. Directly that Livia saw that Death was stealing on, she sent couriers after Tiberius, and caught him on his disembarkation in Illyricum."—*S. Baring-Gould, Tragedy of the Cæsars*, vol. i. p. 222.

In the fifth century A.D. Pontius M. Paulinus, a native of Bordeaux, was made Bishop of Nola, whither he had journeyed in order to visit the grave of its first Bishop, S. Felix (*d.* A.D. 431). He is usually credited with the introduction of bells by those who are not aware that the "aes thermarum," or bell to announce the opening and closing of the baths, was in use long before, although it is possible they had not been

adopted by Christians before his time. The English word "knell" is not derivable from "Nola." The word "Nola," however, was constantly in use for a bell in mediæval abbeys and churches. The word "Campana" for a bell is perhaps attributable, as Pliny ("In religiis generibus palma Campano perhibetus, utensilibus vasis probatissimo") shows, to the metal of *Campania*. The College of Jesuits is built out of the remains of the temple of Augustus, built by Tiberius. The Duomo is dedicated to the Beata Vergine Assunta, with a baptistery and palace of the Bishop adjoining. San Felice was the first Bishop, but his first place of burial was a mile and a half outside the town. Nola was sacked by Alaric, and later in the fifth century by Genseric. There are few remains of the ancient town, Carlo Caraffa and Orso Orsini having built their palaces at Naples and Nola from the remains of its amphitheatre in the seventeenth century. The Lordship of Nola was given by Charles d'Anjou to Guy de Montfort, the murderer of Henry of Cornwall (at Viterbo). The celebrated Cippus Abellanus, with its **Oscan inscription**, was found at Atella, and relates to a treaty of alliance between these two towns. The **vases** enrich with beauty every museum in Europe, and many come from ancient tombs in the vicinity. The amphoræ perhaps excel all others, although the type is also found elsewhere. Their decoration usually consists of red figures on a black lustrous ground.

"For elegance of form, surprising brilliancy of lustre, simplicity and purity of design, and beauty of execution, these Nolan amphoræ stand pre-eminent among the ceramic productions of antiquity."—*Dennis, Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, vol. i. p. cix.

Nola was the birthplace of Giordano Bruno (1548), the Dominican Pantheistic philosopher, burned in 1600 in the Campo dei Fiore at Rome, for denying the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and Transubstantiation. Nola was also the birthplace of Giov. Merliano, the sculptor (1478–1558). The festival of S. Paulinus (whose remains lie at S. Bartolommeo al Isola in Rome) is on June 26.

Beyond the Seminario, three-quarters of a mile north-east of the town, is situated on an eminence the Franciscan **Monastery of S. Angelo.** The views of Vesuvius and the rich plain dotted everywhere with white forms of "Casette," with here and there a long line of even green pine-trees, is very attractive and everywhere picturesque. **Palma.** S. Gennaro, on an eminence opposite Ottaiano and facing Vesuvius, has a picturesque fourteenth-century castle with woods (1197 ft.). **Sarno** (Alb. Francesco Pinto). The town, mountain, and river here all bear the same name. Charles III. of Anjou-Naples placed the condottiere Alberico da Barbiano here with orders to mobilise all the male inhabitants and collect forage, so as to besiege Urban VI. in the Castle of Nocera (1385). The "pietra di Sarno" or "travertino" deposit of the stream in ancient times was used by the builders of Pompeii. Soon after leaving Sarno and some tunnels occurs a junction with the line from Nocera and Cava. In the conspiracy against Ferdinand I. (1484) on the part of the barons of the kingdom, fomented by Innocent VIII., Francesco Coppola, Count of Sarno, and Antonietto Petrucci were the ringleaders. The latter was the old king's secretary. In 1487, having caught whole groups of the conspirators of high rank, including these two, the king and the Duke of Calabria caused a prodigious high scaffold to be erected within the gate of Castel Nuovo, in order that the city might see; and there they were executed.

"So cruel and terrible a tragedy struck the whole world with horror, whence Ferdinand, and especially his son Alphonsus, got the character of cruel tyrants. But Ferdinand took care to defend his reputation in the opinion of the world and caused the trials of the secretary and the Count of Sarno to be printed, and sent them even into England, thereby to quiet the minds of Princes."—*Giannone*, vol. ii. lib. 28.

Sanseverino (41 miles from Naples), with the stronghold of that great family, often allied with the Royal Houses, many of whom lie in the Church of S. Antonio. The hill-set fortress is united to the town by a chain of battlemented walls and towers. Tommaso di San Severino, Count of Marsico and Grand Constable of the kingdom during the earlier troubles of Queen Giovanna I., was buried here behind the high altar in 1358. His Gothic tomb, probably by a Tuscan, is a handsome monument, consisting of a marble urn sustained by four statuettes representing

the cardinal virtues, upon which the figure of the deceased lies habited as a Franciscan. A line from here, direct to Salerno, passes Baronisi, the scene of the death of the famous brigand Fra Diavolo, who figured in the murderous army of Cardinal Ruffo in its advance against the Bourbons in 1799. He was hung at Naples in 1806.

Solofra contains paintings by Guarini (1612–51), a native artist, whose *Susanna* is in the Museo at Naples. The scenery becomes very beautiful here; but there are tantalising tunnels. **Avellino** (Abellinum), a town of 20,000 inhabitants, takes its name from ancient Abella, Apella, or Abellinum, a city of the Hirpini (Albergo Centrale, fair; delle Paglie, and others). The surroundings of Avellino (1150 ft.) make it most attractive, but few English people visit it. The pilgrimage to that ancient and picturesque convent of Monte Vergine is alone sufficient reward for a visit. Avellino itself has been a bishopric since A.D. 884. The Caraccioli were its princes, and Sergianni Caracciolo, the lover of Giovanna II., whose splendid monument adorns S. Giovanni a Carbonara in Naples, was a native. The women of Avellino are still wont to produce the "biondi crini," of the Angevins, by treating their hair with a preparation of wood ash and soda. The gay harness which adorns the mules of Southern Italy is largely manufactured here, as also are sausages, called cervellate (? our saveloy), which are highly esteemed. The maccaroni manufacture here is likewise famous.

"Two miles to the right lies the village of Atripalda, on the opposite bank of the Sabato. It was destroyed in the wars between the Greeks and Lombards, and the inhabitants established themselves on the site of the modern Avellino. We traced the vestiges of the amphitheatre, and some portions of the city walls along the banks of the river. As we passed along we saw large fields covered with filbert-trees, which are extensively cultivated and are said to bring large incomes to the proprietors. These nuts were known to the Romans, who are said to have introduced the tree from Pontus, in Asia Minor, where they also obtained the cerasus, our cherry. They called it Nux Pontica, and afterwards Avellana."—*C. T. R.*, p. 257.
(*Cf.* Plin. xv. 88.)

Virgil (*Aen.* vii. 740) also speaks of it as "malifera"—apple-bearing. The famous Cippus, which belongs to *c.* 190 B.C., relates to a convention or treaty, between the magistrates and their commissaries, regarding the boundaries of Nola and Abella. Abella became a Roman colony probably in the time of Sulla.

Monte Vergine (4165 ft.) is reached on donkeys (5 lire), or by carriage to Ospedaletto, and thence on donkeys. Carriage, two horses, 7 lire. But there is a tariff, and difficulties will as usual be avoided by arranging with the landlord of the inn at Avellino (Albergo Centrale).

Passing beneath the walls of a great prison, the road to **Monte Vergine** winds through the groves of filbert-trees from which Pliny says that Avellana derived its name. The sanctuary is seen high in the bare side of the mountain. The country abounds in wayside shrines adorned with faded garlands, recalling the lines of Tibullus:

"Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florea serta lapis."
1 *El.* i. 11.

On leaving **Ospedaletto,** a bridle-path winds through steep rocky chestnut woods. Most indescribably magnificent are the views over the purple and green billows of inland mountain, overtopped here and there by a snowy peak. Artists will certainly paint the picturesque view of Vesuvius, as seen behind the last, almost perpendicular, buttress of the mountain. Deep below on the left are the buildings and garden of **Mercogliano,** a second convent, where the abbot and the greater part of the monks of Monte Vergine have been accustomed to spend the winter, to evade the rigour of the mountain snows. Here the archives are preserved, dating from the ninth century. Amongst later documents are diplomas from King Roger, William II., one of Henry VI., seven of Frederick II., three of Charles I., three of Robert, three of Joanna II., two of Alfonso I.; with above three hundred papal bulls (the oldest of Alexander II.), 18,000 parchments, and many other MSS.

The **convent** of Monte Vergine is buttressed against a ledge of the mountain. It occupies the site of a temple perhaps of Cybele, the mother of the gods (of which four *porta santa* marble columns remain), and it was anciently known as Monte Sacro. One legend derives its name from Virginius, a magician, who had a garden of medicinal herbs here, whence he prepared his drugs, others from the poet Virgil; and there is still a level spot on the mountain called "L'orto di Virgilio," Virgil having metamorphosed into a practical magician in the Dark Ages.

"Sous les Romains, la montagne portait déjà, comme aujourd'hui, le nom de Mont Vierge—Mons Parthenius—et les légendaires assurent qu'elle dut cette appellation au séjour du chaste Virgile. Frappé de la lecture des oracles sybillins qui prédisent la naissance d'un Dieu sauveur, le poète vient interroger sur leur montagne les prêtres de Cybèle. Par mauvais vouloir ou par impuissance, ceux-ci se refusent à satisfaire sa curiosité. Alors il s'adresse à la déesse elle-même : il l'évoque au moyen d'herbes magiques qu'il fait venir d'Orient et planter dans son jardin. Mais la légende affirme que ce jardin demeura enchanté. Elle ajoute qu'a l'époque de l'arrivée des moines, l'un d'eux ayant eu l'imprudence de s'y engager, s'y trouva enfermé comme dans un labyrinthe sans issue."—*Dantier, Monastères Bénédictins.*

To these solitudes, in 1119, under the pontificate of Calixtus II., S. William, a noble of Vercelli, retired, a man still young, but already worn by penance and fasting. It is said that a flock of white doves accompanied him up the rugged mountain-path and seemed to indicate to him the way. They stopped near a fountain, half hidden under the snow, and then disappeared. Here William, commanded by Christ in a vision, built a hermitage, to which the fame of his piety and austerities soon attracted the faithful of the neighbourhood, who constructed cells for themselves around the "Fount of Doves." Such was the origin of the congregation of Monte Vergine, at first a knot of peasant disciples, who began to build their own church upon the mountain. Legend tells that they had only one ass to aid them in

carrying their materials, and that one day the ass was devoured by a wolf, which was forthwith compelled by the saint to take the place of its victim, and to bear its burdens.

With the assistance of King Roger, whose confessor S. William became, the church of Monte Vergine was completed and consecrated in 1122. It soon became famous as a place of pilgrimage, owing to its possession of the relics of S. Januarius, which were only *borrowed* by the Neapolitans in 1467, but have not yet been returned. The institution was greatly enriched by Catherine de Valois, Princess of Taranto, titular Empress of Constantinople, the chief instigator of the murder of Andrew of Hungary, and by her son Louis of Taranto, second husband of Queen Giovanna I. But in 1515 Monte Vergine was forced by Leo X. to become an annex to the Hospital of the Annunziata at Naples, and was despoiled of its revenues. In 1567 this was annulled. Many years afterwards, a poor monk sought the hospitality of the convent, and, struck with its poverty, laughingly promised the inmates, on taking leave, that, if he ever became Pope, he would remedy their shortcomings. That poor friar, Peretti of Montalto, eventually mounted the papal throne as Sixtus V., and restored the revenues of Monte Vergine. It continued to flourish till the occupation of Southern Italy by Vittorio Emanuele II., and was even one of the three privileged houses spared by the French on the suppression of monastic communities in the kingdom of Naples.

The court of the convent is covered with snow for six months of the year. Hence a semicircular staircase leads to the church, which was built for the most part in 1629 : it follows the ancient plan, but little remains from the buildings of the twelfth century, except the principal entrance. On the right of the nave is the chapel of the Princes of Taranto, containing what is now the great object of pilgrimage—the colossal picture called *La Schiavona*, or *La Madonna di Costantinopli*. The head is Byzantine, and is said to have been brought from Antioch by Baldwin II., grandfather of Catherine above mentioned, but the archives of the convent prove that the rest of the picture is the work of *Montano d'Arezzo*, summoned expressly from Florence for its execution, and employed upon it at Naples under the direction of King Robert. Only the face is coloured ; the body is of brown wood, and supports an angel with extended wings on each shoulder. The picture was presented to the sanctuary by Catherine de Valois, who was buried near it (in 1347), with two of her children, Ludovico and Maria : their tombs have suffered mutilation, but have been refashioned. Amongst the votive offerings in this chapel is a picture representing Marguerite, wife of Louis III. of Anjou, demanding succour from the Virgin, when on the point of shipwreck.

The **Chapel of the Sacrament,** on the right of the high altar, contains an ancient tabernacle encrusted with mosaics, which was presented by Carlo Martello, eldest son of King Charles II.

in 1290. On the left is the beautiful thirteenth-century tomb of a lady of the Filangieri family, who is represented recumbent, with angels drawing the curtains above her head. Her figure is supported by allegorical statues of Courage, Patience, Prudence, and Faith. Near the altar is the tomb of a knight, Bertrade, Vicomte de Lautrec, 1355, who endowed this chapel; and opposite is the tomb of his son. These are of the same family as that Lautrec who died of the plague at Naples two hundred years later, and to whom the chivalry of an enemy gave a noble tomb in S. Maria Nuova. Another monument is that of the unhappy wife of Sergianni Caracciolo. The chapel called the **Chapel of King Manfred,** to the left of the high altar, contains a huge and marvellous crucifix of the thirteenth century, with stiff and pendant hands, while the feet are crossed and nailed. A great sarcophagus, sculptured with lions' heads, bears the name of Minius Proculus, and is said to have been intended by King Manfred for his own burial-place, but after his defeat and death at Beneventum to have been given by Charles of Anjou to one of his own French followers. On the right and left are two figures of knights in coats of mail. There is a legend that the bones of Manfred really received Christian burial here in secret, having been collected by the monks of Monte Vergine, to which he had always shown a special veneration, when the anathema of the Pope had scattered them on the banks of Rio Verde. The adjoining **Chapel of the Deposition** contains the beautiful tomb of Guglielmo and Caterina della Lionessa, members of a Provençal family attached to the fortunes of the Angevin kings. Here is a strange collection of ex-votos, including a quantity of women's hair, and a mummified Beato, who died in 1601. Amongst the other treasures of the church are the supposed bones of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, brought from Constantinople.

In May, "Monsignore" (the abbot), a great dignitary of the Church, comes to reside at Monte Vergine. This is the great event of the year, and the processions at this time are a very beautiful sight, often filling the whole of the mountain-paths and zigzags from Mercogliano to the shrine with chaunting figures in various costumes bearing torches through the night. It is the offerings made on these occasions which keep the buildings of the convent in repair.

Such is the feeling with which the shrine, or rather perhaps the excitement of its festa, is regarded, that Neapolitan husbands of the lower orders are frequently bound by their marriage contracts to take their wives on the usual Pentecost pilgrimage to Monte Vergine. After leaving the shrine the pilgrims usually pass the night at Nola and proceed on the following day to **La Madonna del Arco,** seven miles from Naples, near Vesuvius. The devotion here still expiates an insult offered to the Madonna on Easter Monday, 1500, when a man—afterwards hung by the Count of Sarno—threw a ball at her image upon a wall, which

immediately spurted with blood. Here also, in 1590, Aurelia del Prete, having been thrown down by a little pig which she had bought as she was about to return from her pilgrimage, had the audacity to curse the sanctuary and its founder, for which she was punished by the loss of her feet, as is narrated in an inscription!

From the summit of Monte Vergine there is a wonderful view over the sea, with the two bays of Naples and Salerno, and the coast towards Gaeta; whilst inland the snowy peaks of the Abruzzi, the town of Beneventum, and the land of the Hirpini, with its villages, stretch far away.

Only one mile from Mercogliano, on the road to Naples, is **Monteforte,** with an old castle, bestowed by Charles I. of Anjou on Guy de Montfort, probably on account of the connection of names. Between Avellino and Pompeii is the ruined **Abbey of S. Maria della Valle Reale,** founded by Charles in memory of his victories over Manfred and Conradin. A portion of the cloister remains.

From Avellino the excursion may be made to the crater-like Lake Amsanctus *via* Monte Marano, by train and carriage, 42 miles.

"At Taurasi we inquired if any one had seen **Le Mofete,** when a man came forward and declared that he knew it well, and was willing to be our guide. We started with him at eleven o'clock and began to cross the country, sometimes up the channel of mountain torrents (which in winter must be impassable) and sometimes up steep declivities, which we had to climb on foot, dragging on our horses with difficulty. These mountain streams are the feeders of the river Calore, which we had crossed at Beneventum. We saw small villages perched on the distant hills, but did not approach any of them. The country was quite bare and uncultivated, with brushwood scattered here and there. . . . Ere long we stood on the edge of what might be called a crater, about two hundred yards in circumference, at the bottom of which was the lake Amsanctus. The following is the description by Virgil (*Aen.* vii. 563):

"'Est locus Italiæ in medio sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et fama multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles: densis hunc frondibus atrum.
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vortice torrens;
Hic specus horrendum, sævi spiracula Ditis,
Monstratur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces; quis condita Erinnys,
Invisum numen, terras cœlumque levabat.'

"'In the midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name):
Below the lofty mounts on either side,
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking forth beneath with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath out of his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.'

"The hills in the immediate vicinity rise to no great height, nor yet are they covered with wood, though there is some slight brushwood. There was nothing solemn or religious in its aspect. The water had a dark pitchy appearance, and was

thrown up occasionally in several places to the height of four or five feet. Everything around was covered with sulphur, and vegetation had that pale, deadly hue which the presence of sulphur always causes. At the edge on which we were standing, we were possibly forty feet above the water, and we did not dare to descend, as the exhalations of sulphur were so strong that we should have been suffocated long before we reached the water." —*C. T. R.*, p. 256.

Dr. Daubeny in 1834 visited the lake, and declares that "no bones existed in the valley at the time I visited it, excepting of some birds which, in crossing the valley, had been arrested on the wing by the noxious effluvia as at the Lake of Avernus of old: neither, even close to the lake, where the evolution of gas is most abundant, is there any point at all times unapproachable, for we ourselves were able to reach the edge on the side from whence the wind blew."

There is no doubt that its dangers have been much exaggerated by the superstition and the traditions of the neighbouring folk. A friend of the writer was able to take his morning bath from a boat in it, and although the curious onlookers veritably believed the audacious one would never come up again when he took a header, he did so, enjoyed his swim, and was heartily congratulated on it, albeit some said *sotto voce*, "Perhaps he hath a devil?"

CHAPTER VII

Caserta : Benevento.

At **Dugenta** the line crosses the Isclero. On the right at three miles lies **S. Agata dei Goti,** believed to occupy the site of Saticula, a Roman colony, placed so as to be a bulwark against Samnium, 312 B.C. In 1343 Carlo D'Artus (natural son of King Robert) was Lord of S. Agata, a ringleader in the murder of King Andrew. Catherine of Taranto and her son Louis, prime instigators of the crime, later on besieged and took him prisoner here in order to appropriate his vast wealth, together with his son, Bertrand, and Conrado di Umfredo. Pope Clement VI. ordered them to deliver Carlo up to the Pontifical Commissioner, who was dealing summary justice to the assassins. This they refused to do. He died, however, of gout, in April 1347, not of desperation, as Gravina the chronicler states.

Telese, on the left, is near the remains of Telesia, the Samnite town taken by Hannibal in the Second Punic War, on his way from Beneventum to Capua. Augustus placed a colony here. The present remains of walls with gates, &c., belong to the Roman period. A small sulphureous pool is called Laghetto di Telese. **Telese Cerreto** has sulphur baths, and a Grand Hotel ; frequented through the summer (diligence to Piedemonte d'Alife, two and a half hours).

Solopaca, three and a half miles beyond, lies at the foot of M. Taburno (4095 ft.), on the left bank of the **Calore,** where there is a line falling in from Campobasso and Isernia.

"The views to the south and eastward command the course of the two rivers **Volturno** and **Calore** to the point of their junction, as well as the plain beyond it, under M. Taburnus. On the other side it reaches nearly to Piedimonte, through the beautiful valley of Faiecchio on the flank of the Matese, whose higher regions glittering in the snow, and broken into bluff masses or fantastic peaks, offer a majestic contrast to the softer beauties which grace the midway belt of forest that intervenes between the bare and sublime extremities of the mountain and the cultivated lands that enrich its roots. These lower slopes show between their clumps of olive and privet trees the windings of a little stream called the Titerno, which at this distance have the effect of so many silver pools."—*Keppel Craven.*

"Naked, craggy and furrowed by the torrents that roll down his sides."—*Eustace.*

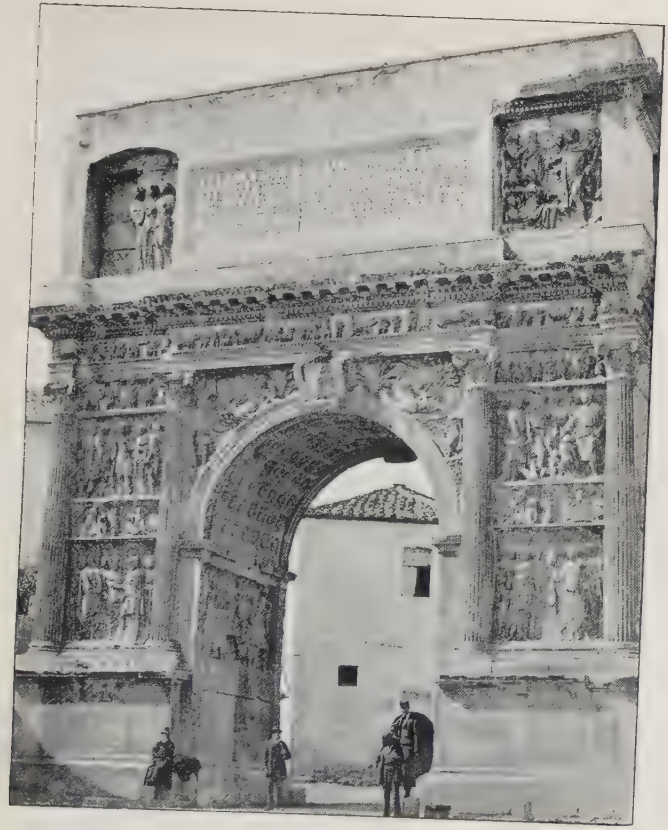
Well-cultivated grain-lands, the washings of the disforested ridges above. **Guardia di Sanframondi** is worth reaching for the magnificent prospect it commands. **Vitulano,** with extensive silk industries and tanneries, has quarries of "lumachella," or snail-shell marble.

Benevento (Alb. di Roma, Benevento, Manfredi; carriage, one horse, 80 c. the hour) "stands on a gentle eminence at the

foot of a bold ridge of hills on one side, with an open swelling country on the other. Its northern walls are bathed by the Calore, still proud of its ancient name. A lofty bridge (of three arches) crosses this river and gives a very pleasing view of its banks, lined with poplars and bordered by meadows and gardens." —*Eustace.* It stands, in fact, on the Via Appia, close to the confluence of the Calore and the Sabato, thirty-one miles north-east of Naples. It was originally called Maleventum, until the Romans, 268 B.C., placed a colony there and changed the name. In 276 B.C. Pyrrhus, aiding the Samnites against Rome, engaged the enemy, with unfortunate results to himself and his friends. The elephants of Pyrrhus, suffering from the Roman arrows, turned upon their employers and made confusion worse confounded. "The victors occupied the camp [of Pyrrhus]; there fell into their hands 1300 prisoners and four elephants—the first that were seen in Rome—besides an immense spoil, from the proceeds of which the aqueduct, which conveyed the water of the Anio from Tibur (Tivoli) to Rome, was subsequently built."—*Mommsen*, ii. 36. Augustus gave it another colony. Horace complained of the officious hotel-keeper here, who nearly burns down his house in order to roast some meagre thrushes.

> "Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum; ubi sedulus hospes
> Paene macros arsit turdos dum versat in igne:
> Nam vagor per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
> Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum."

Its position, between Capua and Brundusium, on the great southern thoroughfare (*Sat.* 1, 5, 71), led to its being frequently visited by the Emperors and important people of all kinds, and adorned by them with noble buildings. Of these the **Porta Aurea,** a Corinthian marble arch, 50 ft. high, erected A.D. 112. in honour of the Emperor Trajan, by the Senate and people of Rome, is most remarkable. The bas-reliefs, like those adorning Constantine's Arch in Rome, tell the story of Trajan's life, and particularly his triumphs over Decebalus and the Dacian hordes of the Danube. Like that of Titus, at least as that has come down to us, this consists of a single opening. It was originally surmounted by a quadriga with horses, and a statue of the Emperor. "It is like the same Emperor's Arch, at Ancona, but not despoiled of its bas-reliefs."—*Hodgkin.* But it was not only by this noblest of arches that Trajan was commemorated at Benevento. In order to shorten his journey to the east coast he constructed a great road, called after him, which passed among and over the mountains slightly north-east by Equum Tuticum to Arpi (Foggia) and the coast. "It was not only the Via Appia and the Via Traiana that entered the gates of Beneventum. A branch of the other great southern road, the Via Latina, led off to it from the neighbourhood of Teanum (Teano), and another road skirting the northern side of Mons Tifernus connected it with **Aesernia.**"—*Hodgkin, Italy and her Invaders,* vol. vi. p. 67.



ARCH OF TRAJAN, BENEVENTO

"The more we study the Roman Itineraries the more we are impressed with the importance of **Beneventum** as a military position for the Lombards commanding the southern portion of Italy, watching as from a hostile outpost the movements of the Duke of Neapolis, blocking the great high-road between Rome and Constantinople, and cutting off the Romans on the Adriatic from the Romans on the Tyrrhene Sea."—*Idem.* Totila, for good reason, in A.D. 542 had razed its walls in order that no opposing Byzantine host might utilise it as a centre. Thirty years later Zotto the Lombard established himself there, and developed the great Lombard Duchy which endured for three hundred years, extending nearly down to Squillace. The **Ponte Lebroso** is the bridge by which the **Via Appia** crossed the **Sabato**, and the easternmost arch still shows the Roman "opus quadratum." In 1051 Benevento was granted by Emperor Henry III. to Leo IX., a German pontiff, in exchange for the Province of Bamberg and the Abbey of Fulda. The Pope accordingly dispossessed Landulfus VI. in 1053, and appointed a Pontifical Governor. This gave rise to the sanguinary battle of Civitella del Tronto in 1053, in which that pontiff was taken prisoner by the Normans. In the peace which followed, his opponents restored his power, and his successor created Robert Guiscard Duke of Benevento (1059). Robert having refused fealty to the Pope in 1071, the latter excommunicated him, but restored him to favour in 1080. Friction concerning the Papal sovereignty was to some extent maintained by the subsequent Norman rulers of Sicily, and Adrian IV. was actually besieged in the town by King William (the Bad) A.D. 1156. A hundred years later Frederick II. almost destroyed the town in his quarrel with the Papal power. Upon investing Charles of Anjou, A.D. 1265, with the kingdom of the two Sicilies, Clement IV. expressly reserved Benevento. In the following year (February 26) took place the battle, near Benevento, between that monarch and the unfortunate Manfred. "Both leaders had urgent cause to desire battle. The troops of Charles were spurred forward by severe hardships in the heart of the enemy's country, and their choice lay between victory or death. Manfred, on the other hand, saw before him an enemy weakened by long marches, ill-mounted and hungry; while around himself were faces of traitors, and behind him lay Apulia seriously disaffected. Several barons secretly left his ranks, alleging they had to secure their castles. On Thursday he was joined by eight hundred German horsemen, and his courage revived. . . . His army took up its position north-west of the town, near S. Marco, in the field of Grandella, or of 'the Roses,' awaiting the enemy's approach. The army of the Angevin was divided into three portions: Provençals, Roman troops and traitors, and four hundred Florentine Guelfs. The Bishop of Auxerre and Dominican Friars administered absolution to the king's soldiers, while Charles himself here and there distributed knighthoods. The

impatience of the Saracens began the battle, who with loud shouts rushed upon the Ribaldi, or minor French infantry, and shot them down with arrows. The French cavalry, however, advanced and mowed down the Saracens. The German knights under command of Count Giordano Lancia, advancing thereupon, with the cry, 'Swabians, knights!' scattered these squadrons until the Angevin's most formidable legion swept down on them, shouting their battle-cry, 'Mont-joie.' The consequent struggle between these bodies of knights eventually decided the day. King Manfred, seeing his troops waver, ordered the third division, the feudal vassals of Apulia and Sicily, to advance. These Italians immediately fled; even Tommaso di Acerra, Manfred's brother-in-law, escaped in treacherous flight. When Manfred saw that his fate was decided, he resolved on a heroic death. Devoid of the insignia of royalty, he rushed upon the enemy accompanied by Tibaldo degli Annibaldi, his noble companion, who elected to die by his side. When the captive Counts (Giordano and Bartolommeo), led in chains over the bloody field, found the stripped body and were asked if it was that of Manfred, they replied with a terrified affirmative, while Giordano cried out in his anguish: 'O my King, my King!' and, covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. By command of the victor Manfred was buried at the bridge over the Calore. But a little later the base-spirited Bishop Pignatello, of Cosenza, with the Papal consent caused the body to be taken from its grave, and as that of a person under anathema, to be cast out on the frontier of Latium, on the banks of the Rio Verde [*i.e.*, the Liris]."—*Gregorovius.*

> "Biondo era e bello, e di gentile aspetto
> Ma l'un de' cigli un colpa avea diviso,
> Poi sorridendo disse; io son Manfredi
> Nipote di Costanza imperatrice."
>
> *Dante, Purg.* iii.

The **Castle** (fourteenth century) contains a collection of local antiquities of considerable value; and the fine views of town and rivers are obtained from the "Villa" hard by, which is in fact a public garden, prettily laid out. The **Cathedral,** dedicated to the Assumption, which has suffered hard things at the hands of seventeenth-century restorers and earthquakes, is distributed into a nave and double aisles, with terminal chapels and a raised choir. There are two remarkable "**ambones,**" or **pulpits,** for Gospel and epistle, resting on columns carried by lions—the work of Nicolaus de Monteforte, 1311. The **paschal Candlestick** is also noteworthy. The façade with its bronze doors (the work of Byzantines of the twelfth century), and the detached campanile, enriched with fragments of ancient sculpture, are, however, the most striking features. The Beneventans have for centuries past claimed that they wilfully deceived Otto III. as to the remains of S. Bartholomew, and gave him those instead of S. Paulinus of Nola, which he placed in the

Bronze Doors, Benevento

Church of S. Adalbert, on the island of the Tiber then called Lycaonia (now S. Bartolommeo]. The literature on both sides has swelled to large proportions, but the Bollandist Fathers wisely do not attempt to decide the point involved. To the left of the Duomo stands the Archiepiscopal Palace, containing some antiquities. Dropping down an arched lane on the right of the Cathedral, we reach the remains of the Roman Theatre. S. Sofia is a circular Lombard eighth-century church, worth visiting on account of the beautiful cloister, and the detached mediæval campanile.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ABRUZZI

Giulianova : Teramo : Civitella : Isola : Monte Corno : Mutignano : Città di Penne : Pescara : Chieti : S. Clemente in Casauria : Popoli : Pentima : Raiano : Solmona : Monte Murrone : Castel di Sangro : S. Vicenzo : Isernia : Venafro : Aquila : S. Maria di Collemaggio : Capestrano : Antrodoco : Citta Ducale : Torano : Rieti : Lionessa : Norcia : Amatrice : Lago di Scanno : Celano : Avezzano : Tagliacozzo : Luco : Trasacco : Ortona : Fossacesia : Vasto d'Aimone : Campobasso : Boiano : Tremiti Islands : The Biferno.

The interest of the railway to the south increases perpetually after leaving Ancona. The white breakers of the shallower Adriatic foam upon the sands on the left, and the variety of fishing-boats is astonishing, with their brilliant red and white sails, often marked by crosses and other potent emblems. On the right a succession of hills is crested with old towns—the university of Osimo, the massive group of towers which guards the Holy House of Loreto, and Fermo with its hill-set cathedral. After passing the station of S. Benedetto (whence a line to Ascoli) and crossing the Tronto (Truentus), formerly the boundary between the Papal and Neapolitan States, the railway enters the province of **Abruzzo Ultra.**

Giulianova (near ancient Castrum Novum). The village (Albergo Belvedere), on a hill, is named from Giulio Aquaviva, Duke of Atri, who transplanted it from a malaria-stricken situation on the sea-coast, *c.* 1480. **San Flaviano,** a ruined church of the twelfth century, is near by. An omnibus (2 lire) takes two and a half hours from the station for the fourteen miles to **Teramo** (870 ft.), at the junction of the Tordino and Vezzola, occupying the site of Interamna Praetutiana, the capital of the Praetutii, and still the principal town of the province. The **Cathedral,** built 1317–55, with a rich façade, has been modernised. One of its bishops was the historian and biographer Antonio Campano, so called from being born under a bell-tower between Calvi and Capua. An excursion of fourteen miles may be made from hence to **Civitella,** with a fine old castle, which successfully withstood a siege from the Duc de Guise in 1557. Here Leo IX. was captured in battle with the Normans, June 18, 1053, and conceded there the terri-

tories for which they were fighting. The ascent of the snowy mountain, **Gran Sasso d'Italia,** is also usually undertaken from Teramo. **Isola,** most picturesquely situated at the foot of the mountain, is three hours from Teramo, and there mules may be obtained. The lower part of the ascent to Arapietra is through woods, but the upper part is very rocky, and usually covered with snow. The pyramidal summit—*Monte Corno,* 10,154 ft.—is the highest point in the Apennines.

Mutignano. Hence a diligence (1 lira 25 c.) in an hour and a half reaches **Atri** (1450 ft.) (anciently Hadria Picena), a picturesque hill-set city, with a cathedral of 1285, having a recessed portal adorned with sculptures, of 1288, by *Maestro Raymondo di Poggio,* a beautiful font and altar, executed 1503–1506, by the Milanese sculptor *Paolo de' Garviis,* and an apse covered with frescoes by Luca d'Atri, depicting the life of the Virgin. The altar was due to the fulfilment of a vow made by Isabella Piccolomini, in the hope of securing the freedom of her husband, Matteo Acquaviva, who had been imprisoned for four years in a horrible underground dungeon by the Spaniards for having taken part in the conspiracy of the forty barons against Alfonso of Aragon. There is a fine rose-window; and a campanile, ending in a graceful octagon.

Another excursion, by a weary way over monotonous hills and valleys, may be made in four and a half hours to **Civita di Penne** (1436 ft.), the ancient Pinna, capital of the Vestini, remarkable for its faithful alliance with Rome. Its three-aisled *Cathedral* has a small crypt, and a font by *Paolo Giacometti,* 1630.

Pescara (3634 pop.), the ancient Aternum (Inn, *Leone d'Oro*) is situated at the mouth of the river. The view from hence of the central Apennines, when, above the nearer wooded ranges, the delicate snowy peaks of the Majella are relieved against a clear sky, is hard to rival. Monte Amaro, the highest point of the range, reaches 9170 ft. Pescara itself is a dull little town which gave the title of Marchese to d'Avalos, the husband of Vittoria Colonna, who, taken prisoner at Ravenna, died at Milan (1525) in his thirty-sixth year.

From Pescara the line diverges south-west into the heart of the Abruzzi, passing through a very interesting country, by—

Chieti (population 26,000). (Inns, *Sole, Vittoria*), called from its life and population Il Napoli dei Tre Abruzzi. It is the capital of the province of Abruzzo Citeriore, and occupies the crest of a hill 1200 ft. above sea-level. It represents ancient Teate, many remains of which may be seen in the walls. The **Duomo** has a noble crypt of the eleventh century. Several of the other churches deserve notice, especially **S. Benedetto,** with a portal by *Maestro Nicolò da Ortonà,* and **S. Antonio Abbate,** a ruined church, with a porch by Petrus Angelus. Teate, the ancient name of Chieti, gave a name to the Order of Theatines

founded by its archbishop, Gian.-Pietro Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV. Teate was the capital of the tribe of the Maruccini, who remained faithful allies of Rome till the Social War, when they took part with the other natives on this coast, and shared their destruction. Some remains of temples still exist (near Tor de' Passeri), and in the neighbourhood is the beautiful thirteenth-century **Church of S. Maria d'Arabona,** of great interest, with an exquisite marble tabernacle and a paschal candlestick, in which the shaft is wreathed with a vine, and the capital formed by its leaves and grapes, with birds pecking at them. Another excursion may be taken to **S. Clemente in Casauria,** with a most interesting twelfth-century church (1176), in a lonely and beautiful valley near the foot of the Majella. Little known and visited, this church (built *c.* A.D. 874, on the site of an older building dedicated to S. Quirinus) is one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical edifices in this part of Italy. It was erected by the Emperor Louis II. to receive the body of S. Clement, third successor of S. Peter on the Papal throne, who was martyred in the Chersonesus under Trajan. It is said that when the body of the saint reached the brink of the Pescara it seemed to the attendants impossible to cross its swollen waters, but the Emperor struck the mule which bore the precious burden, saying, "Let Clement guide you," when the waves immediately divided, and the mule, followed by a vast multitude, passed through on dry land. Then Romanus was appointed the first abbot, and presented by the Emperor with his sceptre to be borne as a crozier. After various devastations by the Saracens, the church was restored in the twelfth century under the Abbot Grimoaldus (who built the crypt), and it was almost rebuilt as a Latin cross by Abbot Leonas about sixty years later (1176), when the portico of three arches (corresponding to the nave and aisles within) and several chapels were added. Most curious are the Italo-Byzantine reliefs upon the architrave, which show the presentation of the relics of S. Clement to Louis II. by Pope Adrian; the reception of the Emperor, and the mule with the holy burden, at the door of the church, by the monks Celsus and Beatus; the Emperor, seated on a throne over the river Pescara, giving his sceptre to the Abbot Romanus; and the purchase of the island in the Pescara from Sisenandus for the site of the convent. Under the **high altar** is the sarcophagus which contains the relics of S. Clement, inscribed:

"Martiris ossa jacent hac tumba sacra Clementis,
Hic Pauli decus est, et Petri jura tenentis."

The terra-cotta **ciborium** and the **paschal candlestick** are also of great beauty, as well as the pulpit, which bears an inscription warning the preacher to let his voice be no empty sound, for he who acts ill and sings well only deceives himself.

Popoli (population 8000) (*Locanda della Società; Posta*). In the dirty and miserable town (820 ft.) is the fifteenth-century

San Clemente in Casauria, Abruzzi

Moscioni

palace bearing the arms of the Cantelmi, once Dukes of Popoli, and the hill above is crowned by the ruins of a baronial castle, inhabited by them at an earlier period. Near the town are the remains of a Cantelmi villa, which had lovely gardens and views. At no great distance from Popoli, near the river Aterno, is the village of **Pentima,** where one must ask for the keys of the interesting **Church of S. Pellino,** once a cathedral, built from the neighbouring ruins of Corfinium, in the time of Frederick II., by Oderisius, Bishop of Valva, a mediæval city which succeeded Corfinium. The thirteenth-century church has a **pulpit** which resembles that of S. Clemente in Casauria. On the south of the nave rests the fifth Pope, S. Alexander I., whose relics were brought hither from his basilica near Rome; he is commemorated, with other saints, in some frescoes of the fourteenth century. **S. Alessandro** (1102) contains early frescoes. The **Museum** here is full of Roman armour and household furniture. Close by are the ruins of **Corfinium,** the capital of the Peligni, afterwards called Italica. The principal remains —mere shapeless masses—are those of two aqueducts.

Two miles beyond S. Pellino is **Raiano,** pleasantly situated amidst the windings of clear streams, the produce of the two ancient aqueducts for the waters of the Sagittario and Aterno. The latter is now called **Canale di S. Venanzio,** from a hermitage and chapel built on an arch over the river at its narrowest part, where the saint, who had been a standard-bearer, is supposed to have long lived in penance. Visitors to the Lateran will recall the chapel of this saint in the Baptistery.

Solmona (1322 ft., with 13,420 pop.). *Hotels: Monzù; Italia;* fair. This is a perfectly mediæval city, grandly situated on an isolated platform, crowned by many towers, and backed by snowy mountains. Being the birthplace of **Ovid,** 43 B.C., the principal street is called Corso Ovidii, and is adorned with a poor statue of the poet, who was tenderly attached to his native place.

> "Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberrimus undis."
> *Trist.* iv. 10, 3.

> "Sulmonis gelidi, patriæ, Germanice, nostrae;
> Me miserum, Scythico quam procul illa solo est!"
> *Fast.* iv. 81.

The Corso crosses a small square containing a **Casa Communale,** of 1522, of great beauty, adorned with statues of sainted Popes and cardinals between its richly traceried windows. In one of these the pilasters, which imitate palm-trees, rest upon lions, while the rose above is upheld by floating angels. The great piazza, where snow-mountains are seen on all sides above the houses, is one of the largest in Italy, and is rendered exceedingly picturesque by the aqueduct which crosses its upper extremity, and beneath the arches of which a broad flight of steps, ever crowded with figures, descends from the street. Behind rise

the front and grand Gothic portal of **S. Francesco,** of which the interior, ruined by an earthquake, is now used as a market. **S. Maria della Tomba,** founded on the site of a temple of Jupiter, has a striking entrance, and rose-window. **S. Pamphilo** has a beautiful portal, adorned with statues of SS. Pamphilus and Pellinus.

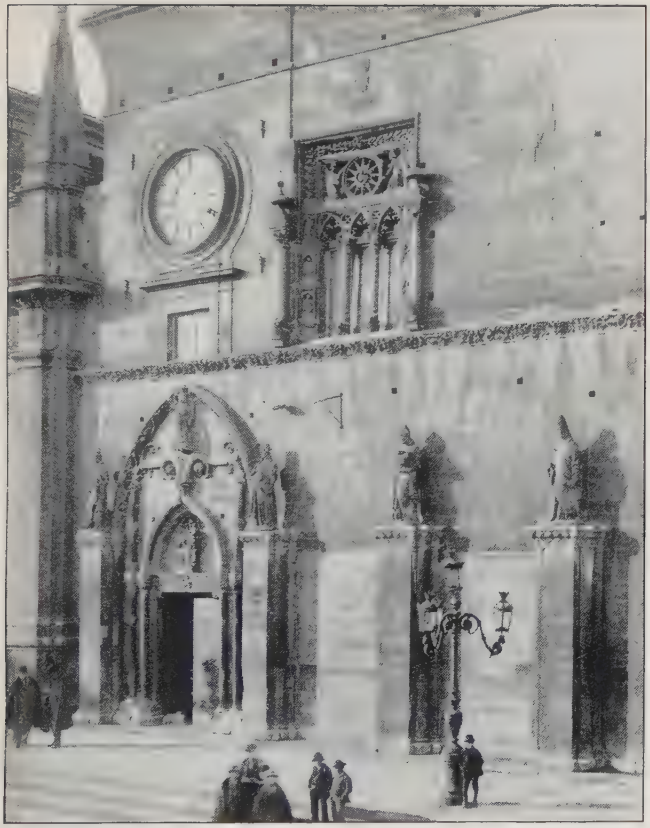
In the heights of **Monte Murrone** (4015 ft.), about two miles from Solmona, is the **Cell of Pietro Murrone,** afterwards Pope Coelestine V., where he lived as a hermit from 1239 to 1294. Above the cave of the saint a two-storied hermitage has been built in later days, and is adorned with rude frescoes. It is approached by a pathlet so steep that it will excite feelings of pity for the archbishops and bishops who in a time of worse or no footpaths scrambled up to announce the strange election of the hermit Murrone to the Papacy, and to carry him off, more like a frightened wild beast than a human being, to his splendid coronation at Aquila. No transition has ever been more extraordinary.

"Suddenly a solitary monk was summoned from his cell in the remote Abruzzi to ascend the pontifical throne. The Cardinal of Ostia, Latino Malebranca, had admired the severe and ascetic virtues of Pietro Murrone, a man of humble birth, but already, from his extraordinary austerities, held by the people as a man of the highest sanctity. He had retired from desert to desert, and still multitudes had tracked him out in vast swarms, some to wonder at, some to join his devout seclusion. He seemed to rival, if not to outdo, the famous anchorites of old. His dress was haircloth, with an iron cuirass; his food bread and water, with a few herbs on Sunday.

"Either designedly or accidentally the Cardinal Malebranca spoke of the wonderful virtues of the hermit, Pietro Murrone: the weary Conclave listened with interest. It was in that perplexed and exhausted state, when men seize desperately on any strange counsel to extricate themselves from their difficulty. . . . Pietro Murrone was declared supreme Pontiff by unanimous acclamation.

"The place of Murrone's retreat was a cave in a wild mountain above the pleasant valley of Solmona. The ambassadors of the Conclave having achieved their journey from Perugia, with difficulty found guides to conduct them to the solitude. As they toiled up the rugged ascent, they were overtaken by the Cardinal Peter Colonna, who had followed them without commission from the rest. The cave, in which the saint could neither sit upright nor stretch himself out, had a grated window with iron bars, through which he uttered his oracular responses to the wondering people. None even of the brethren of the Order might penetrate into the dark sanctuary of his austerities. The ambassadors of the Conclave found an old man with a long shaggy beard, sunken eyes overhung with heavy brows, and lids swollen with perpetual weeping, pale, hollow cheeks, and limbs meagre with fasting; they fell on their knees before him, and he before them.

"So Pietro Murrone the Hermit saw before him, in submissive attitudes, the three prelates, attended by the official notaries, who announced his election to the Papacy. He thought it was a dream, and for once assuredly there was a profound and religious reluctance to accept the highest dignity in the world. He protested with tears his utter inability to cope with affairs, to administer the sacred trust, to become the successor of the Apostle. The news spread abroad; the neighbouring people came hurrying by thousands, delighted that they were to have a saint, and their own saint, for a Pope. The hermit in vain tried to escape; he was brought back with respectful force, guarded with reverential vigilance. Nor was it the common people only who were thus moved. The King of Naples, accompanied by his son, now in right of his wife entitled King of Hungary, hastened to do honour to his holy subject, to persuade the hermit, who perhaps would be dazzled by royal flatteries into a useful ally, to accept the proffered dignity. The hermit-Pope was conducted from his lowly cave to the monastery of Santo Spirito, at the foot of the mountain. He still refused to be invested in the pontifical robes. At length arrived the Cardinal Malebranca; his age, dignity, character, and his language urging the



Hospital at Sulmona

awful responsibility which Pietro Murrone would incur by resisting the manifest will of God, and by keeping the Popedom longer vacant (for all of which he would be called to give account on the day of judgment), prevailed over the awe-struck saint. Not the least earnest in pressing him to assume at once the throne were his rude but not so unambitious hermit brethren; they, too, looked for advancement, they followed him in crowds wherever he went."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

In the plain beneath the hermitage, twenty minutes' walk from the town, is a great (confiscated) **Monastery,** founded in honour of S. Pietro Celestino. In the church is a beautiful monument of the Cantelmi family, raised by a lady to her husband and sons. Some ruins in *opus reticulatum* near this are called *Le Stanze d'Ovidio,* and a pool below is **Il Fonte d'Amore.**

An excursion (fourteen miles) may be made from Solmona to the little **Lago di Scanno,** partly on horseback and partly on foot; in winter it is impossible from the snows, and the excursion will be more easily accomplished from Anversa (p. 155), on the railway from **Solmona** to **Avezzano.**

Another motor-excursion, impossible in winter snows, may be made from Solmona, by Pettorano, Rocca Valloscura, and Roccaraso, to **Castel di Sangro** (2595 ft.) (*Albergo di Roma*), so called from the beautiful river (the ancient Sagrus) on which it stands. The town (Castrum Sari) is situated at the northern extremity of a plain six miles long and two miles broad, and is close to the foot of a rock crowned by a picturesque castle of the Counts of the Marsico. From here, where several important roads meet, Monte Arazecca (6000 ft.) and M. Spinorotondo may be ascended in two hours. The Church of S. Maria dell' Assunta, flanked by two towers, is a national monument. There is a glorious path hence through wild mountain passes, by lofty Barrea Alfedena (an old Samnite city), and the **Passo de Monaco,** over the great ridge of La Meta to the picturesque pilgrimage (August) chapel of **S. Maria del Canneto.**

An excursion may be made from Castel di Sangro to the Benedictine abbey of **S. Vicenzo,** near the source of the Volturno, the ancient Vulturnus, which is well described by Statius as running amidst glens. The abbey was founded in the eighth century by Paldo, Taso, and Tato, three brothers or cousins. It was suppressed by the French, and its archives removed to Monte Cassino. Some remains, probably of a temple, are built into the church.

"If, as has been somewhat fancifully inferred, the Volturno obtained the name it bears from the tortuous course which characterises it, this peculiarity is nowhere so remarkable as near its birthplace. After describing nearly the half of a circle, it glides before the monastery, then assumes a retrograde direction towards its source, it next takes a sudden bend to the right, and precipitating itself down a steep declivity in a succession of cataracts, reaches the glen of the Pizzone, which brook it receives, and again assumes a calmer progress behind the convent in an exactly parallel line with that of its course in front of it, though on a much lower level. After this, it pursues its way through the deepening valley; and, repeating sinuosities measuring at least six miles, it finally returns to the immediate latitude of its original springs, and not much above a mile from them. After this, it deviates to the south-west, to seek the valley of Venafro."—*Keppel Craven.*

The many ancient bridges of the Volturno deserve notice.

"About five miles from the source of the Volturno are the remains of the Ponte delle Colli, of which one arch exists on the western bank of the river, about a mile above the modern bridge, which leads to the Abruzzi. About ten miles below is the old Roman bridge, now called by the peasantry Ponte Ladrone, which is nearly entire, but which a change in the channel of the river has left high and dry. Six miles further down is the modern Ponte Borbone, conducting to a hunting-park belonging to the King of Naples, the Caccia di Toreino. Then comes the bridge, called Ponte dell' Inferno, about four miles from Alife. About ten miles further are the remains of another bridge, called Ponte Anicio, several of the pillars of which still exist. Then comes the bridge of old Capua, in ruins; and next the modern bridge on the road leading to Rome. Lastly is the bridge of Domitian, near the mouth of the river, over which ran the road connecting Sinuessa and Cumae."—*C. Tait Ramage, Nooks and Byways of Italy.*

A road also leads from Castel di Sangro to **Isernia** (1495 ft.) (population, 11,077) (*Albergo Petterossi*), a very interesting old Samnite city, with polygonal walls, a curious rock-hewn **aqueduct,** and a beautiful **fountain.** The stream Fiume del Cavaliere rushes through the wooded gully below the town, and beneath a round church with a shrine of SS. Cosma and Damiano, of great repute for the cure of disease in all the neighbouring country. Hence there is a road to Naples by **Venafro,** the ancient Venafrum (*Locando Maccari*), where also are fine polygonal walls and an old castle of the Caraccioli, which has rooms decorated with pictures of horses as large as life. Above the town rises a mountain ending in two peaks, and beneath it abundant streams burst forth, and unite to form the river called *Fiume di S. Bartolommeo.*

A railway, through bleak and desolate country, leads from Solmona to **Aquila**—"La Roma degli Abruzzi" (**H. Italia,** good, clean, and reasonable)—which occupies a platform in a plain surrounded by great mountains. On one side is the limestone **Gran Sasso d'Italia** (9585 ft.), with its twin peaks of perpetual snow, on the other the **Rocca di Mezzo,** and beyond it the grand outline of **La Majella.** The town of Aquila is the most remarkable of the many memorials of the great Emperor Frederick II. His idea was to make it the capital of Italy, one of the most important places in the world, and he built a great palace here. But death cut short his projects, and left only the skeleton of his intentions. Aquila has eight months of pitiless winter, and four months of scorching, life-blasting summer. Its rocks, its soil, its churches, are riven and rifted by constant earthquakes, for even now nature suddenly often sets all the bells ringing and the clocks striking, and makes fresh chasms in the old yellow walls. In the streets, low two-storied cottages often stand side by side with handsome palaces, and though many of its ninety churches still exist, few are entire.

Following the Via Principe Umberto from the hotel, and crossing the Corso, we reach the **Church of S. Bernardino,** which rises aloft in the face of the snow, with a stately front by *Cola dell' Amatrice* (1525–42). On the right is the shrine of the saint

made by order of Louis XI. of France. It was protected by a bull of Sixtus IV., but was nevertheless violated, and the bones of the saint dispersed by the French in 1799. The reliefs with which the tomb is covered are by *Silvestro Salviati* (1505).

"S. Bernardino, a native of Massa near Siena, was born in 1380, of the noble family of the Albizeschi. He was of great beauty and stately presence. At seventeen he began to devote himself to work in the hospitals, and ruined his health by his self-sacrifice during the plague at Siena. At twenty-three he became a Franciscan monk, and henceforward his life was almost entirely that of an itinerant preacher. 'Of the wonderful success of his sermons, many striking anecdotes are told. His hearers were not only for the moment affected and melted into tears, but in many instances a perfect regeneration of heart and life seems to have taken place through his influence. Those who had defrauded, made restitution; those who owed money, hastened to pay their debts; those who had committed injustice, were eager to repair it. Enemies were seen to embrace each other in his presence; gamblers flung away their cards; the women cut off their hair, and threw down their jewels at his feet; wherever he came, he preached peace; and the cities of Tuscany, then distracted by factions, were by his exhortations reconciled and tranquillised, at least for a time. Above all, he set himself to heal, as far as he could, the mutual fury of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, who, at that period, were tearing Italy to pieces.'

"Throughout his whole life, S. Bernardino despised worldly honours and ideas, and three bishoprics were pressed upon him in vain. He founded the Order of the Osservanti, which not only engaged to follow, but *followed*, the strict rule of S. Francis. On May 20, 1444, he died at Aquila, while on one of his journeys as a pedestrian preacher, and in 1450 he was canonised by Nicholas V.

"In almost all representations of S. Bernardino is introduced a tablet with the monogram of the Saviour surrounded by golden rays, being a device which he invented that it might be sold for the maintenance of a poor man whom he had induced to abandon the sale of cards and dice."—See *Jameson's Monastic Orders* and *Butler's Lives of the Saints*, vol. v.

On the left of the **high altar** is an exquisitely beautiful tomb by Andrea dell' Aquila, the pupil of Donatello, executed in her lifetime for Maria Pereira, Contessa di Montorio, widow of Count Lallo Camponeschi, one of the lords of Aquila under the Angevin kings, and bearing her figure and that of her infant daughter Beatrice.

"The sarcophagus, adorned with beautifully carved cherub heads, festoons, and leaf-work, is raised upon a high base, and stands within an arched recess. Upon it lies the mother, her head covered with a veil, and her figure concealed under a long robe. Her hands rest upon a book, the upper part of her body inclines a very little to the right, and her head droops towards the shoulder, so that her gentle face is slightly turned towards the spectator. Her child, who lies under the sarcophagus, between two mourning genii, is a perfect image of repose. Death has set his seal but lightly upon the sweet baby face, and upon the little hand which rests upon the bosom, and upon the straightly laid limbs that have ceased their once restless motion."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

In the second chapel on the right is a badly restored Assumption by *Luca della Robbia*. The second chapel on the left has an admirable wrought-iron screen. The steps of the church are used as the cattle-market of Aquila. Goats perch upon the higher part, sheep and oxen lie in the sun, on the broad platforms below. Descending the stairs, between the ruined chapels of a Via Crucis, we reach—passing (left) a Gothic house—the **Porta di Collemaggio.**

About half a mile outside this gate, on a dust-laden, wind-stricken platform, facing the noble mountains, is the beautiful Lombard **Church of S. Maria di Collemaggio.** Only the façade of the original building, of 1280, remains—of white marble inlaid with red. It has three splendidly wrought arched portals, and three rose-windows above them. Over the doors and central arch runs a beautiful composite string-course. Hence, once in every year, the Bishop of Aquila reads the bull of Coelestine V., containing the advantages he conferred upon the town. On a line with the façade (right) rises the low, very heavy machicolated bell-tower.

The inside of the church was destroyed by an earthquake in 1703, and has been modernised, but is bare and dreary. A series of animal pieces lines the walls, introduced *à propos* of the saintly legends connected with them. They are by *Andrew Ruter*, a Flemish monk, who was a pupil of Rubens. In the pavement are a number of curious incised monuments of abbots and bishops. In this church the hermit Coelestine V. was crowned Pope in 1294 (August 29), Charles II. of Naples, and Carlo Martello, his son, King of Hungary, assisting.

"Over his shaggy sackcloth the hermit had put on the gorgeous attire of the Pontiff; yet he would not go to Perugia to receive the homage of the Conclave. Age and the heat of the season (he had been accustomed to breathe the mountain air) would not permit him to take the long unwonted journey. He entered the city of Aquila riding on an ass, with a king on each side of him to hold his bridle. Some of the indignant clergy murmured at this humiliation of the Papal majesty (the successor of S. Peter was wont to ride a stately palfrey), but they suppressed their discontent.

"The Cardinal Napoleone Orsini assisted at the inauguration, gave to the Pope the scarlet mantle, the mitre set with gold and jewels; he announced to the people that Peter had taken the name of Coelestine V. The foot of the lowly hermit was kissed by kings, cardinals, bishops, nobles. He was set on high to be adored by the people. The numbers of the clergy caused singular astonishment; but the cardinals, though reluctant, would not allow the coronation to proceed without them; they came singly and in unwilling haste. Yet still, though all assisted at the ceremony, the place of honour was given to the French cardinal: he anointed the new Pope, but the Pontiff was crowned by Matteo Rosso, probably the elder of the cardinals present.

"A few months showed that meekness, humility, holiness, unworldliness, might make a saint; they were not the virtues suited to a Pope. The utter incapacity of Coelestine for business soon appeared; he lavished offices, dignities, bishoprics, with profuse hand; he granted and revoked grants, bestowed benefices, vacant or about to be vacant. He was duped by the officers of his court, and gave the same benefice over and over again, but the greater share of all fell to his brethren from the Abruzzi. He shrank from publicity; he could only speak a few words of bad Latin."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

The tomb which contains the body of Coelestine, stolen, after his canonisation, from the cathedral of Ferentino, is at the end of the left aisle. His skull is preserved here, secured under eight keys, four of which are in the hands of the civil authorities. The silver reliquary is worth seeing. Once a year it is publicly shown. Over the left temple is a square hole, said to have been made by the nail by which he was murdered.

Besides these two great churches of Aquila, others are worth visiting. The causeway from the Collemaggio leads to the gate

S. Maria di Collemaggio

Aguila

towards Solmona, near which is **S. Marco,** with a fine Lombard portal. A little behind is **S. Marciano,** also with a remarkable entrance. More stately is **S. Maria Paganica,** which has a noble west front with outside tombs, and a rich doorway approached by a flight of steps. **S. Chiara** contains an excellent work of *Niccolo Alunno*, of 1487. **S. Maria del Soccorso** is of 1450. **S. Lorenzo** has a handsome portal. **S. Domenico** is a vast simple Gothic church, with two admirable doorways. Near this is the simple but picturesque front of **S. Pietro di Sasso.** **S. Silvestro** has a splendid rose-window, and, inside its west door, two frescoes by a good early Umbrian master, one portraying the Virgin and Child throned with saints, the other the baptism of Constantine—the Emperor being represented as Christ. Close by, on the left of the Porta Romana, is **S. Nicolo d'Anza,** beautifully situated, with a picturesque entrance to its little garden.

Several old houses and convents have Gothic fronts, especially in the Via Porta Romana. The *Palazzo Dragonetti*, and the *Palazzo Persichetti* contain some good late pictures. The great fountain called *La Riviera* dates from 1272; it is a quadrangular court, surrounded by ninety-nine little fountains, in memory of the different communities which were united to form the city. The waters issue from little masks. Close to the inn rises a tall tower, adorned with a grand eagle—"Aquila"—a remnant of the great *Palace of Margaret of Austria* (1573), natural daughter of Charles V. and widow of Ottavio Farnese, governor of the province. On an open space, at the upper end of the Corso, is the **Citadel,** built in 1543, on the site of Frederick's palace. Its massive walls are guarded by a wide moat. From its ramparts there is a grand view of the mountains, especially of the Gran Sasso d'Italia.

About twenty miles from Aquila, six miles off the high-road to Solmona, is **Capestrano** (4000 inhabitants) (Albergo di Roma), the birthplace of S. Giovanni Capestrano, a disciple of S. Bernardino, who, migrating to Germany, headed a crusade against the Hussites (1453). He was canonised in 1690. His convent and church lie south-west of the town. The Duomo is worth a visit, and contains the fine tomb of Alfonso Piccolomini, Duke of Amalfi, 1498.

The railway from Aquila to Rieti is excessively dreary. It passes through **Antrodoco** (1607 ft.), partially destroyed by an earthquake, above which is a ruined castle of the Vitelli, and then through **Borgo Velino.** Monte Calvo, which dominates the scene, is 3265 ft. Some sulphuric springs, with a strong smell, close to the road, now called **Bagni di Paterno,** are the Aquae Cutiliae, annually used by Vespasian. He died here in his seventieth year, A.D. 79, having injured himself by too free use of the cold waters. There is nothing more of interest till the road reaches **Citta Ducale,** which has a picturesque piazza, with a fountain and two churches, S. Maria and S. Agostino, with

good architectural features. It was founded by Robert the Wise of Naples when Duke of Calabria, 1308.

Pedestrians may make a wild but interesting excursion from hence to the remains of the Colonna castle of **Petrella,** famous for the sufferings of **Beatrice Cenci** in the late sixteenth century, and for the murder of Count Francesco Cenci, 1598. It was the summer residence of the family. But the most rewarding trip by far is that to M. Terminillo (7260 ft.), with a fine hunting-box of Trajan.

> "That savage rock the Castle of Petrella
> 'Tis safely wall'd, and moated round about:
> Its dungeons underground, and its thick towers,
> Never told tales: though they have heard and seen
> What might make dumb things speak."
>
> *Shelley.*

The village of **Torano,** in the same direction, has remains of polygonal walls, supposed to belong to the Tiora of Dionysius, where was a famous oracle of Mars,* and to the place called Thyra in the *Martyrologium Romanum,* where S. Anatolia was martyred under Decius. The mountain crowning the landscape is **La Duchessa** (6700 ft.).

Rieti (14,271 pop.), in the Sabina (Inn, *Croce Bianca,* clean and tolerable), has little of interest except its extensive walls, a small *Roman Bridge* over the Velino, several churches with handsome doorways, and its beautiful **Palazzo Vincentini,** a graceful work of Vignola. Many Romans resort here for the hot months. A very interesting excursion may be made from hence to the north-west of the Abruzzi. Sixteen miles distant is **Lionessa,** situated under the mountain of the same name, rich in Gothic churches and fragments of domestic architecture. Six miles farther, near the source of the Nar, is **Norcia,** the ancient Nursia. Here Vespasia Polla, mother of the Emperor Vespasian, was born. The family had property near this, called Vespasiae,† a memorial of which perhaps exists in the name Monte Vespio. Far more interesting natives of Norcia were **SS. Benedict** and **Scholastica.** The place is almost inaccessible in winter from the snow; Virgil speaks of the coldness of its climate—

> "Qui Tibrim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit
> Nursia." *Aen.* vii. 715.

and Silius Italicus—

> "Nec non habitata pruinis
> Nursia." *Pun.* viii. 418.

Twelve miles from hence, by a bridle-path, is **Amatrice,** with Gothic churches, and paintings by its special artist Cola di Amatrice. Eight miles from this, and two from Cività Reale, is the village of **Collicelli,** close to which is the **Church of S. Silvestro in Falacrino,** marking the site of Falacrinum, and with

* The oracular spot is pointed out at a place called *Ara della Turchetta,* containing polygonal ruins.

† Suet. *Vesp.* c. 1.

ruins close by, supposed to be those of the Flavian palace, where Vespasian was born, and to visit which he was in the habit of returning. The hamlet of **San Vittorino** occupies the site of Amiternum, which sent a cohort to the assistance of Turnus against Aeneas.* Sallust was born here. The modern name of the place is derived from a martyr bishop, buried in its church.

The railway connects Solmona with Avezzano and Sora, falling eventually into the line from Rome to Naples. It passes Anversa, where occurs a magnificent defile in the mountains, six miles long, sometimes called **Gola d'Anversa,** sometimes **Foce di Scanno,** and, at its narrowest, where it is not 12 ft. across, **Stretti di S. Luigi.** At one point the river flows entirely under a rock, which serves as a bridge. At the head of the valley is the source of the Sagittario, which bursts from a rock (not far from the lake), and falls by a beautiful cascade into the ravine. By this way tourists (on foot or carriage, four hours) will reach the **Lago di Scanno,** a lake three miles in circuit (3380 ft.), and of marvellous beauty: a hermitage and chapel of "L'Annunziata" stand on its shore. Scanno itself is a town of indescribable picturesqueness, and artists may obtain decent though very rough accommodation there. It is fourteen miles to Solmona, and is an excursion impossible in winter, from the snow, or swelling of the stream in the narrow pass.

"The Lago di Scanno is really one of the most perfectly beautiful spots in nature, and the more so for being in so desert a place. Its dark waters slumber below bare mountains of great height; and their general effect might recall Wast Water in Cumberland, but that every craggy hill is of wilder and grander form. At the upper end of the lake, which may be a mile and a half in length, an avenue of beautiful oaks, dipping their branches into the water, shade the rocky path, and lead to a solitary chapel, the only building in sight, save a hermitage on the mountain beyond. The beauty and stillness of this remote lake are most impressive.

"The costume of the women of Scanno is extremely peculiar, and suggests an Oriental origin, particularly when (as is not unusually the case with the elder females) a white handkerchief is bound round the lower part of the face, concealing all but the eyes and nose. In former days, the material of the Scannese dress was scarlet cloth richly ornamented with green velvet, gold lace, &c., the shoes of blue worked satin, and the shoulder-straps of massive silver, a luxury of vestments now only possessed by a very few. At present both the skirt and bodice are of black or dark blue cloth, the former being extremely full, and the waist very short; the apron is of scarlet or crimson stuff.

"The head-dress is very striking; a white handkerchief is surmounted by a falling cap of dark cloth, among the poorer orders; but of worked purple satin with the rich, and this again is bound round, turbanwise, by a white or primrose-coloured fillet, striped with various colours, though, excepting on festa days, the poor do not wear this additional band.

"The hair is plaited very beautifully with riband; and the earrings, buttons, necklaces, and chains, are of silver, and in rich families, often exceedingly costly." —*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

The railway soon after this enters the country of the Marsi, who, after their subjugation by Rome in A.U.C. 45, became its firm allies. Their legendary founder was Marsus, son of Circe, whence they are frequently represented as magicians, who had the power of rendering harmless the venom of serpents, and the

* Virg. *Aen.* vii. 710.

cult of this power still survives here. Near **Pescina,** the see of the bishop still called "Il Vescovo de' Marsi," travellers used to come in sight of the vale covered by the waters of the beautiful *Lago di Fucino,* now drained by Prince Torlonia. To the right is **Ortucchio,** with an old castle, standing near the supposed site of Archippe, which Pliny describes as having been swallowed up by the lake. To the left is **San Benedetto,** occupying the site of Marruvium, the capital of the Marsi. Here many remains of ancient buildings may be seen, and during the drought of 1752 several statues of Roman emperors, now in the museum at Naples, were discovered in the lake.

Celano (2820 ft.) has a noble castle, built *c.* 1450, with splendid views, which belonged to Giovanna or Covella,* who married first a Colonna nephew of Pope Martin V., but left him, and married again, her own nephew, Leonello Acclocciamuro Ruggierotto. Her son by her second marriage, as soon as he was grown up, seized Celano, and imprisoned his mother, who was only released by the intervention of the Piccolomini Pope, Pius II. Consequently she left all her estates away from her own family to the Piccolomini. Celano is the birthplace of the Beato Tommaso, author of the *Dies Irae,* c. 1253. It is girdled by walls possessing six gates. The façades of the churches are interesting. The interiors have been ruined.

Avezzano (2290 ft.) (*Inn, Centrale,* tolerable) is a very dull country town (8171 pop.), with a fine old castle at one end of it, now belonging to the Barberini, but originally built by the Colonna. Three excursions should be made from hence. First to **Alba Fucensis** (3341 ft.), three miles distant, the stronghold where Syphax, King of Numidia, Perseus of Macedonia, and other captive sovereigns were imprisoned by the Romans, and died. It continued to be a strong fortress after the fall of the Empire, and its final ruin is due to Charles I. of Anjou, who destroyed the city, to punish its adherence to Conradia. Beneath the present town are perfect polygonal walls, and there are some remains of an amphitheatre. Standing quite on a separate height is the interesting **Church of S. Pietro,** occupying the site of a temple, portions of which are incorporated in its walls. It has an ancient mosaic pavement. The position is most beautiful, backed by Monte Velino (8160 ft.) and overlooking the battlefield of Tagliacozzo. In the valley, near the present village of Scurcola Marsicana, Conradin, the unhappy son of Manfred, was defeated (August 26, 1268) by Charles I. of Anjou, a victory which established the power of the Guelphs in Italy. The ruined **Church of S. Maria della Vittoria** was built by the conqueror to commemorate his victory. Rediscovered n 1900.

Secondly, an excursion of ten miles should be made to **Tagliacozzo,** which is approached by a gorge unrivalled for savage picturesqueness.

* The last representative of the Norman Hautvilles in Italy.

A third excursion, of five and a half miles, is that to **Luco** (Lucus Angutiae) (Locanda di Carmine Gargaro), on the slopes of La Ciocca (4200 ft.). The road passes along what was once the shore of the Lago di Fucino, sometimes called Lago di Celano. It is 2181 ft. above the level of the sea, had an area of 36,315 acres, and was thirty-five miles in circumference. Having no natural outlet, the villages on its banks were subject to frequent inundations, and, as early as the time of Julius Caesar, the Marsi petitioned help and advice for carrying off the superabundant waters. The Emperor Claudius undertook the construction of an emissary at his own cost, on condition of receiving all the land reclaimed by the drainage. It was the intention to carry the waters into the Liris by a tunnel three and a half miles in length, and hewn, for a great part of the way, out of the solid rock. For this work 30,000 men were employed for eleven years, and the emissary was opened by Claudius and Agrippina with a great gladiatorial display in A.D. 52, the shores of the lake and the adjacent hills being crowded with a countless multitude, and presenting the appearance of a vast theatre. Yet, owing to various errors in its construction, the emissary of Claudius turned out a failure, and though Hadrian and Trajan attempted to improve it, it soon became choked up. Frederick II. vainly attempted to reopen it. In 1528 the lake was granted by the Government to a Swiss company, on condition that they would undertake to drain it, and their rights were purchased by Prince Torlonia, who at his sole cost, about £1,400,000, has at last (1875) carried out the work. One engineer after another has perished from fever while employed in its construction, and the expense was so enormous that it became a popular saying, " O Torlonia secca il Fucino, o il Fucino secca Torlonia."

In one sense the work may still be esteemed a failure. Though the redeemed land is wonderfully rich, it is considered that the profits of two hundred years will not repay the Torlonian for the expenses they have undergone ; the inhabitants of the towns on the shores of the lake, who formerly gained an abundant livelihood as fishermen, were reduced to emigration ; and, while the air was formerly extremely salubrious, the natives are now a constant prey to fever.

About two miles from Avezzano, at the spot called **Incile,** we pass the works of the **Emissario,** or outlet. The modern work has destroyed the whole of the interesting remains of the time of Claudius, and there is nothing left now to recall the clear blue lake, and the desolate poetic beauty which existed here till the middle of the nineteenth century. On the right, just before reaching the town of Luco, we pass the **Church of S. Maria di Luco,** which occupies the site and looks down upon the polygonal walls of the ancient city of Angutia, identified by inscriptions (1808). Here also, at an earlier time, was the sacred grove of Angutia, sister of Circe and Medea, the " Lucus Angutiae " of

Virgil. The church, S. Maria delle Grazie, which rises on the ancient walls, is of great age, having been given to the Benedictines by Doda, Contessa de' Marsi, in 930. It is a very interesting building, with round-headed doorways. The **interior** has been used as a *campo-santo*, and there is a chapel filled with skulls and human bones. The **bell** is an early one. The situation was surpassingly lovely when it looked out upon a vast expanse of blue waters.

Three miles beyond Luco is **Trasacco** (formerly Transaque), built on the site of the palace of Claudius and Agrippina, afterwards inhabited by Trajan. Here the modernised **Church of S. Rufino e Cesidio** is said to have been built in 237 by the first Bishop of the Marsi, who suffered martyrdom, with S. Cesidio, under Maximin.

Continuing the main line by the coast, we come to a promontory with an old castle of Alfonso, on which stands—

Ortona a Mare (16,000 inhabitants) (Inn, *Italia*), the ancient Orton, arsenal of the Frentani. It has a fine cathedral (1127), much spoiled by modern bedaubments: let into the campanile are some curious thirteenth-century reliefs by one Magister Riccardus. The side porch, carried on nine octagonal columns, is the work of Nicola Mancini, 1312.

Fossacesia. Hence, in an hour and a half, an omnibus (1½ lire) will take travellers to **Lanciano** (Inn, *Corona di Ferro*) —Anxanum of the Frentani—an archiepiscopal city, with a number of interesting churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, three of which, at least, occupy the sites of ancient temples. The **Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta** is of 1533. Not far from the town, near the sea, is the church called **S. Giovanni in Venere** (from the octagonal temple of Venus Conciliatrix, which once occupied the site), with a Moorish arch over its great portal filled with figures of Byzantine character.

"Standing in the quiet country, out of reach of those jarring sights and sounds which mar the effect of the noblest building in the midst of a busy town, this church is peculiarly impressive. No profane hands have restored and redecorated it; all is as it was centuries ago, save those scars and rents which time has made in roof and parapet. All surrounding objects are in harmony with it, and that past of which we catch but a faint echo at Bari, Trani, and Troja, here speaks to us plainly." —*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

Vasto d'Aimone (15,787 inhabitants) (*Locanda Bottari*). The town, twenty minutes distant, probably occupies the site of Histonium, the chief city of the Frentani. There is a collection of Roman antiquities in the *Palazzo del Municipio* and some remains of an **Amphitheatre** outside the **Porta di Castello.** Considerable remains exist of the thirteenth-century castle of Jacopo Caldora, general of the allied troops under Joanna II., Martin V., and Filippo Maria Visconti (1439). Frederick of Aragon conferred Vasto as a Marquisate upon Inigo d'Avalos in 1497, who built a palace here, much enlarged by Fernando Francesco

d'Avalos, husband of Vittoria Colonna. His palace also stands, and is very interesting, though much restored.

Termoli occupies the site of Interamna Frentanorum. It has remains of a castle erected by Frederick II. in 1247, and a cathedral rebuilt in the sixteenth century, after the destruction of the town by the Turks.

From Termoli the railway runs inland to **Campobasso** (11,321 pop.), a handsome town in the midst of the Apennines. There is a manufacture of fine cutlery here. The Church of S. Maria della Pace commemorates the reconciliation, in 1588, of the Guisci and Cavagni, two families which had long quarrelled. The road from Termoli passes through the episcopal city of *Larino*, which commemorates Larinum, of which there are considerable remains to the north of the present town. The railway connects Campobasso with Benevento, in three and a half hours. A few miles south-west of Campobasso is **Boiano,** occupying the site of Bovianum, the chief city of the Samnites. Some interesting walls remain, formed by great blocks of polygonal masonry.

From the neighbourhood of Termoli we see in the distance the **Tremiti Islands,** fifteen miles from the coast. In ancient times these islands were known as the Isles of Diomede, from the legend that the hero of the Trojan War was buried there, and that after his death his companions were transformed into birds. The islands are now called **S. Domenico, S. Nicola,** and **Caprara.** To the first and largest of them, Julia, wife of Aemilius Paulus, was banished by her grandfather Augustus, A.D. 9, and died and was buried there after an exile of twenty years.

Soon after crossing the river **Biferno** we enter Apulia.

CHAPTER IX

IN APULIA

Apulia : Monte Gargano : Foggia : La Madonna dell' Incoronata : Arpi : Monte S. Angelo : Priory of S. Leonardo : S. Maria di Siponto : Manfredonia : S. Angelo : Lucera : Castel Fiorentino : Troja : Bovino : Melfi : Monte Vultore : Il Pizzuto di Melfi : Venosa : Barile : Atella : Lago Pesole : Muro : Cerignola : Barletta : Canosa : Cannae : Minervino : Andria : Trani : Castel del Monte : Ruvo : Bisceglia : Bari : Bitonto : Bitetto : Grumo : Altamura : Matera : Gioja del Colle : Conversano : Monopoli : Torre d'Agnazzo : Ostuni : Brindisi : Lecce : Gallipoli : Oria : Francavilla : Otranto : Capo di Leuca : Grotta della Portinara : Veretum : Taurisano : Taranto.

THE railway now enters **Apulia,** or **Puglia,** which is subdivided into the Capitanata (from the Capitan, or governor, under the Greek emperors), Terra di Bari, and Terra d'Otranto. The whole northern part of Apulia, from the Biferno (Tifernus) to the Ofanto (Aufidus), consists of a great plain, only broken by the towns of **Foggia** and **Lucera,** and named *Puglia piana* in contradistinction to the southern part of the province, called *Puglia petrosa,* from the chain of rocky hills by which it is traversed, and which is very thinly inhabited. The northern plains of Apulia are still, as in the time of Strabo and Pliny, famous for the rearing of sheep, but the scarcity of water makes this part "siticulosae Apuliae,"* intensely arid and dusty in summer; indeed there is a proverb—

"Le pene si soffriscon dell' inferno
L'estate in Puglia, all' Aquila l'inverno."

At one time Apulia, renowned through the House of Hauteville, came to stand as a general name for the whole of Southern Italy. Under the House of Aragon, large districts in the province were appropriated for the royal hunting-grounds. Alphonso I. enclosed eighteen miles with toils, and took so many stags that, after richly providing his huntsmen, he sent four hundred head to be salted for the garrisons of Trani and Barletta. Pontanus declares that so great was the multitude of stags, that once, when King Ferdinand was marching out of Barletta against his enemies, he was stopped by a cloud of dust, from which he retired, taking it for a vast hostile army; but as the sun rose it proved to be only an army of stags.

* Horace, *Ep.* iii. 16.

We have now entered upon a part of Italy which is behindhand in civilisation to a degree which will only be credible to those who have tried it. All sanitary arrangements (after leaving Foggia) are almost unknown. The filth even of the railway stations is indescribable ; and, beyond Foggia, travellers must never expect to find anything eatable at the wretched buffets of the stations, and should be well provided with food for the long journey to Brindisi.

> "E quel corno d'Ausonia che s'imborga
> Di Bari, di Caeta, e di Crotona,
> Da onde Tronto e Verde in mare sgorga."
>
> *Dante, Par.* viii.

Nevertheless, chiefly owing to the labours of the Benedictine order, and the victorious arms of the Normans, in this same region architecture first expressed revolt against the Byzantine-Greek style. As a result we shall meet with some of the most beautiful and impressive churches in Europe.

Entering Apulia, the railway turns westwards to evade the great headland of **Monte Gargano,** and passing through **Apricena,** so called from a delicious supper of wild boar which Frederick II. enjoyed there after hunting, and the small cathedral town of *S. Severo,* it soon reaches—

Foggia (243 ft.) (Inn, *H. Milano,* good, clean, but bargain, with a restaurant outside ; *H. di Risorgimento*).

Foggia is a handsome town of 57,000 inhabitants, which has risen to prosperity within the last few years, through becoming an important railway-junction in the centre of the plain of Apulia. There is a large public garden a quarter of a mile from the station. The **Cathedral** (1179) was for the most part rebuilt in the last century after an earthquake, but retains its eleventh-century crypt, and its original west front with a noble cornice. Outside one may see a head taken from a Greek vase, and two lions face to face flanking the sacred tree of the Persians. Here in the city which had been his early home, Manfred, son of Frederick II., was crowned in 1253, having been legitimatised by the marriage of his mother, Bianca Lancia of Asti, to her seducer upon his deathbed.

Leaving the cathedral by the west door and turning to the right, we find in a wall near the town gate, a Norman arch supported by eagles, which an inscription states to have been the gate of the **Palace of Frederick II.** where his third wife, Elisabetta, called Isabella in England, sister of our Henry III., died in childbirth in 1241. Charles of Anjou—"mejor caballero del mundo," as he was called by his rival, Pedro of Aragon, when he heard of his death—afterwards enlarged the palace and adorned it with splendid gardens, himself keeping a curious register of all the fruit-trees he planted in them. He died here (January 7, 1285) (in the arms of his second wife, Marguerite de Bourgogne, broken-hearted for the rebellion of his subjects and the captivity of his eldest son Charles) on his way to Brindisi,

whence he intended to set out for the reconquest of Sicily. His second son Philip had already died here, soon after his marriage (at Foggia) with the Princess of Morea.

Seven miles from Foggia, in the great Apulian Plain (Tavoliere di Puglia) (carriage, 8 lire), is a wood of oaks, through which we reach the sanctuary of **La Madonna dell' Incoronata.** It is the oak wood in which Manfred, flying from his enemies in 1254, worn out with fatigue, and frozen by icy rain, lighted in terror the fire which he feared would betray him ; and where, five years after, as a victorious king, he illuminated the forest with wax lights, and invited 12,000 people to a banquet in commemoration of his escape. Here, a herdsman of the Guevara family is said to have been astounded by seeing his cows kneel reverently around an oak tree, which led him to discover an image of the Virgin in its branches. A church, now filled with ex-votos, was built over the trunk of the miracle-bearing tree, and, ever since, the spot has been, in May and September, one of the greatest resorts of the religious throughout Italy, a pilgrimage hither being combined with visits to Monte S. Angelo and S. Nicola di Bari. At such times as many as 40,000 people often collect here, booths are erected round the sanctuary for the sale of provisions, &c., and camp fires burn through the night amongst the tents pitched in the wood or on the surrounding plain. But at all times the place is worth a visit to those who can admire flat scenery, and the artist will delight in the Cuyp-like effects of the oxen and horses and groups of pilgrims (for some are here always) seen against the delicate aerial mountain distances ; and in the beautiful colouring of the plain, pink with asphodel in spring, or golden with fenocchio. This plain, so hot and dusty in summer, will recall many scenes in Spain.

In the plain, three miles north of Foggia, on the Celone, are scanty remains of **Arpi** (still bearing the name), which Virgil describes as founded by Diomede.

> " Vidimus, o cives, Diomedem Argivaque castra ;
> Atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnes ;
> Contigimusque manum, quâ concidit Ilia tellus.
> Ille urbem Argyripam, patriae cognomine gentis,
> Victor Gargani condebat Iapygis arvis."
>
> *Aen.* xi. 243.

There would be no object in lingering at Foggia if it were not for the excursions to be made from thence. As it is, all enterprising travellers must undertake the expedition to **Monte S. Angelo** by the railway to **Manfredonia,** or, which is always quite feasible n one day, by carriage (40 lire). If Foggia is not left later than 4 A.M. it may be reached again at 9 A.M., allowing quite three hours at Monte S. Angelo ; an arrangement should be made with the vetturino to change horses at Manfredonia.

The road crosses the vast Apulian Plain, upon which great herds of sheep are guarded by milk-white dogs as intelligent as they are fierce, till, in the first uplands, seventeen miles from

Foggia, we reach the **Priory of S. Leonardo,** which was founded by Hermann von Salza, of the Teutonic order, in 1223, to contain relics of S. Celestine. It is now a farmhouse, but the ruined church retains its low cupola, its apse, its rich front, and beautiful sculptured portal, adorned with griffins and lions: on one of the capitals is the Adoration of the Magi, on the other S. Joseph seated on an ass and guided by an angel.

Two miles farther, on the right of the road, is the desolate **S. Maria di Siponto** (A.D. 1117), once an archiepiscopal cathedral—a quadrangular building, strongly recalling that at Troja, which is repeated in miniature in a second storey. In the façade are five richly decorated arches, that in the centre containing the portal resting on monsters. Broken Roman columns stand on the greensward; the colour of the building is exquisitely beautiful, and the solitary position most striking, looking upon the treeless, stony uplands, having the sea on one side, with Manfredonia and its port, backed by the mountains.

The interior, which has entirely the effect of a mosque, dates from the twelfth century, but was restored by Julius III. in 1508. Huge square pillars support columns with rich capitals under the cupola. A strange monster forms the pedestal of the holy-water basin. The walls are hung with votive offerings, including women's hair, ball-dresses, pistols, and even a wedding-dress, which must have a strange story. The **crypt,** of the twelfth century, with its little apse, and range of massy pillars, enclosing others of more delicate proportions, is most beautiful in chiaroscuro and colour. It contains the tomb of Aemilius Tullius, 593, and the Byzantine Madonna, to whom the offerings in the upper church are made. Near the church are some catacombs in the tufa rock.

Manfredonia (Inn, *Concordia*, very miserable) is a dismal little town (11,100 pop.), with figures of S. Michael and S. Laurentius upon its gates. Its name commemorates its founder, the hero-king Manfred, who laid the first stone of its port in 1263, in the presence of a number of astrologers whom he had summoned expressly from Lombardy and Sicily. The port is almost deserted now, and the one event of the place is the arrival of the pilgrims to the neighbouring shrine. An excellent carriage-road of about six miles leads thither, passing first over low ground, planted with fruit-trees, and overgrown by small blue iris in spring, and then ascending by zigzags the steep side of **Monte Gargano**—the Mons Garganus of the Romans (3465 ft.), which in Norman times was part of the jointure of Joan of England, wife of William the Good. The views are striking over the houseless, treeless plain, in which, not far from the sea, near the **Lago di Salpi,** are remains of the ancient Salapia. But the limestone rocks are bare and arid, and not a trace remains of the woods mentioned by Horace—

> "Aut Aquilonibus
> Querceta Gargani laborant,
> Et foliis viduantur orni."
> *Car.* ii. 9.

"Garganum mugire putes nemus."
Ep. ii. 1, 202.

On the top of the mountain is the town of **S. Angelo** (2765 ft.), a flourishing place (Albergo di Giuseppe Milano), which resounds with the litanies of the faithful on its great festival, May 8, and for many succeeding days. A fine octagonal tower, built by Charles of Anjou, rises at the end of the street. Here, above a vast cave, which was probably made use of for oracles, once stood a temple of the demigod Calchas, mentioned by Strabo. Long after even its ruins had perished, a shepherd, in A.D. 491, was shooting at a wild bull upon the mountain, when his arrow suddenly flew back to him. Startled at the prodigy, he consulted Laurentius, Bishop of Sipontium, who repaired to the spot to pray. After three days S. Michael appeared, and gave the bishop advice which led to a great victory over the Saracens at Sipontium, and afterwards to the appointment of the saint as generalissimo! S. Michael also showed Laurentius the long-lost cave (declaring it sacred henceforth to himself and the angels) and an altar miraculously prepared, where the bishop at once celebrated the first Mass. Eighty-six steps descend to it. It is the anniversary of that day, the 8th of May, which for nearly fourteen hundred years has drawn hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to pray in the cavern, or **Grotto,** whence the worship of the archangel Michael speedily flowed over the whole peninsula. The **shrine** became one of the richest in Italy: but its wealth soon attracted the Lombards in pillage, and Ferdinand I. also robbed S. Michael in 1460, melting his silver ornaments to make crown pieces, which bore his own image on one side, and on the other that of S. Michael, with the legend—"Justa tuenda."

Travellers of the early part of last century mention a grove of old trees at the entrance of the church, which had their boughs hung with stones, with holes drilled through them, by votaries, as pagans used to suspend little masks or images on the trees in honour of Bacchus—

"Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu."
Virgil, Georg. ii. 389.

But now there are no trees, and beneath the old tower a paved court leads to a façade of the time of Charles of Anjou, containing within a portico, two beautiful Gothic arches, one surmounted by a relief representing a procession of bishops, the other by the Madonna and Child, with SS. Peter and Paul and a kneeling donor. The latter is inscribed—"Terribilis est locus; hic domus Dei est, et porta coeli." Within it a number of sculptors of little images of S. Michael display their wares in wood, stone, and alabaster. Hence a long, rugged flight of steps, partly rock-hewn, descended by the pilgrims upon their knees, winds under Gothic arches to the caverned church—the grotto of the vision. Most picturesque are its vast recesses—one used as a raised choir for the canons: another, perpetually dripping

with water, completely caverned, containing the magnificent high altar, surmounted by a poor statue of the archangel, absurdly attributed to Michael Angelo. Behind is a well—Il Pozzilo—whence water, supposed to cure every disease, is distributed to the faithful in a tiny silver bucket. At the side stands a magnificent episcopal throne of the twelfth century, resting upon lions, and adorned with a relief of S. Michael and the Dragon. Everything here has an appearance of the most extreme age, and the effects of light upon the broken steps and craggy walls, and of the statues in the gloom, are intensely striking.

"The pale and partial tints thrown on the huge masses of rock, which closely impend over one's head—the slow and cautious movements of the groups that wander like so many shadows in the darker recesses of the sanctuary—the low mutterings of their prayers contrasted with the clamorous exhortations of the beggars kneeling at the entrance—the repeated splashing of the holy well—the unceasing, yet more distinct droppings from the vault—the voices of the canons, whose splendid attire glitters in a blaze of light in the choir, which is considerably raised above the lower level of the cavern, and divided from it by a bronze grating;—all these, however indifferent when detached from each other in narration, combine, when united in reality, to act upon the senses in a manner to which no spectator can be indifferent." —*Keppel Craven.*

The ancient bronze doors of the church, given by one of the Pantaleone of Amalfi, are inscribed—"Hoc opus completum est in regia urbe Constantinopoli adjuvante Dno Pantaleone qui jussit anno ab incarnatione Dei millesimo septuagesimo sexto." The bronze rings—"armilla januae"—upon the doors are shaken by each pilgrim as he passes. St. Michael is represented extending his arms over one lying in bed.

If the weather be fine, the visitor to Monte S. Angelo cannot fail to be struck by the glorious effects of sunset upon the Apulian Plain as he returns to Foggia. Then the vast wilderness, so arid and dismal at midday, is clothed with every hue of the rainbow, over which a violet mist, of indescribable beauty, heralds the approach of night.

Every one who is interested in the story of Frederick II. and Manfred must visit **Lucera** (Albergo Sirena), by train, or by a drive of an hour and a half from Foggia across the plain—Il Tavogliere di Puglia—which is still as celebrated for sheep-farming as in the days of Horace.

> "Te lanae prope nobilem
> Tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent."
> *Od.* iii. xv.

On a low hill is the walled town of **Lucera** (Luceria Apulorum), the "key of Apulia," which was of early fame and much suffering in the Samnite wars: ruined by Constans II. in 663 and restored in 1230 by Frederick II. for his Sicilian Saracens (Albergo Allegria, in the Corso). He established 20,000 of these at "Lucera de' Saraceni," and permitted them here the full exercise of their religious rites, giving up the town to them, and entirely exiling

beyond the walls the Christian population, who were only allowed for their worship a little church outside the city—"La Madonna della Spica," the patroness of reapers, which, strangely enough, was founded on the site of a temple of Ceres. With the exception of such as consented to embrace the Christian faith, the whole Saracen population of Lucera, so brave and faithful to the Norman kings, was expelled by Charles I., though families of undoubted Moorish descent may still be found in the town. In 1300 Charles II. made a vain attempt to change the name of the place to Santa Maria, having peopled the town with emigrants from Provence, to which he had succeeded in right of his wife Beatrix.

The **Duomo** was rebuilt by Charles II. of Anjou (1305), on the site of the principal mosque, to commemorate the expulsion or forcible conversion of the Saracen population. It is highly picturesque, with an ancient **pulpit** and baptistery. The fine Gothic ciborium has been removed. To the right of the high altar is the Cappella del Galio, built by one of that family, in very graceful French Gothic, with frescoes, stained glass, and the sleeping figure of the founder. The rest of the church has been (1880–1882) mutilated and modernised owing to an ignorant order of the present Government: its grand old chestnut roof has been taken away, and a common barn-roof substituted. The tomb of Charles II. of Anjou has disappeared, but his effigy still stands near the principal entrance, with hands crossed, and hair cut straight across the forehead and waving over the shoulders; it is inscribed "Carolus Andegavensis A.S. CIↃCCC templum hoc Deo et deiparae dicavit."

The **Via del Castello** leads from the cathedral to the **Castle** (823 ft.), the largest in Apulia. It is about a quarter of a mile from the town, and occupies the site of the ancient **Luceria,** which was taken by the Samnites after the battle of the Caudine Forks, and retaken by Lucius Papirius, 319 B.C. This palatial fortress (occupying the site of the ancient Arx), is almost entirely the work of Frederick II., and was his favourite residence. He adorned it with statues brought from Naples upon men's shoulders, and placed here the brazen figures of "a man and a cow which poured forth water." At the angles are round towers, which he had plundered from Grotta Ferrata, near Rome. Here he was able to indulge to the utmost his partiality for the Saracens and their customs, and his habits became those of an Asiatic monarch.

"Entouré d'odalisques et d'almées; donnant des eunuques pour gardiens à sa femme, la belle Isabelle Plantagenet, la fille des rois d'Angleterre; souvent revêtu de robes orientales; à la guerre, monté sur un éléphant; dans son palais, entouré de lions apprivoisés; toujours accompagné d'une troupe de musulmans; indulgent pour eux; disposé à leur permettre la violation des églises et le viol des femmes, la debauche et le sacrilége, Frédéric II., dans l'opinion de ses sujets, n'était plus un prince chrétien."—*Alexis de Saint-Priest, Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.*

Of all the establishments which owed their existence to the great Frederick, the Saracen colony at Lucera suffered most

by the blow of his death, and showed the greatest devotion to his memory. Hither, therefore, Manfred, the favourite son of Frederick II., whose education had been his especial care, and who had been left by him regent of the kingdom, fled (1254), during the persecutions with which Innocent IV. pursued him after the death of his brother Conrad.

"Chose singulière, Mainfroy ne savait pas l'arabe! Il fallut qu'une des personnes de sa suite s'avançât vers les gardiens de la porte principale, qui, dans la crainte d'être surpris, s'étaient assemblés en hate à la vue de la cavalcade. Cet homme aborda les Sarrasins avec confiance et leur dit dans leur langue: 'Voici le fils de l'empereur; il vient à vous selon votre désir, ouvrez-lui vos portes et recevez-le dans votre ville, ainsi qui vous lui avez promis, avec une bonté et une libéralité très-grandes.' Les Sarrasins doutaient que ce fût bien là réellement le prince, et craignaient qu'on ne se jouât de leur bonne foi; mais celui-ci s'étant rapproché de la porte, ils le reconnurent aussitôt. Néanmoins, ils ne voulurent pas ouvrir avant d'avoir averti Malerizi, à qui Jean le More avait laissé le commandement de la forteresse. Tout-à-coup comme saisi d'une inspiration, un des gardes s'écria: 'A quoi bon demander le clef à Malerizi? il ne la donnera pas; Jean lui a défendu de laisser entrer personne, fût-ce le prince. On lui ferait un mauvais parti. Qu'il entre n'importe comment. Une fois entré, tout ira bien?' Il y avait sous la porte un intervalle destiné a l'écoulement des eaux de pluie. Un jeune homme de vingt ans, svelte et leste comme Mainfroy, pouvait s'y glisser facilement; il l'essaya. On était alors accoutumé aux malheurs des personnes royales, mais non à leurs misères. En voyant le fils de l'empereur rampant à terre comme un reptile, les Sarrasins ne purent supporter cette humiliation. 'Ne souffrons pas,' s'écrièrent-ils, 'que notre seigneur penètre chez nous dans cette vile posture. Qu'il y entre comme il convient à un prince! Brisons les portes!' Elles tombèrent en un instant et Mainfroy passa sur leurs débris. Enlevé par les Sarrasins, il fut porté dans leurs bras jusqu'au milieu de la place publique de Lucera. Toute la garrison, tous les habitans de la ville entourèrent son cheval en poussant des cris de joie. Mainfroy, épuisé de fatigue, faillit être étouffé. Au premier bruit, Malerizi, surpris et furieux, accourut sur la place; il ne pouvait concevoir comment le prince de Tarente avait pu entrer dans la citadelle dont lui-même tenait les clefs. Il fit armer sur-le-champ la garrison pour repousser Mainfroy; mais au moment où il marchait contre lui, Malerizi le renconta—se rendant en triomphe au palais impérial. 'Malerizi! Malerizi!' lui criaient les Sarrasins et le peuple, 'descends vite de cheval et viens baiser les pieds du prince!' L'arabe obéit et se prosterna. Voilà comment Mainfroy gagna cette héroïque partie."—*Alexis de Saint-Priest.*

Within these old red walls Manfred was first proclaimed king, declaring, at the same time, that he only accepted the sovereignty to guard it for his nephew Conradin. Here also, after the fatal day of Beneventum, the widow and children of Manfred attempted to defend themselves. To the south is seen M. Voltore.

Looking N.N.W. over the billowy hills from the castle, we may see some fragments of ruin about seven miles distant. They belong to **Castel Fiorentino** or **Firenzuola,** where the great Frederick died, aged fifty-six (1250). Astrologers had foretold that his death would take place near iron gates at a place deriving its name from Flora, and on that account he had always avoided Florence. When, added to the coincidence of the name, he found that, close to his room, was a blocked door secured by iron bars, he said calmly—"This is the spot, long ago foretold to me as that of my death, and the will of God must be done."

Keppel Craven (1821) describes the last horrible conflict of the Vardarelli band of brigands which he witnessed in the streets of Lucera, and their end by suffocation in a cellar.

The architect or archæologist should not omit seeing **Troja** (1440 ft.).

(To visit Troja from Foggia it is necessary to take the second morning train to **Giardinetto Troja**, a station on the line to Naples. A post-carriage containing five *posti* meets the train there (1 lira 80 c.) and conveys travellers 5½ miles to Troja The post does not return to meet the evening train to Foggia—which is a goods train with one carriage attached—and it is necessary to take a carriage (10 lire) from Troja.)

The road from **Giardinetto** to **Troja** (*Inns*, miserable) passes through a most desolate country formerly in the hands of brigands. The town is situated on a lofty wind-stricken eminence, and occupies the site of the ancient Accas or Æeæ. The **Cathedral**, little known, though the noblest in Apulia, was founded in 1017 by the Greek prefect Bugianus, and completed by Bishop Guglielmus II., who, in 1133, went forth in vain, at the head of a procession of white penitents, to arrest the steps of King Roger, when he was devastating Apulia, and threatening to destroy Troja. It is a three-aisled basilica, of square form, 167 ft. in length, rising in two sections. The west front (thirteenth century) has a great central portal approached by a double stair. Above this is an unrivalled frieze and cornice beneath a great rose-window of astonishing elaboration, which is surmounted by a semicircular frieze of monsters, carried by porphyry pillars resting on lions. The gable and finials are decorated with the emblems of the evangelists. The great **bronze door** bears on its panels—(1) Figures of the artist, Odrisius, Count of Sangro; (2) Christ as judge of the world; (3) Bishop William, the donor of the door; (4) SS. Peter and Paul. On the south of the church is another bronze door of 1127, also by Odrisius.

The exquisitely beautiful **Interior** has suffered terribly from a recent wholesale restoration at the hands of its bishop, by whom it has been bedaubed with paint and gilding in the worst taste, but its proportions remain magnificent. The chapel to the left of the high altar contains a huge crucifix of marvellous expression, and great silver busts of the four saintly protectors of the town—Leotardo, Ponziano, Urbano, and Secondino.

"This church has the most bizarre of all Apulian façades, for not only is it peopled with all created things, but its surface glows with yellow and green stones, after the fashion of the Sicilian churches, uniting the sharp-cut, clear-lined sculpture of the East with the polychromatic decoration of the Saracens. It is divided into two parts by a cornice, richly carved with heads of men, lions, and leaf-work. In the upper one is placed a great wheel window, encircled with a row of rudely carved beasts, and surmounted by the figure of a man seated upon the back of a non-descript animal. Oxen, elephants, porcupines, and apes protrude from the wall on each side. Four columns, with lions above their capitals and at their bases, support a plain round arch above the window, and six smaller arches, with dentellated archivolts and leaf-work capitals, are set against the wall in the lower portion of the façade, on either side of the great central arch over the portal. The slabs of marble which decorate the central arch are covered with rudely chiselled figures of a Byzantine type, representing Christ enthroned between the Virgin and S. John, SS. Secundinus (buried in the duomo) and Eleutherius, and the symbols of the Evangelists in medallions; while in the lunette of one of the lateral doors, whose side-posts and architrave are sculptured with ornament, is a bas-relief of Christ

treading on the lion and dragon, with two rudely carved angels of a Byzantine type. The varied and elaborate capitals of the many columns, which divide the nave from the side-aisles, furnish another example of rudely chiselled heads surrounded by rich and tasteful ornaments, whose patterns are intricate, but never confused in line. On the right-hand side of the nave stands an oblong pulpit of the twelfth century, decorated with deep-cut, flat-surfaced ornament, and supported by columns whose capitals are divided by volutes, upon one of which sits a bearded figure with broad nose and long hair. The raised-work is gilded and relieved against a gold background. An eagle with spread wings, holding a beast in his talons, and standing on a human head supported on a colonette, occupies the centre of the front of the pulpit under the reading-desk, and on the end towards the high altar is a very curious bas-relief of a lion, with foliated body, curling hair, and staring eyes, who, while tearing a sheep to pieces, is himself seized by a sort of tiger-cat, which has mounted on his back and fixed his teeth in his flank."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

Near the entrance of the town from Giardinetto a fine old stone **Crucifix** is well placed overlooking the mountain ranges. The garden of a picturesque deserted monastery near this is used as the *Campo Santo.*

Bovino (Vibinum), a little to the west of Giardinetto, was notorious for its brigands, who used to pillage the *procaccio,* or carrier's waggon, which plied between the provinces and the capital, though it was escorted by an armed force. Once the gang or *comitiva* seized the *procaccio* which was travelling from Naples to the Basilicata with all the paraphernalia of a newly established court of justice, and, dressing up in the judge's wigs and robes, amused themselves by holding a mock court of justice on an unfortunate traveller they had captured and sentencing him to immediate execution.* The most celebrated brigands of the nineteenth century were the three brothers Vardarelli, who exercised a reign of terror in Apulia. They had a band of forty followers, all well armed and well mounted. They were rarely cruel, except for revenge, and were charitable to the poor. Seldom attacking travellers, they lived chiefly on blackmail exacted from rich farms or *masserias,* a refusal to pay being followed by destruction of cattle and firing of buildings. At length the whole band submitted, and was allowed to form a regular corps under their old leader Gaetano Vardarelli, engaging to secure the provinces they had long ravaged. But the farmers hated them, and, after the three Vardarelli brothers and nine of their companions were killed by the inhabitants of the Albanian village Ururi in the Abruzzi, the rest of the band was surrounded and massacred at Lucera.

Foggia is at present the best point from whence to make the interesting excursion to Melfi, the Monte Vulture, and Venosa. It occupies three hours *via* Cervaro, Candela, and Rocchetta S. Antonio. It is best to take the train which leaves Foggia at 6.40 A.M. A stay at Melfi is only endurable if the visitor is provided with an order from Prince Doria to sleep at the castle.

Melfi (2065 ft.), in Basilicata (Inn, *Albergo Palmieri*), is an exceedingly picturesque town built upon lava, with 16,000 inhabitants. It was much injured by the earthquake of 1851, which almost entirely destroyed the interesting cathedral of

* *See* Keppel Craven.

1151, built by William, son of King Roger, and at the same time overthrew many of the churches and other buildings, and buried 800 persons. At the end of the town, approached by a drawbridge, is the **Castle,** which is probably the first fortress (save one at Aversa) erected by the Normans in Italy. It was the work of Robert Guiscard (1059), who was invested here with the duchies of Puglia and Calabria by Pope Nicholas II. A council was held here by Urban II. in 1089 : Frederick II. often made Melfi his residence, and it became the capital of his son Conrad. Joanna II. gave it to her favourite, Sergianni Caracciolo, but it was confiscated in 1428, when Sergianni took service with France. He is " Le Duc de Melfe " of Brantome, in his *Hommes Illustres Etrangers*. Charles V. bestowed the castle on Andrea Doria, and the Dukedom of Melfi has ever since been in the Doria family. The cathedral has been rebuilt. The Municipio contains a museum.

" The picturesque buildings of the city (which seems to occupy the site of some ancient place) ; the valley below it, with its clear stream and great walnut-trees ; the numerous fountains ; the innumerable caves in the rocks around, now used as stabling for goats, which cluster in swarthy multitudes on tiers of crags ; the convents and shrines scattered here and there in the suburbs ; the crowded houses and the lofty spires of the interior ; and the perfectly Poussinesque castle, with its fine corner tower commanding the whole scene ; so many fine features in a circumscribed space it is not common to see, even in Italy."—*E. Lear, Journal of a Landscape Painter.*

Melfi is the best point from whence, on foot or horseback, to undertake the ascent of the volcanic **Monte Vultore**—the Soracte of this part of Italy (4365 ft.). The ascent begins on the north side of the mountain, immediately behind the town of Melfi, and then enters the chestnut woods on the west, through which it winds for a mile and a half till it reaches the convent of S. Michele.

" The path through these shady forests turns inwards to a deep dell or hollow, formerly the principal crater of the volcano ; and soon through the branches of the tall trees the sparkling Lake of Monticchio is seen, with the Monastery of San Michele reflected in its waters. A more exquisite specimen of monastic solitude cannot be imagined. Built against great masses of rock which project over and seem to threaten the edifice, the convent (itself a picture) stands immediately above a steep slope of turf, which, descending to the lake, is adorned by groups of immense walnut-trees. High over the rocks above the convent the highest peak of Monte Vultore rises into air, clad entirely with thick wood ; dense wood also clothes the slopes of the hill, which spreads as it were into wings on each side of the lakes. The larger sheet of water is not very unlike Nemi, on a small scale—only that the absence of any but the one solitary building, and the entire shutting out of all distance, makes the quiet romance of S. Michele and its lake complete."—*E. Lear.*

An hour and a half of ascent brings the traveller from the lake to the summit of the mountain, **Il Pizzuto di Melfi,** whence there is an impressive panorama. The upper part of the mountain is entirely volcanic lava and basalt. Horace describes an adventure of his childhood on Monte Vultore.

" Escaping from his nurse, he has rambled away from the little cottage on the slopes of Mount Vultur, whither he had probably been taken from the sultry Venusia to pass his *villeggiatura* during the heat of summer, and is found asleep, covered with fresh myrtle and laurel leaves, in which the wood-pigeons have swathed him.

"When from my nurse erewhile, on Vultur's steep
I strayed beyond the bound
Of our small homestead's ground,
Was I, fatigued with play, beneath a heap
Of fresh leaves sleeping found,—

"Strewn by the storied doves; and wonder fell
On all, their nest who keep
On Acherontia's steep,
Or on Forentum's low rich pastures dwell,
Or Bantine woodlands deep,

"That safe from bears and adders in such place
I lay, and slumbering smiled,
O'erstrewn with myrtle wild,
And laurel, by the god's peculiar grace
No craven-hearted child." *

Sir T. Martin, The Works of Horace.

A post-carriage leaves Melfi at 5 A.M. for Venosa. The journey is most fatiguing, occupying the greater part of the day. From Rocchetta Sant' Antonio the journey by rail lasts but an hour.

Venosa (Station Hotel), a little town (9060 inhabitants) romantically situated (1345 ft.), was the birthplace of Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus) in 65 B.C. He was the son of a tax-gatherer who had bought a small farm near Venusia, and who devoted his whole time and fortune to the education of the future poet. The house pointed out as that of Horace is so called without evidence.

"'Though by no means rich and with an unproductive farm, he declined to send the young Horace to the common school, kept in Venusia by one Flavius, to which the children of the rural aristocracy, chiefly retired military officers (the consequential sons of consequential centurions), resorted, with their satchels and tablets, and their monthly payments' (*Sat.* i. 75, 5). Probably about his twelfth year, the father carried the young Horace to Rome, to receive the usual education of a knight's or senator's son."—*Smith, Dict. of Roman Biography.*

The poet is commemorated by a bust on a column in one of the streets. Venosa stands on the brink of a wide and deep ravine, with a castle and cathedral overtopping the other buildings. The streets are full of mediæval architecture. The **Castle** was built in 1470 by Pirro del Balzo, Lord of Altamura, who obtained Venosa on his marriage with Maria Donata Orsini, daughter of Duke Gabrielle of Taranto. It has four stables, each for fifty horses. The **Duomo** is spoiled by whitewash; one good arch remains; many fragments of Roman workmanship are built into the walls. It was designed after the model of a Cluniac church at Paray-le-Monial, A.D. 1200, by a French architect. The **Abbey of the SS. Trinità**, constructed from the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre, is historically one of the most interesting buildings in Italy. It is a low edifice with pointed arches, consecrated by Pope Nicholas II. in 1059. In the reign of Boniface VIII. it came into the hands of the knights of S. John: at the entrance are two great lions. A portal of Saracenic character leads into a thirteenth-century portico. Here is a column, concerning which there is a legend that if you clasp

* *Carm.* iii. 4.

hands with any one round it, you are certain of a lifelong friendship. The interior is terribly spoiled by modern restorations. On a pillar in the north aisle is an ancient fresco of Nicholas II. inscribed, "Papa Nicholaus hoc sacrum templum consecravit MLVIII." On the north side of the central aisle is the **Tomb of Alberada,** the much-injured first wife of Robert Guiscard (married 1048, divorced 1059, died 1112). She died in the abbey, where she had taken refuge. The tomb of her only son, the famous Bohemund, who died in 1107, is alluded to in the epitaph—

> "Guiscardi conjux Alberada hac conditur arca;
> Si genitum quaeres, hunc Canusinum habet."

Only an inscription painted on the wall commemorates the illustrious Norman brothers, William Iron Arm, 1046; Drogo, murdered at Venosa on the feast of S. Lawrence 1051; Humphrey, 1057; and Robert Guiscard, who died at Corfu, July 17, 1085, but whose body, rescued from the sea, was brought here "non absque labore," after the ship which bore it from Cephalonia was wrecked on the coast of Apulia. The bones of the brothers rest together in a simple stone sarcophagus in a niche opposite the tomb of Alberada.

"No chapter of history more resembles a romance than that which records the sudden rise and brief splendour of the House of Hauteville. In one generation the sons of Tancred de Hauteville passed from the condition of squires in the Norman vale of Cotentin, to kinghood in the richest island of the southern sea. The Norse adventurers became Sultans of an Oriental capital. The sea-robbers assumed, together with the sceptre, the culture of an Arabian court. The marauders whose armies burned Rome, received at papal hands the mitre and dalmatic as symbols of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The brigands, who on their first appearance in Italy had pillaged stables and farmyards to supply their needs, lived to mate their daughters with princes and to sway the politics of Europe with gold. . . . Of the twelve sons of Tancred de Hauteville, William Iron Arm, the first Count of Apulia, Robert Guiscard, who united Calabria and Apulia under one dukedom, and carried victorious arms against both emperors of East and West, and Roger, the Great Count, who added Sicily to the conquests of the Normans and bequeathed the kingdom of South Italy to his son, rose to the highest name. But all the brothers shared the great qualities of the house; and two of them, Humphrey and Drogo, also wore a coronet. Large of limb and stout of heart, persevering under difficulties, crafty yet gifted with the semblance of sincerity, combining the piety of pilgrims with the morals of highwaymen, the sturdiness of barbarians with the plasticity of culture, eloquent in the council-chamber and the field, dear to their soldiers for their bravery and to women for their beauty, equally eminent as generals and as rulers, restrained by no scruples but such as policy suggested, restless in their energy, yet neither fickle nor rash, comprehensive in their views, but indefatigable in detail, these lions among men were made to conquer in the face of overwhelming obstacles, and to hold their conquests with a grasp of iron. What they wrought, whether wisely or not for the ultimate advantage of Italy, endures to this day, while the work of so many emperors, republics, and princes, has passed and shifted like the scenes in a pantomime. Through them the Greeks, the Lombards, and the Moors were extinguished in the south. The Papacy was checked in its attempt to found a province of S. Peter below the Tiber. The republics of Naples, Gaeta, Amalfi, which might have rivalled perchance with Milan, Genoa, and Florence, were subdued to a master's hand. In short, to the Norman, Italy owed that kingdom of the Two Sicilies which formed one-third of her political balance, and which proved the cause of all her most serious revolutions."—*Symonds's Studies in Italy.*

It was at Venosa that Frederick II. had his golden throne decked with pearls and precious stones. Here also he kept the

wonderful present of the Sultan of Egypt, a tent of marvellous workmanship, displaying the movements of the sun and moon, and telling the hours of day and night. Charles I. (of Anjou) established in Venosa the first known hospital for invalided soldiers.

A winding, romantic road, from Melfi to the south, passes the Albanian colony of **Barile.** Five miles farther is the earthquake-stricken town of **Atella,** four and a half miles south-east of which is the castle of **Lago Pesole,** a favourite hunting-seat of Frederick II., on a conical hill, taking its name from a small pool beneath. It is now the property of the Doria, and is still habitable. Eighteen miles farther south is **Muro,** occupying the site of Numistro, where Hannibal and Marcellus fought 210 B.C. Its castle is famous for two tragedies—Henry, son of Frederick II. and Isabella of England, died there in 1254, poisoned, it is supposed, by his half-brother Conrad : and Joanna I., whilst the prisoner of her cousin, Charles III. of Durazzo, died in 1381, according to Boccaccio, peacefully ; but various horrors were retailed by special chroniclers—

On leaving Foggia, the line passes at twenty-four miles—

Cerignola, the ancient Ceraunilia, the scene of the victory which Gonsalvo da Cordova gained in 1503 over the French, in which their commander, the Duke de Nemours, was killed. Cotton commences here. The country wilders on for miles with rounded bushes of lentisk.

Barletta (*Albergo Savoia,* tolerable, if the best rooms can be obtained), the ancient Barduli, a large town on the flat shore of the Adriatic, a favourite residence with the Norman princes. Here Frederick II., excommunicated by Gregory IX., but, determined to show himself more catholic than the Pope, wearing the imperial purple, proclaimed the crusade of 1228 ; and here Manfred used to walk through the streets singing his own compositions—*strombuotti,* strophes of eight verses of eleven syllables each.

In the Corso Vittorio Emanuele is **S. Sepolcro,** a three-aisled Burgundian church with many Norman details, and a beautiful campanile. In front of the church is a bronze colossal statue, 14 ft. high, probably representing the Emperor Theodosius, formerly thought to be Heraclius.

" The military dress and accoutrements are Roman, but the head is Byzantine, and the diadem which encircles it is such as was worn by the early Greek emperors. The noble and serene expression of the face answers well to the idea which we form of this valorous servant of Christ, this pioneer of the Crusaders, who invaded the Persian Empire to regain the Cross which Schaharbarz, the cruel ally of Chrosroes, King of Persia, had carried off to Ctesiphon after he had taken Jerusalem and burned the Holy Sepulchre ; and who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to replace the holy relic, and mounted the steep ascent of Calvary, bearing it like our Lord upon his shoulders. The attitude of the figure recalls this passage in the Emperor's history ; he stands holding aloft in his right hand the Cross which that right hand had redeemed from the Infidels. One minor point of truth to portraiture is the beardless chin, for we are told that when Heraclius became Emperor, he cut off his beard which he had worn till then. Two different stories are told about the arrival of this statue

in Italy, both of which coincide in the statement that the ship in which it was brought from Constantinople was wrecked off the coast of Barletta, leaving it stranded, like some huge leviathan, upon the beach, where it remained until the fifteenth century, when it was brought to the town in a mutilated state, and set up in the piazza, after the legs, the cross, and the ball which lies in the hollow of the left hand, had been restored by a Neapolitan bronze-caster named Albanus Fabius. One of these accounts records that Heraclius himself had the statue cast by a Greek artist named Polyphobus, and sent it to Monte Gargano as an offering to the shrine of the archangel Michael. The other, which wears a much greater air of probability, states that the Venetians brought it away from Constantinople, where it had been possibly set soon after the Emperor entered the city, on his return from Persia, mounted on a triumphal car drawn by four white elephants, and preceded by the rescued Cross." —*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

The Via del Duomo leads to the **Cathedral of S. Maria Maggiore,** which has a noble campanile and west front of the fourteenth century. The granite columns were brought from Canosa. The windows, of pierced marble-work, are quite Saracenic in character. Marvellous monsters adorn its doors.

"The habit of looking for a symbol in every created thing led to a system of mystical zoology contained in the *Physiologus* or *Bestiary*, a work which explains the now-forgotten meaning of many of the strange forms carved about the façades of mediæval churches. The first sentence in the version of the *Bestiary* made by Peter of Picardy, clearly sets forth the object for which it was composed. 'Here commences the book which is called *Bestiary*, and it is so called because it speaks of the nature of beasts; for God created all the creatures upon earth for man, and that he may in them find an example of faith and a source of belief.' One or two extracts from the *Physiologus* will give the reader an idea of the way in which the different animals are described in view of man's instruction. 'The lion has three properties. He lives in the high mountains; when he finds himself pursued by the hunter he conceals his track by effacing his footsteps with his tail; when he sleeps he has his eyes open; after the young lion cubs are born they lie lifeless upon the ground for three days, abandoned by the lioness; then the lion comes, and breathing upon them, recalls them to life. Thus Jesus Christ concealed His coming upon the earth so completely that the devil even was unaware of it. Three days, like the lion whelps, He lay lifeless, then God the Father brought Him forth from the tomb and gloriously resuscitated Him!' 'When the hunter has seized the young tiger cubs and is pursued by the tiger, he places a mirror in the path of the furious animal, who, on perceiving himself in it, is so charmed by the spectacle of his own beauty, that he gives up the chase, and forgets his loss. The hunter is the devil, the cub is the soul which he wishes to steal away, and the mirror the temptations of the world put in man's way to absorb and divert his attention from matters connected with the welfare of his soul.'"—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

The stately and beautiful interior is spoiled by whitewash; it has a marble tabernacle of the twelfth century, and a sculptured pulpit of a later date. In the left aisle is the sixteenth-century tomb of Graf von Mühlingen. A bust of Ferdinand of Aragon against a pillar on the left, commemorates his coronation here in 1458. Behind the cathedral is a picturesque well in a vine-covered pergola, attractive to artists. **S. Andrea,** with a rich thirteenth-century portal, by Simeone of Ragusa, contains a sixteenth-century statue of S. John the Baptist.

Visitors will thankfully escape from the innumerable beggars at Barletta to train across the fruit-covered plain to **Canosa di Puglia.** A mile before reaching the city a little hill is crossed, from which you descend upon the plain of the Aufidus (Ofanto), a river of which the uncertain and vehement character is described by Horace—

"Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
Cum saevit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris." *Carm.* iv. 14, 25.

One side of the tiny public garden at the entrance of the town is occupied by the venerable and picturesque **S. Savino,** rebuilt in 1101 by the Norman hero Bohemund on the foundations of an earlier building. Over the central aisle are three cupolas, which give an Eastern character to the church. They are supported by eighteen pillars, of which six are of *verde antico.*

The treasury contains a beautiful ivory crucifix and an alabaster vase, which was buried with Bohemund.

The **episcopal throne,** inscribed by the sculptor Romoaldus, for Urso, Archbishop of Bari and Canosa, in the eleventh century, rests on elephants, and is adorned with griffins and eagles. The **pulpit** is supported by four octagonal columns sculptured with leaf-work, and has a reading-desk upheld by an eagle resting on a human head. In a side chapel, surrounded by Lombard arcades, and crowned by an octagonal cupola resting on dwarf pillars—"an Eastern kubr with its dome, erected to contain the remains of a Christian king"*—is the **tomb of Bohemund** A.D. 1111, the son of Robert Guiscard, and hero of Tasso.

"Ma' l gran nemico mio tra queste squadre
Già riveder non posso; e pur vi guato:
Io dico Boemondo, il micidiale
Distruggitor del sangue mio reale." *Ger. Lib.* iii. 63.

"Sigelgaita † intrigued so successfully with Robert Guiscard for her son Roger that, on his father's death, Bohemund found himself disinherited, and was obliged, while waiting for an opportunity of winning a new realm in the East, to content himself with the principality of Tarentum. Not long after, when Duke Roger was besieging Amalfi, which had revolted from him, Bohemund, who was in the camp, heard that an army of Crusaders was passing through Italy on its way to Palestine. Determined to follow in their wake, he feigned enthusiasm for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre, and having won five hundred Norman knights to his standard, he fastened crosses upon their shoulders made out of the strips of two rich vestments which he ordered to be cut up for the purpose. Crowds of followers flocked from Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily, to join him, and his preparations were so rapid that in a few days he was able to embark from Reggio with an army of thirty thousand men.

"After remaining a whole year at Constantinople the Crusaders began their march through Asia Minor towards Syria and Palestine, and won the battle of Doryclea, thanks to the opportune arrival of Godefroy de Bouillon and his soldiers when Bohemund's division was well-nigh spent, after fighting for five hours against the innumerable Turkish host. They then sat down before Antioch, which they entered after a seven months' siege, through the treachery of Pirro, the Armenian—

'Quel che fè il laudato inganno,
Dando Antiochia presa a Boemondo.'

Bohemund, saluted Prince of Antioch, now began to realise his golden dreams of Oriental sovereignty, but not until he had defeated an army of two hundred thousand Turks who besieged the city did he feel himself really master of his long-coveted prize. It soon, however, slipped from his grasp, for, as if to punish him for violating the oath which bound him never to forsake the Crusaders till they had won the Holy Sepulchre from Infidel hands, his fortunes changed from the moment when he allowed them to depart without him. His

'cupido ingegno,
Ch' all' umane grandezze intento aspirava,' ‡

* Fergusson. † Second wife of Robert Guiscard. ‡ *Gerusalemme Liberata,* i. 9.

bound him to Antioch, and Jerusalem was taken without his aid. Then followed his capture by the Emir Damisman, at Melitaea, and his four years' imprisonment in a Turkish dungeon; his defeat before Carrhes, and flight; his return to Europe to raise fresh troops—nominally for a new crusade, but secretly with the hope of compassing the conquest of Constantinople. Justified by the permission of Pope Pascal II., he went to France to fulfil the vow which he had made in prison, to lay his chains upon the altar of S. Leonard at Limoges, and contracted an alliance with King Philip I., to whose daughter Constance he was married at Chartres. Standing upon the steps of the altar, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, he preached a new crusade, and promised 'castles, cities, and rich possessions in Asia,' to all who would join in it. Here and at Poitiers, where he repeated his appeal, knights and barons flocked to his standard in such numbers that he returned to the East with an army of forty-five thousand men. With these he laid siege to Durazzo, which had been fortified by the Emperor Alexis, but the intrigues of the wily Greek soon caused such division in the Christian camp, that Bohemund, baffled and hard pressed, was forced to conclude a disgraceful peace. For a second time he became the guest of the Greek Emperor Alexis Comnenus, who flattered him with the title of *Sebastos*, and gave him a revenue; but his restless spirit knew no repose; again he returned to Apulia with his wife and child, and died there when on the eve of re-embarking for the East."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

The **bronze doors** of the tomb, combining Byzantine and Arabic character, bear the name of their artist, Roger of Melfi, and four Latin inscriptions commemorating the virtues and exploits of Bohemund. Unfortunately the candelabrum by the same sculptor has disappeared. On this side of the church the earth has risen almost to the height of the chapel roof, so that the tomb stands in a little court below the level of the public garden.

It is rather in the suburbs than in the streets of Canosa that we must seek for the remains of Canusium, which was one of the most ancient cities of Apulia, its foundation, as well as that of the neighbouring Arpi, being ascribed to Diomede.

> "Sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
> Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator:
> Nam Canusi lapidosus, aquae non ditior urna
> Qui locus a forti Diomede est conditus olim." *
>
> *Horace, Sat.* i. v. 89.

After the defeat of Cannae, the remnant of the Roman army took refuge at Canusium, which was never taken by Hannibal. Strabo speaks of the vast extent of its walls in his time. Greek was as much its ancient language as Latin; Horace † speaks of "Canusini bilinguis." The amphitheatre, a gateway, and the remains of an aqueduct built by Herodes Atticus, may be traced. In the gardens on the west of the town are **Le Grotte,** curious Greek tombs, with pillared entrances. Near this is **Il Tauro,** a vast unexplored mass of ruin of unknown origin.

Climbing the steep rugged streets of Canosa to the apex of the hill to which it clings, we have a view down the valley of the Aufidus, sometimes called Campus Diomedis,‡ towards Barletta.

* The bread of Canosa is still often full of sand owing to the soft nature of the rock from which its millstones are made.

† *Sat.* i. 10, 30. ‡ Livy, xxv. 12; Sil. Ital. viii. 243.

"Save where Garganus, with low-ridgèd bound,
Protects the North, the eye outstretching far
Surveys one sea of gently swelling ground,
A fitly moulded 'Orchestra of War.'

"Here Aufidus, between his humble banks
With wild thyme plotted, winds along the plain
A devious path, as when the serried ranks
Passed over it, that passed not back again."

Monckton Milnes.

About six miles distant, on the south bank of the Aufidus stood **Cannae**—"ignobilis Apuliae vicus"—where, on August 2, 216 B.C., the Romans underwent their famous defeat from Hannibal. The topography of the battle has always been a disputed point, the constant changes in the course of the Ofanto adding to the perplexity. But there is much reason for the supposition that the two Roman camps on either side of the Aufidus were situated about two miles lower down the river than Cannae. Here, probably on the morning of the battle, Varro caused that part of his army in the larger camp on the north to cross the easily fordable river, and unite with the soldiers placed in the smaller camp on the south. Hannibal would then cross the river nearer Cannae to meet them. The varied windings of the Aufidus would allow the right wing of the Roman army to rest on the river, and still to have their faces to the south,* which led to their being blinded by the clouds of dust borne on the terrible scirocco, here called the Vulturno, and so, ultimately, to their ruin. Varro fled on horseback, and crossing the river, reached Venusia.

"The skirmishing of the light-armed troops preluded as usual to the battle; the Balearian slingers slung their stones like hail into the ranks of the Roman line and severely wounded the Consul Aemilius himself. Then the Spanish and Gaulish horse charged the Romans front to front and maintained a standing fight with them, many leaping off their horses and fighting on foot, till the Romans, outnumbered and badly armed, without cuirasses, with light and brittle spears, and with shields made only of ox-hide, were totally routed and driven off the field. Hasdrubal, who commanded the Gauls and Spaniards, followed up his work effectually; he chased the Romans along the river till he had almost destroyed them, and then, riding off to the right, he came up to aid the Numidians, who, after their manner, had been skirmishing indecisively with the cavalry of the Italian allies. These, on seeing the Gauls and Spaniards advancing, broke away and fled; the Numidians, most effective in pursuing a flying enemy, chased them with unweariable speed, and slaughtered them unsparingly; while Hasdrubal, to complete his signal services on this day, charged fiercely upon the rear of the Roman infantry.

"He found its huge masses already weltering in helpless confusion, crowded upon one another, totally disorganised, and fighting each man as he best could, but struggling on against all hope by mere indomitable courage. For the Roman columns on the right and left, finding the Gaulish and Spanish foot advancing in a convex line or wedge, pressed forward to assail what seemed the flanks of the enemy's column; so that, being already drawn up with too narrow a front by their original formation, they now became compressed still more by their own movements, the right and left converging towards the centre, till the whole army became one dense column, which forced its way onwards by the weight of its charge, and drove back the Gauls and Spaniards into the rear of their own line. Meanwhile its victorious advance had carried it, like the English column at Fontenoy, into the midst of Hannibal's army; it had passed between the African infantry on its right and left;

* *See* Crauford Tait Ramage, *Nooks and Byways of Italy.*

and now, whilst its head was struggling against the Gauls and Spaniards, its long flanks were fiercely assailed by the Africans, who, facing about to the right and left, charged it home and threw it into utter disorder. In this state, when they were forced together into one unwieldy crowd, and already falling by thousands, whilst the Gauls and Spaniards, now advancing in their turn, were barring further progress in front, and whilst the Africans were tearing their mass to pieces on both flanks, Hasdrubal with his victorious Gaulish and Spanish horsemen broke with thundering fury on their rear. Then followed a butchery such as has no recorded equal, except the slaughter of the Persians in their camp, when the Greeks forced it after the battle of Plataea. Unable to fight or fly, with no quarter asked or given, the Romans and Italians fell before the swords of their enemies, till, when the sun set upon the field, there were left out of that vast multitude no more than three thousand men alive and unwounded; and these fled in straggling parties, under cover of darkness, and found a refuge in the neighbouring towns. The consul Aemilius, the proconsul Cn. Servilius, the late master of the horse M. Minucius, two quaestors, twenty-one military tribunes, and eighty senators, lay dead amidst the carnage.

"Less than six thousand men of Hannibal's army had fallen; no greater price had he paid for the total destruction of more than eighty thousand of the enemy, for the capture of their two camps, for the utter annihilation, as it seemed, of all their means of offensive warfare."—*Arnold, Hist. of Rome.*

Cannae became the site of a bishopric under the later Empire, and was in existence in the thirteenth century, though most of its buildings were destroyed by Robert Guiscard in 1083. Now, only a few ruins remain. A spring is still called "Pozzo d'Emilio," because Aemilius Paulus is supposed to have died near it, and an angle in the windings of the Ofanto is still known as "Pezzo di Sangue."

About five miles south-west of Canosa is the town of **Minervino,** said to derive its name from a temple of Minerva, and finely situated, with a wide view. There is a curious grotto here, dedicated to S. Michael.

Six miles east of Canosa, amongst the fruit-gardens, is the dull town of **Andria,** with a featureless **Cathedral,** which has been much modernised. Here in the crypt (very difficult of access) are some beautiful fragments from the destroyed tombs of two of the wives of Frederick II.—Iolanthe, daughter of Walter de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, and rightful heiress of that kingdom through her mother, who died at seventeen, at Castel del Monte, ten days after the birth of her son Conrad; and the beloved Isabella of England, sister of Henry III., who died at Foggia, December 1, 1241, and for whom it was ordered that every bell in the kingdom should toll.

S. Agostino has a rich portal with quaint sculptures, which include Christ being incensed by angels. On the portal of the thirteenth-century **Church of Porta Santa,** Frederick II. and Manfred are both represented as Caesars in medallions—probably copies from originals of their time.

Hence it is about six miles to Trani, which is ten miles by rail from Barletta.

Trani (33,000 population) (*Albergo d'Italia,* tolerable, and reasonable), occupying the site of the ancient Turenum, is a handsome town, which gave a title to the second sons of the latest kings of Naples. Above one of the gates is inscribed—

"Tirenus fecit, Trajanus me reparavit,
Ergo mihi Tranum nomen uterque dedit."

The little circular port, constructed by Venetians in the fifteenth century, will recall the Cala of Palermo to Sicilian travellers. At one of its angles is a very pretty public garden full of cytisus, where a number of ancient milestones are preserved, and whence the almost insulated cathedral of orange-coloured stone is seen reflected in the sea, with a picturesque foreground of bright-sailed boats.

A narrow street on the left of the port passes under an arch close to (right) the curious **Church of Ogni Santi,** which belonged to the Knights Templars, and has a double portico resting on pillars, with capitals of exuberant sculpture, presenting the most fantastic invention. The street ends uphill at the grand **Cathedral of S. Nicholas the Pilgrim,** dedicated, but not yet finished, in 1143, to contain the bones of a Greek pilgrim murdered at Trani in 1094, and canonised by Urban II. The slim Lombard tower, 260 ft. high, was built, as far as the first section, by "Nicolaus, sacerdos et protomagister," the sculptor of the pulpit of Bitonto. The (thirteenth-century) west front is highly picturesque, with a balcony resting on arches, and is indescribably rich in decoration. The splendid bronze doors of 1179, the work of the famous bronze-caster, Barisano of Trani, adorned with figures of Christ and His apostles and scenes from the Gospel history, are one of the noblest works of art in Southern Italy. The interior of the church is also full of interest, and has a crypt resting on thirty marble columns; Philip, Prince of Morea, second son of Charles I., rests here in a marble coffin. Altogether, this is the most beautiful of all the Apulian cathedrals.

"Both in structure and ornament the cathedral of Trani is a striking example of the many foreign influences which acted upon Apulian art. Its plain massive walls are Norman; one of the windows in the bell-tower and portions of the ornament are Arabic; its ground-plan is that of the triple-naved Roman basilica; its bronze gates are Italo-Byzantine; and its double-arched portal, with its slender columns and sculptured pilasters resting on human figures, is a first-rate example of the Romanesque style."—*Perkins.*

Near the harbour is a fifteenth-century palace built by the Doges of Venice.

The traveller Swinburne describes a rule in Trani, that no work should be done after dinner; a blacksmith could not even be persuaded to shoe horses. The wine called "Il Moscato di Trani" has great local celebrity. S. Francesco and S. Giacomo are also worth visits.

From almost all the towns we have been describing, across the wide plain, crowning a conical hill (1770 ft.), a castle has been visible at a great distance. This is **Castel del Monte,** the favourite palace of Frederick II. (1220–44), which is best visited from Trani. Here he wrote his treatise on Falconry, now one of the Vatican treasures. It is three hours' drive (carriage with 3 horses, 20 lire) across the fruit-covered plain, sprinkled with small domed towers, on which the figs are dried upon tiers of masonry

round the domes. The towers are often surmounted by crosses, have a shrine on the side towards the road, and are highly picturesque. From the point where the carriage-road comes to an end, it is an hour's walk, over a wilderness covered with stones, where the sheep find scanty subsistence in the short grass between the great tufts of lilies. Then the conical hill has to be climbed to the castle. The keys are kept at a neighbouring farm—**Masseria del Patruno** (the shepherd will fetch them). The castle is equilateral-octangular, in two storeys, with octagonal turrets at the angles. It measures 167 ft. across at its extreme breadth, and encloses an octangular court 57 ft. in diameter. The marble used in its construction is taken from a quarry on the hill itself. Both its storeys are vaulted. The chambers are desolate, and the windows open to the sky; but the arched ceilings, marble doorways, and high sculptured chimney-pieces are still almost as perfect as when the great Frederick was living here in 1240; their details are Italian, superimposed on an original design. Notice the curious keystones in the vaulting arches. Lear* narrates the legend that Frederick, having appointed one of the best architects of the day to erect Castel del Monte, sent one of his courtiers to bring him a report of the work. The messenger set out, but lingered in Melfi under the attractions of a beautiful damsel, till he was summoned to return. Believing that the Emperor would never have time to visit the castle, and unable to describe it, he denounced it as a total failure, both as to beauty and utility. The Emperor, enraged at the account he had received, despatched guards to Castel del Monte to bring the architect to his presence, but he destroyed himself and his whole family in his terror upon receiving the summons. Horrified by the news of this catastrophe, the Emperor himself hurried to Apulia, and finding his beautiful castle unfinished, and his best architect lost through the falsehood of his messenger, dragged the offender by the hair to the top of the highest tower, and hurled him with his own hand from the battlements.

Manfred made Castel del Monte his frequent residence, and it and Castel dell' Ovo, at Naples, were afterwards used as the prisons of his widow and children by Charles of Anjou. The castle was still inhabited and in perfection during the reign of King Ferdinand, in 1459.

"No part of the world, perhaps, can show a more admirably constructed edifice than the Gothic castle known as Castel del Monte, which Frederic erected upon the summit of a high mountain between Ruvo and Andria, called by the Normans 'le Haut Mont,' and the 'Mont Hardi.' The earliest tradition connected with it tells of a Lombard tower, which Robert Guiscard threw down and replaced by a castle constructed with money found by a Sicilian Saracen near an antique temple at no great distance from the spot. Upon the top of this temple stood a statue with a circlet of bronze about its head, upon which the following inscription was engraved in Greek—'At the rising of the sun on the calends of May I shall have a golden head.' The sharp-witted Arab read and divined the enigma, and digging on the 1st of May where the shadow of the statue's head fell at the rising of the sun he discovered gold.

* *Journal of a Landscape Painter.*

"Whether Frederic II. entirely destroyed, or only enlarged and rebuilt, the castle of Robert Guiscard is not known, but the building, which is at the same time a fortress and a palace, is generally ascribed entirely to him. Tenanted only by robbers or wandering shepherds, it has greatly suffered of late years, and its single portal with a double Gothic arch and cannellated pilasters, above whose Corinthian capitals stand the Swabian lions, has been much marred and defaced. Through it the traveller enters into the castle, which, from its great size, its peculiar distributions, the mysterious solitudes of its vaulted chambers and winding stairways, and its association with one of the most romantic and interesting persons in history, is eminently calculated to affect the imagination. Involuntarily the feeling creeps over the mind that the great Frederic is waiting here, like Barbarossa at Kyffhausen, until he be permitted to issue forth in pomp to resume the reins of empire.

"The edifice is as beautiful as its general plan is ingenious and its masonry perfect. The same high finish and admirable taste is visible everywhere; in the windows with their colonnettes of rose-coloured marble and their deep embrasures; in the tall Gothic fireplaces; and in the ribbed and vaulted ceilings, with their rosettes and corbels, some of which are adorned with seated figures sculptured in the rude art of the thirteenth century. Two, in a far superior style of art, representing the head of a satyr, and a smiling face of a very pleasing expression, are carved upon the corbels above a staircase in one of the towers. The only other piece of sculpture in the castle is an almost totally effaced bas-relief upon the upper part of one of the walls of the central court, which represented a woman kneeling before a chief with a retinue of armed men."—*Perkins's Italian Sculptors.*

The view of the sea and M. Vulture is impressive.

From Trani it is possible to proceed to **Ruvo,** the ancient Rubi, mentioned by Horace as one of the places which Maecenas and his companions passed through between Rome and Brundusium.

"Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus."
Sat. i. v. 94.

The Greek influence on this place is shown in its beautiful coins, and still more in the quantity of ancient vases discovered here. The **Duomo,** a three-aisled basilica, with three apses and a lofty campanile, has a very rich pyramidal façade, with the magnificent wheel-window in the stilted gable, somewhat like that of Trani, and crowned by a statuette of St. John the Baptist. The corbel-table displays heads distinctly recalling classic art. *S. Giovanni Rotondo* is an ancient circular baptistery, with two large fonts. The detail-work is rough.

Continuing its course along the coast, the railway reaches the promontory of

Bisceglia (33,000 population), where the Duomo of the twelfth century has a fine portal, but is modernised within. **S. Margherita** contains fourteenth-century tombs of the Falcone family, by whom it was founded. We next reach the towns of **Molfetta** and **Giovinazzo,** where the churches have all the same characteristics—round arches, richly ornamented with foliage and monsters, and frequently low semi-Saracenic domes over the body of the church. At the former place Otto of Brunswick, fourth husband of Queen Joanna I., was imprisoned by Carlo Durazzo. The ancient but deserted Duomo here is worth a visit.

Bari (63,000 population).

Albergo del Risorgimento, clean and tolerable, but very dear; restaurant, good but extortionate.

This ancient city, which the Greek Emperor made the residence of his lieutenant or captain, and which was the second town of the Bourbon kingdom, has all the characteristics of the meanest parts of Naples—flat roofs, dilapidated, whitewashed houses, and a swarming, noisy, dirty, begging, brutalised population. Two modern streets intersect with formal dismalness the labyrinths of old houses and narrow alleys. On their outskirts is the machicolated **castle**, in which Queen Bona Sforza of Poland died in 1558. In a chapel here, dedicated to S. Francis, a practical joke played upon the saint by Frederick II., and reputed to have been overcome by a miracle, is commemorated in the inscription—

"Hic lascivientem puellam, vel saevientem Hydrum igne domuit Franciscus. Cinere exutus veste prudens qui ex aquis ortam Venerem et juxta aquas adortum flammis extinxit Fortis qui inexpugnabile reddidit in hoc castro pudicitiae claustrum."

Hard by are the two great churches. Of these, the **Duomo S. Sabino** was founded by the Greek bishop Bisantius, and consecrated, October 28, 1035, on the site of a chapel in which the bones of S. Sabinus, brought to Bari from Canosa in 850, had been buried for 240 years. It was destroyed by the Saracens, but rebuilt and rededicated in 1171. In the lofty and massive walls which surround the building, all the ornament is exhausted in delicate and beautiful carving round the doors and windows. The east end has two tall **towers** (too tall for their breadth) and a small central **dome.** The rich central round-headed window frame is supported by figures of elephants on brackets, and carrying columns. The apse is internal. The **interior** is entirely modernised, and its beautiful **ciborium,** by Alfanus da Termoli (1062–87), and its pulpit, erected soon after, under Bishop Andreas, are destroyed. In the ancient **crypt** is the shrine of S. Sabinus.

More interesting is **S. Nicolà,** founded in 1087 by Robert Guiscard. The crypt, eleventh century, with beautiful columns, was dedicated in 1089 to receive the corpse of the holy Nicholas of Myra in Lycia, one of the fathers who condemned the Arian heresy at the Council of Nice, and who had a body which was as well able to work miracles in death as in life.

"He was emphatically the saint of the people; the *bourgeois* saint, invoked by the peaceable citizen, by the labourer who toiled for his daily bread, by the merchant who traded from shore to shore, by the mariner struggling with the stormy ocean. He was the protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the captive, the prisoner, the slave; he was the guardian of young marriageable maidens, of schoolboys, and especially of the orphan poor. In Russia, Greece, and throughout all Catholic Europe, children are still taught to reverence S. Nicholas, and to consider themselves as placed under his peculiar care; if they are good, docile, and attentive to their studies, S. Nicholas, on the eve of his festival, will graciously fill their stocking with dainties: while he has, as certainly, a rod in pickle for the idle and unruly."—*Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art.*

S. Nicholas died at Myra, full of honours, in A.D. 326, and immediately hundreds of pilgrims began to flock annually to his tomb. Many relic-robbers attempted to carry off the holy body, but all failed till after the cathedral was destroyed by the

CASTLE AT BARI

F. Tuckett

Saracens, when some sailors of Bari, searching amongst the ruins in 1087, discovered the shrine and carried off the relics. To the fury of the Venetians, who declare that they have the true body of S. Nicholas, Bari has ever since been one of the greatest centres of pilgrimage in Italy. The immense church, built by the Lombards, has even more the aspect of a fortress than the cathedral. Towers guard each side of the western gable. The pillars of the central porch rest upon brackets with elephants, but there is only Byzantine scroll-work on the walls, after the fashion of Greek Calabria. On either side of the main entrance are noble pillars, taken from some classical building, and only used here as ornaments.

At the back of the church is a curious relief, representing some of the miracles of the saint, including one which is highly popular. While making a diocesan tour, the bishop stayed at an inn whose host was in the habit of stealing children, murdering them, and serving them up as food to his guests. S. Nicholas at once recognised the meal set before him as human flesh, and going to the tub, where three little boys were salted down, prayed over them, and they arose safe and well, and were restored to their widowed mother!

It was in this church that Peter of Amiens preached the first crusade in 1094, and that Urban II. held a council in 1098. It is divided into **three aisles** by screens of granite and marble columns, and the central aisle is spanned by three vast arches, which are supposed to have at one time supported the roof, but were more probably intended to strengthen the building in case of earthquakes; they have a picturesque though strange effect. "There is no Lombard imagery, but a faithful imitation of the Roman";* the capitals of the pillars and the piers of the nave are Corinthian, and they are evidently borrowed from some other building.

On the left of the canopied entrance is a tablet to Roberto Chiurlia, Chancellor of King Charles I. of Anjou, who conducted the proceedings at Naples against Conradin, and is said to have been afterwards killed by a nephew of King Charles on the very spot where he had pronounced the atrocious sentence.

Behind the tabernacle which covers the **high altar** is the black marble **tomb of Bona Sforza,** widow of Sigismund I. (1593) of Poland, who inherited Bari from her mother, Isabella of Aragon, widow of Gian Galeazzo. The kneeling figure and calm, sweet face of the queen are very striking. The saints are Casimir and Stanislaus. Beneath it is a curious archiepiscopal throne of 1098, made by Archbishop Elias to commemorate the great council against the errors of the Greek Church, which met in this church as soon as the building was completed. Its back rests upon a lion with a man's head in his paws (an ornament supposed to be a reminiscence of the throne of Solomon), and the front is supported by two half kneeling Arabs (commemorating the Saracenic occupation of

* Gally Knight.

Bari in the ninth century), and by a queer figure of a man in a conical cap, with a staff in his hand. The glorious Gothic **tabernacle,** erected early in 1120 by Abbot Eustachius, contains a representation in niello of the coronation of King Roger by the Antipope Anacletus. A pillar, said to have been changed from wood into iron by S. Nicolà, is surrounded by a railing, to preserve it from the scrapers of the faithful. To the right of the choir is a Madonna and Saints by Bart. Vivarini. The treasury contains some notable missals, and two rock-crystal candlesticks.

The picturesque Saracenic **crypt,** with its twenty-eight low, thick-set pillars with richly carved capitals of endless variety, and its wonderful combinations of shadow and colour, will recall the mosque at Cordova on a very small scale : and it is believed to have been built by the same Sicilian workmen who were employed in the semi-Moorish palaces of La Zisa and La Cuba, and the Cathedral of Monreale, near Palermo. It is always full of beggars, whom the sacred character of the place does not restrain from the first whining, then imperious cry of " Nicolà, Nicolà," by which they demand alms as a right. It is also crowded by pilgrims, who crawl on their knees to the altar, where a priest gives them water to drink, which is said to be mingled with **Manna di S. Nicolà,** a healing oil which exudes from his holy body. At the great festa on the 8th of May and seven following days, crowds of pilgrims come from Albania, and from Russia, of which S. Nicolà is the patron saint. A short religious service preludes the giving of the manna. Then a priest lies prostrate before the altar and eventually thrusts half his body quite into the tomb, whence he brings forth the oil, which is doled out to the worshippers to drink. The sarcophagi are of the fifth century. At the bottom of the steps leading to the upper church is the tomb of Archbishop Elias, the Benedictine abbot in whose time the church was built, and whose virtues are commemorated in Latin verses carved upon the steps of the high altar.

The peculiar sanctity which the relics of S. Nicolà imparted to this church, caused it to be chosen for the coronation of the kings of Italy and Sicily. Roger II. was crowned here in 1131, later the Emperor Henry VI. and his wife Constance, and King Manfred.

> " Bari, che a' suoi regi albergo scelse
> Fortuna e diè corona e insegne excelse."
> *Tasso.*

The shops of Bari are full of " Aqua Stomachica di Bari "—a kind of Rosolio. The Ateneo contains a local museum.

It is a tram drive of an hour and a half to **Bitonto** (30,711 inhab.), across low hills of olives and almonds cut down to uniform ugliness. Nevertheless all lovers of architecture should make this excursion, as the **Cathedral of S. Valentinian** at Bitonto is (after that of **Tràni**) perhaps the finest in Southern Italy. It resembles

many of the cathedrals we have already seen in general form, in its three aisles, its square east end, and its windows with their hooded canopies, but in all its details it is richer, and in colour it is glorious. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and fancifulness of the friezes under many of the windows, and of the western and south-eastern **portals,** and beneath what was the roof of the side aisles there is an open arcaded gallery of surpassing beauty, where Lombardic figures of animals are mingled with Saracenic ornaments. The **central doorway** of the west front has a hood of splendid sculpture carried by pillars resting on monsters; above the cornice are two richly hooded windows, and then a circular window filled with tracery. The **interior** possesses two **pulpits** on the same side of the nave, of which the larger bears the name of the sculptor—"Nicolaus Sacerdos Magister," who built the Campanile at Trani in 1229. Its accessories and ornaments for the most part are exquisitely finished, but at the back of the staircase is a relief of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba of the rudest execution. The holy water basins are of the same date. The **crypt** is magnificent. If the whitewash and some modern frippery were cleared away without any attempt to restore the masterpieces of sculpture with which this church is so profusely decorated, it would be one of the noblest buildings in Italy. The piazza is sufficiently unaltered to recall the time (December 28, 1250) when Matteo Spinello da Giovenazzo describes seeing the funeral procession of the great Frederick II. pass through it on its way from Castel Fiorentino to Taranto—the body on its crimson-covered litter, the six companies of armed Saracen guards loudly weeping for their master as they went, the long train of barons in black. The **Palazzo Silvi,** of 1502, has an open Renaissance loggia adorned with reliefs, inscriptions, and a number of heads of mythological and historical personages in medallions.

It is next to impossible to sketch in Bitonto, from the violence of the half-savage crowd in every lowest stage of beggary or filth.

It is a long railway journey of nineteen and a half hours from Bari to Reggio, and the traveller who is in a hurry to reach Sicily becomes unutterably weary of the meaningless lingering at the most obscure stations, to which a filthy crowd of idle peasants are always admitted to beg and curse, to the disgrace at once of the Government and the railway company. Fortunately the greater part of the journey can be accomplished by night. Only those who have plenty of time to spare and courage to face something more than discomfort will find interest in the classic sites and the remains of old Greek cities along the coast.

Bitetto (9½ miles). The **Cathedral** (S. Michele) is a three-aisled **basilica** (1335), with a rich façade covered with sculpture like that of Bitonto, but inferior. The entrance is pointed, its canopy being carried on columns rising from great lions.

Grumo, occupying the site of Grumum, was a city of the Peucetians.

About fourteen miles west of Grumo, reached by a diligence in three hours (2 lire 55 c.), is **Altamura** (17,201 pop.), a town founded by Frederick II. in 1220, with a very beautiful *Cathedral*, begun by Frederick II. and finished under King Robert in 1330. It has the characteristics of all the great churches in this country. The principal entrance in the west front is a mass of the richest sculpture, and its pillars rest upon magnificent lions; above is a great rose-window. The interior is exceedingly stately, having a noble triforium. Saverio Mercadante, the composer, was born at Altamura in 1790. Six miles farther is **Gravina,** on the Via Appia, with a castle built by Frederick II. which afterwards belonged to the Orsini, Dukes of Gravina in the Middle Ages. It is noted for horses and its fair (April 20).

A diligence (5 lire 10 c.) occupies six hours between Grumo and **Matera** (in the Basilicata), where there is another very splendid cathedral of *c.* 1250, with a great wheel-window. It resembles the other Lombardic cathedrals of this district, except that its western façade is plain, while the utmost richness of decoration is lavished on the south side, which faces the piazza. Almost in the centre of this façade is an exquisitely sculptured window from which it is said that letters and rescripts from the Greek patriarch at Constantinople used to be read. The campanile is 175 ft. high. Flights of beautiful steps lead up to its many doors.

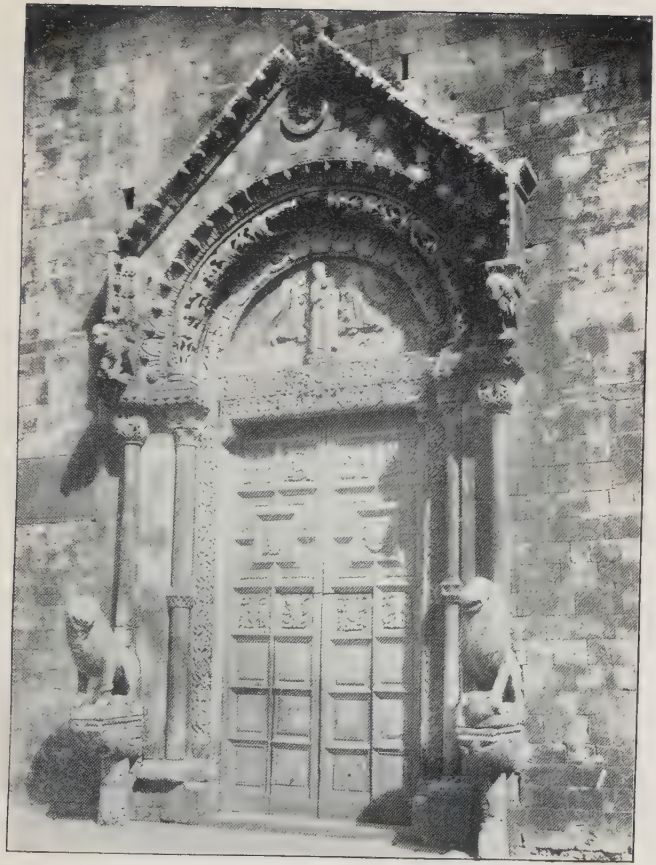
Gioja del Colle (14,110 pop.). A town beloved by Frederick II., who frequently resorted to it for hunting. The railway now runs along the high ground above the plain. The country is extremely wild and rocky, but olives grow wherever the scanty soil gives a foothold. Every now and then a strange narrow gully in the cliff gives a shelter, and allows of more luxuriant vegetation. Hence the railway to Melfi diverges, passing through Altamura, Gravina, and Spinazzola.

Castellaneta is perched on the lip of a ravine. Soon after leaving this, across the vast plain, we have the first view of the Gulf of Taranto.

"C'est dans cette plaine que se déploya la colonisation grecque des citoyens de Tarente et de Metaponte; antérieurement elle était habitée en partie par les Camoniens, rameau de la nation pelasgique des Chônes. Au sud-ouest et à l'est elle est limitée par les montagnes sauvages de la Basilicate, l'ancienne Lucanie, dont les masses sombres se dressent à l'horizon, tandis que plus loin, dans le sud-ouest, on aperçoit à la dernière limite de la vision les premiers sommets de la Calabre. L'aspect du pays, la nature de la végétation, l'intensité de la lumière, tout rappelle la Grèce. Les premiers colons hellènes, en arrivant sur ces côtes, ont dû se croire encore dans leur pays. On entre réellement ici dans une region nouvelle, qui n'est plus l'Italie, bien que s'y rattachant géographiquement; et qui, au point de vue physique ainsi bien que par son histoire, mérite à juste titre le nom qu'on lui a donné de Grande Grèce."—*François Lenormant.**

Six miles from **Massafra** lies the beautiful residence of the Lacaita family, **Leucaspide,** built into an ancient ruin.

From *La Grande Grèce—Paysage et Histoire*, published in 1881 by A. Levy, 13 Rue Lafayette—a work to which the author is deeply indebted.



DUOMO, CONVERSANO *Moscioni*

At **Terlizzi**, the church has a richly sculptured thirteenth-century door.

Trains run in three hours from Bari to Brindisi, passing

Mola di Bari, a small seaport with a fine Norman church, modernised in the sixteenth century. It contains "Il Sepolcro dei Appestati" of the victims of the plague which decimated Mola from November 1815 to June 1816, inscribed, "Pena di morte a chi osa aprirlo."

Polignano a Mare. On a steep rock. One mile from hence is the picturesque Convent of S. Vito. Six miles distant is the episcopal city of **Conversano,** with a beautiful cathedral and splendid principal door. The castle was the stronghold of the Aquaviva family. There is a sea cave of marvellous beauty near Polignano.

Monopoli (27,110 inhab.) has several interesting churches. The **Duomo** contains a beautiful S. Sebastian by *Palma Vecchio*.

Half-way between Monopoli and Fasano, at the deserted spot now called **Torre d'Agnazzo,** are the remains of Egnatia or Gnatia. The outer wall is almost perfect, and nowhere less than a yard and a half high. The sites of the gates are all marked. On the north side a double wall still rises for 30 ft., and is protected by a deep moat cut in the solid rock. The walls of the acropolis, which stood in the heart of the city, are also standing. It was here that Horace and his travelling companions ridiculed the pretended miracle shown by the inhabitants, who affirmed that incense placed on a certain altar was spontaneously consumed without fire.

> "Dein Gnatia lymphis
> Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque:
> Dum flamma sine thura liquescere limine sacro
> Persuadere cupit. Credat Judaeus Apella,
> Non ego." *Sat.* i. v. 97.

Ostuni, a picturesque walled town with a beautiful *Cathedral.*

Brindisi (24,317 inhab.).

Carriage to town, 50 c.; night, 1 lira. *Albergo Europa* in the Corso Umberto and *Hôtel Centrale* on the harbour; *Hôtel International* on the quay. This is the principal starting-point of steamers for Corfu, Syra, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople (in 4 days), Alexandria, and Odessa. *British Consul*, Signor S. G. Cocoto.

Brundusium was the chief port of the Romans, and the place where their armies were embarked. It was the final point in the tour of Horace and Maecenas—"Brundusium longae finis chartaeque viaeque." Cicero landed here 57 B.C., on his return from exile: Octavius first assumed here the name of Caesar: Virgil died here 19 B.C., on his return from Greece, and Agrippina the elder landed here, bearing the ashes of Germanicus. Strabo speaks of the port as superior to that of Tarentum, and at a much earlier period Ennius had called it

> "Brundusium pulcro praecinctum praepete portu."
> 1 *Ann.* vi. 53.

It had an outer and inner harbour, the former greatly sheltered by the islands of Barra, now called **Isole di S. Andrea.** Brindisi was the chief place of embarkations used in the Crusades, and began to fall into disuse when they came to an end. Lately great works have been executed for the restoration of the port.

The **Castle,** with a heavy round tower, begun by Alfonso of Aragon, and completed by Charles V., is in great measure constructed from ancient materials. The **Cathedral** (of the Madonna and S. Teodoro) was consecrated by Urban II. in 1089, but was rebuilt in the reign of King Roger. It has since been several times ruined by earthquakes, and little that is ancient remains, except the mosaic pavement, representing the battle of Roncevalles. Frederick II. was crowned here in 1225, and was married here to his second wife Iolanthe. A tall cipollino column is adorned with figures of the sea-gods; a similar column stood beside it, but was thrown down by an earthquake in 1456, and removed to Lecce in 1663. Near this is shown the house where Virgil died. The ancient **S. Giovanni Battista** is circular, built of large square stones without mortar, and has a beautiful portal with pillars resting on lions. There is a richly decorated ancient porch at **S. Benedetto.** It is now in the museum. Between the castle and port is a fountain of Roman origin, repaired by Tancred and afterwards by Charles V. Pliny says—"Brundusii in portu fons, incorruptas praebet aquas navigantibus." Not far from Brindisi, at the Masseria Gianuzzo, is the **Crypta di S. Biagio,** a hermit-cave, painted with Byzantine frescoes in 1197.

There are two trains daily from Brindisi to Otranto, passing—

Lecce (*Albergo della Patria*), a handsome but unhealthy walled town, the capital of the province, occupying the site of Lupiae. The **Cathedral of S. Cronzio,** in the Piazza del Vescovado, dates from the twelfth century, but was modernised *c.* 1660. In the square is an ancient column from Brindisi supporting a statue of S. Oronzio, the first Bishop of Lecce, and near it a fountain with an equestrian statue. King Tancred was Count of Lecce in right of his mother, and, deprived of their crown, his descendants in the female line preserved it as their inheritance.

The **Museum,** lodged in the Prefettura, contains a curious picture of the fifteenth century, brought from a suppressed Benedictine convent, representing, around the Virgin, a company of saints under flamboyant arches. Outside the town is the very interesting *SS. Nicola e Cataldo,* founded by Tancred, for the repose of his soul and the souls of his family. The interior was modernised in the seventeenth century. The exterior displays a hemispherical cupola resting on an arcaded drum.

The **Abbey of Cerate,** near Lecce, contains curious Latin frescoes. Near Lecce, on the south-west, lay *Rugge,* the ancient Rudiae, birthplace (239 B.C.) of the poet Ennius.

> "Ennius emeruit, Calabris in montibus ortus,
> Contiguus poni, Scipio magne, tibi."
>
> *Ovid, De Art. Am.* iii. 409.

"Ennius, antiqua Messapi ab origine regis,
Miscebat primas acies, Latiaeque superbum
Vitis adornabat dextram decus: hispida tellus
Miserunt Calabri; Rudiae genuere vetustae:
Nunc Rudiae solo memorabile nomen alumno."
Sil. Ital. xii. 393.

A road of twenty-one miles leads from Lecce, by Rugge, to Gallipoli on the Gulf of Taranto, passing within two miles of the episcopal town of *Nardò*, the ancient Neritum, where there is a curious circular chapel outside the town gate, and within three miles of **S. Pietro in Galatina,** where there is a great Franciscan monastery founded by Raimondo Orsini del Balzo, Prince of Tarentum. The beautiful *Church of S. Caterina* dates from 1384, and contains the very curious coloured tomb of Prince Giovanni Antonio Balzo (1454), with his effigy dressed as a Franciscan monk. The frescoes in the church are by various hands, 1410. The doorway is magnificent.

Soleto, anciently *Soletum*, has a splendid campanile (1397) to its cathedral, and some thirteenth-century frescoes in S. Stefano.

Gallipoli, the Greek Kallipolis, is beautifully situated on an island-rock, connected with the mainland by a stone bridge of twelve arches. Its handsome **Cathedral** only dates from 1629.

From Lecce there is a road to Taranto by **Manduria** (pop. 8870), once a Greek colony, which, having been called Casalnovo in the Middle Ages, has gone back to its ancient name. The chapel and subterranean shrine of *S. Pietro Mandurino* are curious specimens of the Byzantine *laurai*, once inhabited by Greek hermits, rock-hewn cells or natural caverns enlarged, and generally converging to an underground chapel which was the church of the hermits.* Half a mile from the town is the well with the ever-level waters described by Pliny †—"neque exhaustis aquis minuitur, neque infusis augetur." It is a circular well with a reservoir reached by thirty rough-hewn steps, and is situated in a tertiary cave which is lighted by an aperture over the well itself.

Six miles from Manduria is **Oria** (540 ft.), on the site of Uria, with a massive castle of Frederick II., now belonging to the Princes of Francavilla. Three miles farther is **Francavilla,** which once belonged to S. Carlo Borromeo, who sold it, together with Oria, to the Imperiali family for 40,000 ounces of gold, which he distributed in one day to the poor.

The railway runs from **Lecce** by **Maglie** to—

Otranto (*Albergo Fr. Penna*), the end of the railway system of Central Europe. The town was the ancient Hydruntum, the little river *Idro*, which flows into the harbour, being the ancient Hydrus. It has dwindled to little more than a hill-set village surrounded by fortifications of Charles V. When the town was taken, and a great portion of its inhabitants massacred by the Turks in

* There are similar remains at Mottola Palagiano, Grottaglie near Taranto, and S. Vito d'Otranto. The Grotta dell' Annunziata, now the crypt of the parish church of Erchie, was also one of these chapels.—*See Lenormant on the Terra d'Otranto.*

† ii. 106, 4.

1480, the **Cathedral of the SS. Annunziata** was preserved by being turned into a mosque. It is a three-aisled basilica ending in three eastern apses. Its archbishop, who bears the proud title of Archiepiscopus Hydrutinus et primas Salentinorum, is represented on the north door, attended by bishops and abbots. The noble crypt is supported by four rows of columns of granite, porphyry, and marble, bearing capitals with an infinite variety of sculpture. The grandly conceived **mosaic pavement,** designed by one Pantaleone for Archbishop Jonathan in 1163, is the most curious in Southern Italy. Its pictures in rough mosaic discs portray a strange collection of figures—Adam and Eve, Alexander and Noah, King Arthur and Samson, &c. In the centre are the signs of the zodiac, each month being represented by its befitting labours. Inscriptions in prose and rhyme give the names of the donor and artist. The crypt of the twelfth century is worth seeing for the beautifully sculptured columns and capitals. A chapel, added to the cathedral at the end of the fifteenth century, contains the bones of nine hundred Christians massacred (1840) by the Turks upon the "Hill of Martyrs" outside the city. Skulls, arms, and legs are piled together, many with fragments of weapons still embedded in them.

The "Castle of Otranto," familiar from the novel of Horace Walpole, was built by Alphonso of Aragon, and is picturesque. In clear weather the Albanian Mountains are visible from its walls.

An excursion of twenty-nine miles may be made from Otranto to the **Capo di Leuca,** the Iapygian promontory, the extreme point of the heel of Italy. The Church of *S. Maria di Leuca* or *La Madonna di Finisterra* (sometimes described as La Madonna de Finibus Terrae) marks the site of the ancient town of Leuca, mentioned by Strabo. It contains an interesting Byzantine *panaglia,* painted on panel. The headland is still most desolate.

"Secretaque littora Leucae."
Lucan, v. 375.

On its highest point, like the temple of Sunion in Attica, stood the temple of Athene Leucadia, which Aeneas saw on first approaching the shores of Italy.

"Portusque patescit
Jam propior, templumque apparet in arce Minervae."
Aen. iii. 530.

Nothing remains of the temple but its platform. A modern lighthouse now stands on the edge of the cliffs, beneath which is a grotto—*Grotta della Portinara*—opening towards the sea, and still bearing on its walls a number of Latin petitions by sailors to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and to Fortune, to whom the grotto was dedicated. The bastion-like rocks of Virgil abound in grottoes, some containing bone-beds interesting to geologists; one, the *Grotta del Diavolo,* bearing traces of the Stone Age in flint and bone implements and coarse earthen

TOWER AT SOLETO (DUOMO) *Moscioni*

vessels. The bay to the east of the temple is described by Virgil—

> "Portus ab Eoo fluctu curvatur in arcum;
> Objectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes:
> Ipse latet. Gemino demittunt brachia muro
> Turriti scopuli, refugitque ab littore templum."
> *Aen.* iii. 533.

At the spot called **Santa Cesaria** is a fountain which is probably that mentioned by Strabo as a spring of fœtid water which the inhabitants pretended to have arisen from the wounds of the giants expelled by Hercules from the Phlegraean plains, and who had taken refuge here.

Not far from this, beneath the hill which is crowned by the ruins of **Veretum,** and near the village of Patù, are **Le Cento Pietre,** a parallelogram of huge limestone blocks with a stone roof, evidently once a temple, but transformed in the tenth century into a church dedicated to S. Seminianus, and covered internally with plaster, upon which saints were rudely painted. In 1523 a fantastic inscription in Latin verse was engraved over one of the doors, affirming that this temple was the mausoleum of a nameless general who perished near this in a battle with the Saracens.

The road from Otranto passes through **Castro,** the ancient Castrum Minervae, and by **Alessano,** a few miles west of which is **Taurisano,** where the **Church of S. Maria della Strada** has an eleventh-century façade with a Byzantine relief of the Annuncia tion over its door.

Taranto (61,219 pop.).

The station is half a mile from the town; carriages 50 c. *Albergo Europa,* in the Città Nuova, poor and dirty, but endurable.

The town occupies an island on the northern side of the bay, connected with the mainland by a bridge ending in an old castle, and the many-coloured houses descend abruptly upon the blue water, across which the picturesque fishing-boats flit with latteen sails. In the distance the islets of **S. Paolo** and **S. Pietro,** the Choerades of antiquity, protect the anchorage of the harbour. Taranto has been compared to a ship, the castle at its east end representing the stern, its great church the mast, the tower of Raimondo Orsini the bowsprit, and the bridge the cable. The bridge separates the outer harbour or **Mare Grande** from the inner harbour or **Mare Piccolo,** a quiet, dark-blue lake occupied by oyster-beds and shell-fisheries. Nets suspended to the arches catch an immense number of fish as they return to the open sea with the ebb of the tide. Like Bari, the town has an eastern aspect, with its narrow streets, high white houses, and flat roofs, and its miserable, filthy, scrofulous population, which has been confined in the narrow space occupied by the Acropolis of the Greek city since the eleventh century.

Tarentum is believed to have derived its name from the little river Taras (now *Tara,* corrupted into *Fiume di Terra*), about

four miles to the south. But Renaissance history declares that Taras was the name of the founder, a great-great-grandson of Noah, who was brought to shore here by a dolphin, when his ship was lost upon the coast. The real founders were emigrants from Sparta in 701 B.C. The city was long one of the most important in Magna Graecia. It fell into the hands of the Romans in 272 B.C., and having been betrayed to Hannibal in the Second Punic War, was retaken by the Romans in 209 B.C., from which time, robbed of all its treasures, it began to decay, though it has always maintained a certain importance.

The first colony, 123 B.C., occupied the site of the present town, which was originally an island, but, in the time of the Greeks, a low sandbank, uniting it to the mainland, turned it into a peninsula, and it is so mentioned by Strabo. The sandbank, however, was so low that Hannibal was able to drag his ships across it, when they were imprisoned in the Mare Piccolo, and launch them again in the outer harbour. The isthmus was again cut through in the Middle Ages for the protection of the town.

The **Corso Vittorio Emanuele,** replacing the ancient ramparts toward the sea, is the aristocratic quarter of Taranto, and has some palazzi decorated with the numerous balconies which are a relic of Spanish rule. The archiepiscopal **Cathedral of S. Cataldo** is the most important Christian edifice in a city which claims to have been converted by S. Paul himself, who is said to have landed in the bay, twenty miles south of the town, on his way to Rome. Externally it has remains of Lombardic character, but internally it is completely modernised. The shrine of the patron saint, an Irish bishop of the second century, has been well described as "an orgy of rococo." The only other church worth notice is **S. Domenico,** with a steep outer staircase adorned with statues of saints. The **Strada Garibaldi,** following the shore of the Mare Piccolo, but shut out from it by the line of ramparts, is the fisherman's street, where the inhabitants speak a dialect of their own, with a frequent interspersion of Greek words.

In the wall of a house in the Via Maggiore two columns were found in 1881, and part of a frieze in Pentelic marble, with a relief representing a combat between Greeks and barbarians.

The principal curiosity of Taranto is the **Mare Piccolo** (about six miles long and three miles broad), with its active industries of fisheries and the propagation of fish. The method of farming oysters here is still the same as that which Sergius Orata brought to Tarentum from Brindisi before the Social War, and the mode of farming mussels is that which was in existence in the twelfth century. Ropes are plunged into the water, and, when festooned with shells, are drawn up, and carried to the market, where the purchaser chooses his mussels himself, makes his bargain, and then has them detached. Ninety-three varieties of fish, and a

hundred and fifty kinds of shells and echini, are produced by the Mare Piccolo; the market is a curious sight, and many kinds of fish will be recognised there which appear on the ancient coins of Tarentum, proving the importance of the fisheries from very early times. Pliny tells us that the purple dye extracted here from different kinds of murex was the most costly after that of Tyre. The Holy Coat of Treves and the muslins which we see in the paintings of the dancing girls of Herculaneum were made from the *pinna marina*. This silk-bearing fish (*byssus*) is still caught in the Mare Piccolo with the net *pernuetico*, and its silk (*lana pesce*) is still made up for gloves and ribands at Naples and Malta, though more for curiosity than utility. The Mare Piccolo is almost divided into two by the promontories of *Punta della Penna* and *Il Pizzone*. Wandering along its low-lying shores we find many remains of ancient buildings, the most considerable of which, belonging to the theatre, are in the gardens which are the property of the monastery of S. Francesco di Paola. At the spot called Fontanella is the **Monte di Chiocciole,** a hill entirely formed of the shells (*Murex trunculus* and *Murex brandaris*) used in making the purple dye. The remains of the ancient bridge are perceptible, where Plato landed and was received by the Tarentine philosophers.

Amongst the olives many villas have arisen, with gardens abounding in the Tarentine cypress, for sowing the seeds of which Cato gives instructions. The most important (not shown) is the **Villa S. Lucia,** built in the end of the eighteenth century by the famous Archbishop Capecelatro, who published a book against the celibacy of the clergy. For his dignified part in the Revolution of 1799 he was arrested on the first return of the Bourbons; but Queen Caroline and Nelson, after the execution of Admiral Caraccioli, trembled before that of an archbishop, and he remained in prison, to be restored to liberty and power under Murat. Upon the second restoration of the Bourbons, he was deprived of his archbishopric, and compelled to reside for the rest of his life under surveillance at Naples. He ceded his villa, over the gate of which he had inscribed, "Si Adam hic peccasset, Deus ignovisset," to Florestan Pepe, general under Murat, who passed the remainder of his life here in a kind of exile. Near Santa Lucia as many as 25,000 terra-cottas have been found, 1880–82. They are, however, none of them perfect.

On the north shore of the Mare Piccolo, near the village of **Citrezze,** an abundant fountain, rising close to the chapel of S. **Maria di Galeso,** is the Galesus of Horace—

> "Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
> Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
> Mella decedunt, viridique certat
> Bacca Venafro;
> Ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
> Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
> Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
> Invidet uvis."
>
> *Horace, Carm.* ii. 6, 18.

Here Virgil describes the old man of Corycius—

"Namque sub Oebaliae memini me turribus arcis
Qua niger humectat flaventia culta Galesus
Corycium vidisse senem : cui pauca relicti
Jugera ruris erant ; nec fertilis illa juvencis,
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho."

Georg. iv. 125.

Martial praises the strong-smelling leeks of Tarentum—

"Fila Tarentini graviter redolentia porri
Edisti quoties, oscula clausa dato."

Ep. xiii. 18.

Monte Melone, eight miles distant from Taranto, is supposed to be the Aulon beloved by Horace,* and celebrated by Martial † for its wool and wine.

On the coast, between Taranto and Gallipoli, **Torre di Saturo** marks a spot mentioned by Horace for its breed of ponies—

"Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo."

Sat. i. 6, 59.

One cannot leave Taranto without speaking of the *tarantola,* the huge spider of this district, whose curious habits have been described by Valetta and Baglivi. The superstition that its bite is fatal dates from the eleventh century. In the fourteenth century an epidemic of melancholy madness, which pervaded the women of Apulia, ending in frenzies, like those of hydrophobia, and frequently in death, was believed to proceed from the bites of the tarantola, chiefly because the disease appeared at the season when this large spider woke up to its summer life. It was believed that music was the best means of giving relief to the *tarantolati,* inciting them to dance, and causing them to throw off the imaginary poison of the tarantola in perspiration. The patient, dressed in white, and crowned with flowers, used to be led out into a garden by her friends, and the musicians in attendance would play the air of the tarantella, which the *tarantolata* would follow, only leaving one partner to take another till she fell down exhausted, when a pail of cold water was thrown over her, and she was put to bed. The epidemic of Apulia, and the belief in the tarantola bite, spread over the whole of Italy, till regular *fêtes* were appointed for the cure, which received the name of *carnavaletti delle donne.* In the seventeenth century the belief in the tarantola bite began to subside, and now nothing remains of tarantismo except the joyous air, so dear to Neapolitans.

"Come in Puglia si fa contro il veleno
Di queste bestie, che mordon coloro,
Che fanno poi pazzie da spiritati ;
E chiamansi in vulgar Tarantolati ;
E bisogna trovar un, che sonando
Un pezzo, trovi un suon che al morso piaccia ;
Sul qual ballando, e nel ballar sudando
Colui, da se la fiera peste caccia."

Berni, Orlando Innamorato.

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* *Od.* ii. vi. 18. † *Ep.* xiii. 125.

CHAPTER X

IN MAGNA GRAECIA—EASTERN CALABRIA

Eboli : Contursi : Sicignano : Auletta : Pertusa : La Polla : Sala : Padula : Lago Negro : Lauria : Castelluccio : Viggianello : Sybaris : Spezzano : Turione : Terranuova : Bisignano : Montalto : Busento : Crati : Cosenza : La Sila : Corigliano : Rossano : Cariati : Paternum : Punta dell' Alice : Strongoli : Petilia : Cerenzia : Cotrone : Capo delle Colonne : Belcastro : Catanzaro : Squillace : Coscia di Stalletti : Monasterace-Stilo : Castel Vetere : Roccella : Gioiosa : Gerace : Locri : Capo di Burzzano : San Giorgio : Ardore : Bovalino : Brancaleone : Spartivento : Palizzi : Bova : Melito : Capo dell' Armi : Reggio : Scilla.

Only determined and hardy archæologists will care to explore the sites of once-famous cities in Magna Graecia. The greater part of the country is ugly, consisting of low sandy hills or marshy plains, overgrown with *porazzi* and other poisonous herbs. The so-called towns are for the most part ruinous earthquake-riven villages, with a miserable population. On the coast itself, Roccella is the only picturesque place before reaching Reggio. There are no inns fitted for English visitors, and only archæological enthusiasm will support the poor accommodation and filth of the country *alberghi*, where all sanitary arrangements are unthought of, or even the wretched rooms provided for the use of strangers at some of the railway stations, around which young plantations of eucalyptus always bear witness to the unhealthiness of the country. Brigandage is almost a danger of the past; but in autumn the malaria is an enemy which no one can face with impunity.

The classical student cannot fail to be interested in these shores—

> "For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
> Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
> And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows."

But it must be remembered that, except in the small ruins near Metapontum and Crotona, the remains of the Greek cities are little more than foundations: of Heracleia, Sybaris, Thurii, and Locri, little more than the sites are to be seen. Almost every one of the Greek colonies along the coast was enumerated by Lycophron, long a resident at Rhegium.

Calabria has suffered so frequently from earthquakes that

few mediæval remains even exist. The cathedral of Gerace is perhaps the most interesting. Yet this province has furnished ninety saints, seventy *beati*, and ten Popes to the Church.

From Taranto to Torremare the line passes through a country desolated by malaria. Even giving an appointment as station-master in this district is rather like signing a death-warrant ; and, from the absence of labourers, or indeed any resident population, there is scarcely any cultivation, though a natural oasis of verdure indicates the course of each rivulet, and the water-courses—*fiumare*—are bright in summer with oleander blossoms. The poverty, filth, ignorance, and degradation of the inhabitants are indescribable ; and emigration of the effectual males to America only increases the evil.

"Qui pourrait jamais croire, sans être venu dans ces contrées, qu'il existe en Europe, dans un grand royaume civilisé, des cantons où l'on peut voir curer des fossés des prairies marécageuses en n'ayant que des paniers pour enlever les vases, en employant au lieu de bêtes de somme de pauvres femmes, des jeunes filles et des enfants, littéralement noyés sous la boue qui découle de l'osier disjoint sur leurs têtes et leurs vêtements. C'est un spectacle de misère et de dégradation au del à duquel rien ne peut aller, et qui, lorsqu'on en a été témoin, ne s'efface plus du souvenir."—*F. Lenormant.*

Eboli (Eburum) (*Albergo del Pastore*) is a white town of some twelve thousand inhabitants, situated upon the slope of a hill, surrounded by fruit gardens. It gave a title to the younger sons of the Angevin king Charles II. Later, it was conferred on his illegitimate descendants : one of these took a chief part in the murder of Andrew of Hungary at Aversa. The view from the old castle over the plains of Paestum and the Gulf of Salerno on one side, and the rich forest of Persano on the other, is delightful. The Church of S. Francesco contains a Madonna, by **Andrea da Salerno,** and a Crucifixion, by **Roberto di Oderisio,** the supposed author of the frescoes painted for Queen Joanna I. in S. Maria l'Incoronata, at Naples. **Monte Alburno** may be visited from here (5710 ft.).

"Est lucos silari circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, aestron Graii vertere vocantes,
Asper, acerba sonans."

Georg. iii. 146.

At **Contursi** are sulphur-springs, which, however, have not saved it from epidemics. It was a fief of the San Severini. There is an omnibus to **Caposele,** which is the main source of the Silarus. Following the course of the Tanagro (ancient Fanager) we reach **Sicignano,** with magnificent mountain-forest scenery, and pass along to **Auletta,** formerly a fief of Matteo di Gesualdo (1340). The appalling "terre-moto" of 1857 destroyed the town completely. The new line from Sicignano continues making for the splendid Val di Diano, passing **Pertusa** (so called from a cleft of rock), whence the Tanagro (or Negro) emerges after having travelled underground for two miles, "et sicci ripa Tanagri" (*Georg.* iii. 151 ; *cf.* Plin. ii. 225). The cleft is dedicated to S. Michael.

La Polla (Forum Popilii), 1456 ft., at the head of the fertile Val di Diano, is watered by the Negro, here called the Calore, which loses itself immediately below the town. The valley gradually widens out to five miles in breadth, looked upon by many white villages, among which flax is a staple product. On the left is descried **Atena**, an ancient Lucanian stronghold, which played its part in the Pyrrhic and Samnite Wars, on a double hill-head.

Sala (Albergo Pietro), on the side of Monte Marsicano (4812 ft.), is dominated by a fourteenth-century castle. Beautiful vases of bronze and silver of the fifth century B.C. may be seen in the house of Avvocato Boezio. It is believed to occupy the site of the Roman Marciliana, on the Via Popilia.

Teggiano (Tegianum), opposite, on a low hill, is reached by crossing the river at Ponte di Silla, a Roman bridge. It enjoyed municipal rights.

It was originally surrounded with polygonal walls—perhaps had a double apex. Earthquake and the steep declivity have laid them low. A fine terminal cippus of the time of the Gracchi has lately been found there.

Padula, situated also on the left, above the large Carthusian monastery of San Lorenzo, close to which stood, as the remains show, an Ionic temple. The plough is always turning up fresh objects of early Lucanian civilisation in these places. On a hill above are remains of early opus quadratum walls. The Certosa has been declared a national monument. An interesting and beautiful *détour* can be made hence to Monte Murro, in the valley of the Agri. At Saponara (Grumentum), on a neighbouring hill, Sempronius Longus defeated Hanno with severe loss, taking forty-one military standards from him, and driving him back to Bruttium. The ruins of the ancient town are not important, but lie immediately to the east of the modern town. In the garden of Canon Ceramelli may be seen a Roman cippus, and in the municipal library several inscribed slabs and vases. The railway and the high-road are gained once more at Montesano, where the great valley visibly narrows. Four miles further brings us to Casalbuono, at its close. Publius Crassus was defeated near here by Marcus Lamponius, Sulla's general, in 90 B.C., and was obliged to shut himself up in **Grumentum.**

Lago Negro (Albergo del Sirino), at the foot of Monte Sirino (6584 ft.), whence flows the ancient Siris (now Sinno), upon whose banks Pyrrhus defeated the Romans. The Lake of Sirino (Lacus Niger), backed by mysterious rocky glens, lies midway between this and **Lauria**, opposite M. Sirino, which has given name, and probably birth, to the celebrated Calabrian Admiral, Ruggiero di Loria, whose adventurous career, respectively in the service of the Aragonese and the Neapolitan Angevin kings, during the years following the Sicilian Vespers, added so greatly to the romantic colour of that struggle. Hence the road turns south-west toward **Maratea** and the coast, effecting a junction with the railway route between Reggio and Policastro.

From **Lauria**, a beautiful mountain road takes us down, in eleven miles, to **Castelluccio,** beside the Lao, called S. Sofia in mediæval days. The upper town is perched on a rock; the lower is in the plain below. Beyond it travels the grand range called Costiera d'Agromonte. The two branches of the Lao can be well seen, with **Viggianello** (Byanellum) up the eastern valley, and **Rotondo,** a short five miles, in front, on an isolated hill, the shape of which gives it its name. The heights all around, though grand, are bleak and lonely, and a long, weary ascent takes us over the highland of **Campo Tenese,** with Monte Pollino (7325 ft.) and the snowy ridges of the Cozzi di Ferriero towering to the clouds on our left, and the river flowing down now on one side the road, now on the other. The branch-line, from Lago Negro to Cassano, is here and there represented by two men and a mule lying in the sun. Everywhere the ash and the chestnut abound. Out across the vale on our right can be descried Mormanno, and after rounding the edge of the mountain down southward toward the plain, Lucanian Muranum, **Morano,** and **Castrovillari** (Aprustum), 1148 ft. (Albergo Excelsior), each with a ruined mediæval castle. At the latter place the road from **Percile** and **Cassano** strikes the main road, while the **Coscile,** or **Sybaris,** flows away to the sea with the rapid **Crathis,** which Euripides declared had the virtue of giving golden dye to the hair:

> "Irriguous with the beauteous-flowing stream
> Of Crathis, which the yellow tresses gilds,
> And blessings from its sacred fountains pours
> Through the rich land, that boasts a generous race."
>
> *Troades*, l. 228.

"The **Coscile or Sybaris** has the property, according to some authors, of making horses shy that drink of its waters; my muleteer knew of no such power. The exact position of the ancient city of Sybaris has not yet been satisfactorily fixed, though we are told by Diodorus Siculus (xii. 9) that the river Sybaris, which originally flowed into the sea by a separate mouth, had its course changed by the victorious inhabitants of Croto, that it might flow through and destroy the city. It is natural, therefore, to look for its remains near the confluence of the two rivers. At the same time, you must know that it is said to have been completely destroyed B.C. 510, and we can scarcely expect that much of it will have survived such a lapse of time. There was not the slightest appearance of any buildings having been on this spot, nor can I imagine that Sybaris was placed here. This city was not a small village, but contained a population, if we can believe ancient writers, of three hundred thousand persons; and, even if we consider this an exaggeration, still it must be allowed to have been of great size. The inhabitants were famed for their luxury and opulence, to such a degree that a Sybarite and a voluptuary became synonymous terms. One of the dresses of its folk, which came into the possession of Dionysius of Syracuse, was sold to the Carthaginians for 120 talents, upwards of £20,000. I tried to get across the river Coscile, but the plain through which the river flowed was so soft and the stream ran so rapidly, that I had to creep slowly along its banks for several miles before I reached a spot where I could safely pass."—*C. T. R.*, pp. 152–3.

The line here turns inland toward the mountains from **Spezzano** Station, which is five miles north of the town of Spezzano proper. The greater part of the country is marshy, owing to the conjunction and overflow of these rivers from the high watershed, and the tamarisk abounds in the drier portions. While, however, the stations follow the line accompanying the course of the Esaro, the respective towns whence they derive

HEAD OF THE PASS NEAR CAMPO TENESE

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their names lie usually at a considerable distance east of it. We are now in the land of the Thurian colony of Sybarites: and the ancient Thurium has been located at **Turione,** between Spezzano and **Terranuova.** It was founded about sixty years after the destruction of Sybaris in 443 B.C. Among the colonists were Herodotus, and the orator Lysius. In 281 B.C., after having capitulated to the Romans, it was attacked and captured and punished by the Tarentines. It was converted into a Latin fortress 194 B.C. under the name of Copiae, and was stormed in the slave war under Spartacus. One account declares that it was from Thurium the Romans derived their chariot-races. The coins bear a helmeted head of Pallas, and on the reverse a bull at bay, beneath which is a dog-fish. At **Tarsia** the valley of the Crati (Crathis) is reached. The whole of this region has suffered for ages from marsh-miasma, largely due to want of good canalisation and to the cutting down of the wood. Tarsia is thought to be **Caprasia.** It has a fifteenth-century ruined castle of the Spinelli. The scenery becomes very attractive here, the line gradually ascending the eastern bank of the Crati, which it has now crossed, and the highlands of S. Marco towering against the palest blue sky on our right. **Mongrassano** is passed before we reach the station for **Bisignano,** ancient Besidiæ, surrounded by seven hills, crowned by a citadel. All kinds of fruit-trees abound here, especially the mulberry, upon which the local silk industry largely depends. A few miles south-east of it stands **Acri,** above the Mucrone, formerly a redoubted stronghold of the brigands of La Sila, especially in 1806 of the terrible Francatrippa, whose deeds and fate will be related further on. This was in the days of the terrible Cardinal Ruffo, who, as Royal Vicar, swept Calabria from Reggio upwards with blood and fire, by means of his own brigand-army, which cared only for slaughter and pillage. **Montalto,** the home of a Waldensian colony of the fourteenth century, lies out on the mountains west of us, with its castle; and Rende-San-Fili, beyond which the road from Cosenza passes above it and across the mountain-forests direct to **Paola** on the western coast. (Diligence daily in seven hours and a half, fare 5 lire.) All the neighbouring villages live by the silk trade: and mulberry trees of four kinds are grown: and the worm "grande aspo" is literally worshipped. The oranges here are magnificent.

The train presently reaches a point near the junction of the **Busento** with the **Crati** associated with the impressive legend of the burial of Alaric, King of the Goths.

"I was curious to see the burial-place of Alaric, the celebrated King of the Goths, who died here 410 A.D., and as he was afraid, from the cruelties he had committed on the inhabitants, that his dead body would be abused, he gave directions that the river Busento should be diverted from its course at its confluence with the Crati, and his body having been there buried, the river was again allowed to flow in its old channel. The peasants have an idea that large treasures were buried with his body. I visited the spot where the two rivers meet, a picturesque burying

ground, but I did not see any reason to suppose that the river Busento had ever been diverted from its present course. It must have been a work of great labour to divert the river in such a way as to accomplish the object they had in view, and it is scarcely possible that, if they had cut another channel, some appearance in the form of the ground should not have been left. This, however, is not the case so far as I can judge. Orosius, a contemporary of Alaric, records his death, but says nothing of the barbarous transaction to which Gibbon alludes (v. iii. 452)."—*C. T. R.*, p. 81.

The bridge near by is now called Ponte Alarico.

Busento.—"I found that the river Busento was of considerable size and could only be passed by boat, *scafa* as they call it. It was well that I became acquainted with this fact, as I should have landed myself in marshes, at the mouth of the river, toward which I was wending my way, as the direct road to Policastro. The river rises in the mountains of Sanza, and after receiving several small tributaries, disappears in a deep abyss at a spot called Tironi, and having run about three miles underground, issues forth at a place called Li Zirzi, six miles from Policastro. In this vicinity I heard of a spring at a spot called Confoci, which begins to flow towards the end of May, continuing the whole summer in great abundance until the month of September, when it suddenly ceases and continues dormant till the following summer."—*C. T. R.*, pp. 45–6.

The ancient **Consentia,** the capital of the Bruttic, is still, as **Cosenza** (Albergo Vetere), the chief town of the Province of Calabria Citra (21,180 pop.). It stands enthroned at the head of the valley of the **Crati,** rather too much shut in and reminding one of Botzen. The river, which traverses it, is crossed by several bridges. There is an industrious and thriving population, carrying on extensive trade in silk, flax, wine and manna, not to speak of cutlery and pottery. The upper and the lower town offer a good deal of contrast to one another: but both abound with picturesque folk in comical hats, very swarthy, and with the most beautiful teeth in Italy. The **Duomo,** miserably modernised in 1750, dates from 1222 (when it was consecrated in the presence of Frederick II.), and contains the tomb (sacristy) of Louis III. of Anjou (1434). Above the town, an hour's climb, stands the ruined Norman castle (1250 ft.). Hannibal captured the town with the aid of the Lucanians: but the Romans afterwards recaptured and sacked it. S. Domenico has a fine wheel-window.

Alaric died while besieging it, and it suffered on three separate occasions from the Saracens, from whose bondage the Normans at last released it and made it the capital of their Calabrian Province in 1132. Hither, after the disastrous crusade to Tunis, in which Louis IX. and his brother succumbed, came that peculiar royal funeral procession with his remains escorted by Charles of Anjou, Philip le Hardi, and Henry, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, in 1270.

When their gallant following had sufficiently recovered strength with the sea-breezes of Sicily, King Philip and King Charles crossed to **Reggio,** in Calabria, and set out for Rome, bearing along with them the remains of St. Louis and his brother Tristram, and the King of Navarre, Theobald. But death had not even yet done with their kindred. At Cosenza the Queen of France, Isabella of Anjou, herself died: thus adding one

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more funeral burthen to the melancholy procession. The end of Isabella was truly tragic. When the sad procession had reached **Martorano,** the luckless lady, already six months *enceinte,* was crossing a swollen stream on horseback when she fell from the saddle. Her suite saved her from drowning, but had to carry her half dead to **Cosenza,** where she gave birth to a dead child, made her will, and died January 28, 1271. After the horrible custom then obtaining, her flesh was stripped from her bones, which were taken to S. Denis by her disconsolate husband, and buried here with the dead child, near the altar of SS. Pietro and Paolo. Her beautiful Gothic monument in tufo was rediscovered by the careful architect, Giuseppe Pisanti, during the restorations of the Duomo, in 1891. There is to be seen on his knees that Philip, with the little nose, whom Dante reproaches (*Purg.* vii. 105). **Henry of Cornwall** was destined to be murdered at Viterbo by the De Montforts, before his bones reached their resting-place at Hayles, in Gloucestershire. All which deaths from plague and fever were commonly ascribed to these monarchs having made peace with the Saracens. In the public gardens, which are very well kept, are statues and busts in honour of eminent citizens, such as Bernardino Telesio (1509–88), a remarkable opponent of the Aristotelian philosophy, Parrhasius, the grammarian (1470–1534), and Antonio Serra. Many a brigand has been burned alive or hanged in this piazza, in the old terrible days of General Maudes. A death in a house here is marked by a black scarf twisted round the door.

Some ten hours' journey east of **Cosenza,** up in the most magnificent scenery of **La Sila,** lies **San Giovanni in Fiore,** the home of the famous mystic Cistercian, Joachim of Flora,

> "Il Calabrese Abate Gioachino,
> Di spirito profetico dotato,"

who was born at Celico, and died in (?) 1202–1205, having travelled, litigated, and prophesied—the last in an ominous manner, concerning the Church and the State—Hohenstaufen and Papacy. The Franciscans a little later regarded him somewhat as their own John the Baptist. From **San Giovanni,** a good road leads down, through wild, beautiful, and lonely scenery, to **Cotrone,** on the Gulf of Taranto, which, indeed, is the route by which we approached it. Interesting fossils are found in this region, Clypeaster altus, gibborus, and granulatus; and Carcharondon megaladon and Corax falcatus.

La Sila is divided into **Sila Grande** (the northern), **Sila Piccola** (the southern), and **Sila Badiale,** around S. Giovanni.

CASSANO—REGGIO

Corigliano, with its exquisite name (*Κωρίων ἐλαίων*), stands four miles from the Gulf of Taranto, on a ridge formed like a horseshoe, and dominated by a fine castle of the San Severini

flanked with round towers. The streets are narrow, as usual in these too much be-sunned towns, and very dirty: and it has six churches. The Fraxinus ornus, which abounds in the neighbourhood, weeps its edible gum, called Calabrian manna.

Cosenza can be reached by diligence from here with a tolerable road, *via* Bisignano. The mountain ranges of **La Sila** now become the prominent feature of the country. An annual migration of the peasants and their flocks to the upper part of the mountains takes place in June, and they remain there pasturing until October. From a scene on the Sila, Virgil draws one of his most striking comparisons in describing the combat between Aeneas and Turnos:

> "Ac velut, ingenti Silâ summove Taburno,
> Cum duo conversis inimica in praelia tauri
> Frontibus incurrunt; pavidi cessere magistri;
> Stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque juvencae,
> Quis pecori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur:
> Illi inter sese multa vi vulnera miscent,
> Cornuaque obnixi infigunt, et sanguine largo
> Colla armosque lavant; gemitu nemus omne remugit
> Haud aliter Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros
> Concurrunt clypeis. Ingens fragor aethera complet."
>
> *Aen.* xii. 715.

Rossano, anciently Roscianum (15,000 inhabitants). **Albergo Milano** is four miles from the line, likewise situated on a ridge with important quarries of alabaster; was originally a fortress between Thurium and Paternum. It was the birthplace of S. Nilus (910–1005), founder of the Basilian Convent at Grotta Ferrata, near Frascati; and of John VII. (705–707), the restorer of Sta. Maria Antiqua, in the Forum. Belisarius garrisoned it on his descent into Italy; but it had to surrender to Totila, who sacked it. In the sixteenth century it became a principate for Giangiorgio Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement VIII., whose daughter transferred it on marriage to the Borghese. It became a bishopric in the fifth century. In the archiepiscopal library is to be seen the beautiful **Codex Rossanensis,** dating from the sixth century, engrossed on purple-dyed vellum. It is a Greek codex of S. Matthew (of a letter of Eusebius) in uncial characters. The people and clergy here were the most obstinate in clinging to the Greek rite of any folk in Calabria. Count Roger, the Norman, restored the see to Rome; but the people refused to be bound by the transaction and remained conservative until the fifteenth century. Frederick II. confirmed its ancient privileges. Greek lectures are still given here on Palm Sunday.

The next four stations are **Mirto Crosia, San Giacomo, Pietrapaola, Campana,** in uninteresting situations, but for the **Capo del Trionto.** Various small and ochreous streams are crossed until we reach **Cariati,** with an old castle. (Boat to **Cotrone,** 50 lire; Albergo di Sibari.)

The line now crosses the **Fiumenica,** the Hylias of Thucydides (vii. 35), which was the boundary between Thurium and Crotona. The Torre Fiumenica, at the mouth of the stream, marks the

site of vanished **Paternum,** an early bishopric. On the left juts out **Punta dell' Alice,** the ancient Crimissa, where a temple of Apollo Alaeus was erected by Philoctetes, who is said here to have hung up the bow of Heracles, and to have founded that city where the dirty village of **Ciro** now stands, with its olive-woods. The ridge of ash-trees beyond leads to **Strongoli,** on a high hill, which that hero likewise founded as **Petilia,** after the war.

"Hie illa ducis Meliboei
Parva Philoctetae subnixa Petilia muro."
Aen. iii. 401.

Like many more, this little city became conspicuous during the second Punic War for its fidelity to Rome, holding out against Hannibal during an eleven months' siege till all the grass in the streets, the bark and shoots of the trees, and all the leather in the town were eaten up. "Itaque Hannibali non Petilian sed fidei Petelinae sepulchrum capere contegit." * At the end of the war Petilia was treated with especial favour: its eight hundred survivors were honourably re-established, and it long continued prosperous. Many interesting inscriptions have been found (Appian. *Ann.* 29, 57). At the door of the cathedral is a square altar with inscriptions dedicatory to M. Meconius, who left money and a vineyard to the municipium of Petilia, the former to be used in purchase of a candelabrum, for lights to be burned at a festival in which the wine of the latter, called caedicium, was to be drunk. The wild boar still haunts the neighbouring woods, and the vipers are here regarded as unusually dangerous.

"The day was fast coming to a close as I ascended the steep hill on which Strongoli is situated, clinging with difficulty to the uncomfortable saddle of my mule. I entered a half-ruined village, and proceeded at once to the house of the Judge to procure me shelter for the night. His daughters invited me to enter, while they despatched a messenger for their father. Their manners were simple and pleasing; their father requested me to accept a bed in his house. They have spent the greater portion of their life in Naples, and they consider their residence here to be a kind of exile."—*C. T. R.*, p. 144.

We now cross the **Neto** (the Neaethos of the Greeks), and most important of many streams that descend from **La Sila.** Here the captive Trojan women are said by Strabo to have burned the Greek ships. The fourth idyll of Theocritus, in which the shepherds, Corydon and Baltos, enumerate the places where they pasture their flocks, refers to this locality. Of the places mentioned in the idyll, Stomalimnos is the marshy wood which still exists at the mouth of the **Neto,** under the name of Bosco del Pantano, and Physeus may possibly be **Monte Fuscaldo.**

Above **Strongoli, Cerenzia,** supposed site of the Pandosia, against coming to which Alexander, the Molossian, King of Epirus, was warned by an oracle, but where, finding himself battling with the people of Bruttium, he fell sword in hand, 326 B.C. We now cross the **Esaro,** extolled by Theocritus, and approach **Cotrone** (Albergo della Concordia), with its fleet of

* Val. Maximus.

feluccas, a place with ten thousand inhabitants, occupying the site of the magnificent **Crotona** of the Achaeans, but no longer healthy or capable of furnishing good athletes. It suffered terribly under Dionysius in the wars with Pyrrhus, when it was pillaged by mutineers. Hannibal at one time made it his headquarters and kept here his transports, and from its roadstead he took his departure (203 B.C.) for Carthage. Within ten years it became a Roman burgess-colony. In legendary story Hercules, driving the bulls of Geryon, is related to have been intercepted here by Lacinius, king of the land. While engaged in combat with him, Croton, who had married Laura, the daughter of Lacinius, came to the help of Hercules; but the demi-god, misinterpreting his intentions, slew him. Repenting afterwards, he raised a magnificent tomb to his memory, and announced to the inhabitants that a great town would one day arise near the sepulchre of Croton and bear his name. Lacinius himself left a name to the neighbouring promontory, and his daughter one to the town called **Calo-Laura.**

> "Vixque pererratis, quae spectant littora terris,
> Invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora,
> Nec procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata crotonis
> Ossa tegebat humus; jussaque ibi maenia terra
> Condidit, et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem."
>
> *Ovid, Met.* xv. 53–57.

It is evident that the walls formerly enclosed a space six or seven times as extensive as the present town. The beautiful coins bear on the obverse the head (full face) of Hera, and on the reverse a seated Heracles. Pythagoras, having fled from Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, here took refuge and founded an aristocratic confraternity, 540 B.C., whose social and political influences made themselves sufficiently felt to excite hostility among politicians, with result that persecution and violence assailed them: their meeting-house was burned, and possibly their founder perished with his local disciples. His tomb was shown at Metapontum, in Cicero's day.

There flourished also here (as in mediæval times at Salerno) a famous **School of Medicine,** which produced the first physicians in Greece, including **Democedes,** who obtained renown by the cure of Darius and Atossa, in Persia; and Alcmaeon, another follower of Pythagoras, is credited with being the father of anatomy. In athletics **Crotona** was so pre-eminent that seven of its sons won prizes at the Olympic Games in one day. A most unfavourable account, however, of the inhabitants of Crotone is given by Petronius Arbiter, who describes them as devoid of temperance and morality, wholly given up to avarice. The fortifications built by Charles V. give it an imposing appearance; but the earthquake of 1783 has but too plainly set an ill mark upon its aspect; and the ancient proverb, "More healthy than Crotone," scarcely fits it any more.

If the day is calm, travellers will visit the Capo delle Colonne from Cotrone by sea, a voyage of about an hour. The excursion

thither on foot or horseback occupies two hours and a half. The path follows the shore as far as the little cove of **Porto Berlinghieri,** beyond which, a mere ledge in the precipice, it winds up the promontory. On the summit, in the centre, is the hollow called **La Fossa del Lupo.** On the point, upon a lofty base, rises the one remaining column of the **Temple of Hera Lacinia,** often called "the School of Pythagoras," and possibly familiar to his eyes, being the oldest monument of Greek architecture on the Italian coast.

> "Hinc sinus Herculei, si vera est fama, Tarenti
> Cernitur. Attolit se diva Lacinia contra,
> Caulonisque arces, et naufragum Scylaceum."
> *Æn.* iii. 551.

> "Extenditque suas in templa Lacinia rupes."
> *Lucan,* ii. 437.

The temple is described as having been founded by Hercules, and Virgil narrates that Aeneas, on landing, presented a golden vase to the goddess. On its walls was the famous picture of Helen by Xeuxis, for which he was allowed to select the five most beautiful virgins in the city as his models.*

> "Quando Zeusi l'imagine far volse,
> Che por dovea nel tempio di Giunone,
> E tante belle nude insieme accolse;
> E che, per una farne in perfezione,
> Da chi una parte e da chi un' altra tolse."
> *Ariosto, Orl. Fur.* xl. 1.

Livy (xxiv. 3) relates a saying that no wind ever moves the ashes on the altar in the portico of her temple.

"A few yards below the lofty column (26 ft.) the waves dashed lazily against the rock, which for ages has withstood their ceaseless roar, and now was cut into a thousand fantastic shapes. The founders of this temple seem to have built for eternity, so massive are the stones of its foundation. On one side which is the most perfect, five courses of stones, ten feet in length, had supported this magnificent edifice. The column, which seems to be about thirty feet in height, and which gives name to the cape, is of the Doric order, being fluted and broader at the base than at the head. The length of the temple, on the western side, is upwards of four hundred feet. Polybius (iii. 33, 56) tells us that the most interesting monument the temple possessed was an altar, on which Hannibal had inscribed in Punic characters a brief account of his various exploits."—*C. T. R.,* p. 142.

The ruins were destroyed in building the bishop's palace and the modern mole of Cotrone. Near the remains of the temple are some masses of opus reticulatum of an unknown Roman building.

A little to the south are three other capes, now called **Capo delle Colonne, Capo Cimiti,** and **Capo Rizzuto.**

The sweet-pea grows wild here in abundance on the banks of the Esaro. The surrounding country is called "Il Marchesato," from the title of the Ruffo family.

The journey by rail from Cotrone to Catanzaro (thirty-seven miles) occupies two hours. After a long tunnel the line crosses the **Tacina** (Targines) and **Crocchio** (Arocho), and traverses

* Cicero, *De Inv.* ii. 1; Pliny, xxxv. 9.

most dismal brushwood country, arid hills, or fever-stricken plains. The district near the sea is almost uninhabited, partly owing to malaria, but several villages occupy hill-set positions far on the right, amongst them **Arietta** and **Marcedusa**—Albanian colonies—and **Belcastro,** which gave the title of Count to a cousin of S. Thomas Aquinas.

Crossing the **Simmeri**—the ancient Semirus—and the Alli, we reach—

Catanzaro (station five miles from the town) (Albergo di Roma, and Centrale), which occupies a lofty ridge, united by an isthmus to the lower heights of the Sila, and overlooking a ravine with the flowing Corace. The town is not an antique locality, and contains no relics of the past, even the much-repaired castle of Robert Guiscard, its one memorial of the Middle Ages, built in 1060, having been destroyed by the municipality a few years ago. Catanzaro was half annihilated by the terrible earthquake of 1783, but is still one of the largest towns in Calabria, and contains 27,000 inhabitants. It retains picturesque costumes. From the public gardens there is a view of the houses suspended on the edge of the precipice. The Duomo has been frequently spoiled by earthquakes. In the *Church of S. Domenico* is a picture of S. Dominic receiving the rosary, probably by *Palma Vecchio.* Many pictures in the town are by *Mattia Preti*—"Il Calabrese"—who was a native of neighbouring Taverna. The manufacture of carpets and velvets is extensive.

One mile from the Marina of Catanzaro, on the right bank of the stream, which still bears its Greek name, is the hamlet of **La Rocelletta del Vescovo di Squillace,** containing an opus reticulatum ruin, and walls of a basilica of the fourth century.

The forests of the **Rosito della Sila,** near Catanzaro, abound in the excellent mushroom—Agaricus deliciosus—growing at the roots of fir-trees, which is celebrated by Pliny, and represented amongst the luxuries of the table in the frescoes of Pompeii. People have a phrase here, "Ghiotti di Funghi."

From Tiriolo, nine miles distant, Etna and Stromboli can be seen in clear weather. A road from hence leads by Nicastro to S. Eufemia through grand scenery.

Squillace (Scylaceum). The town, three miles from the sea, is situated on precipitous rocks (1130 ft.) which are offshoots of the Calabrian Apennines, between the two rivers, anciently Carcines and Caecinus. It succeeds the Greek Scylletion, originally an Ionic colony, of which it is supposed that the Greek inhabitants were removed to Syracuse by Dionysius. But it does not find mention in the list of cities in the Periplus. It, however, was a dependency of Crotona and became a Roman colonia. The city "hangs to the side of the hill as a grape to a vine, and receives the influence of the sun from its rising to its setting." Thus it is described by its most celebrated native, Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus, the historian, who was successively senator, quaestor,

prefect, and the last man who filled the office of consul.* Minister under Odoacer, secretary to Theodoric, Amalasontha, and Athalaric, he preserved his office under Theodatus and Witiges. After having exercised for fifty years an almost sovereign power, he determined in his seventieth year to pass the rest of his life in religious solitude, and with him the glory and prosperity of the Gothic kingdom in Italy disappeared (A.D. 570). Here he founded the celebrated Monasterium Viveriense, on the site of the paternal villa, which was his birthplace. Here, successively monk and abbot, he continued his literary studies, and wrote his *History of the Goths*, his treatise *De Institutione Divinarum Litterarum*, and many other works.

"Cassiodore donna, du sein de sa nombreuse communauté, l'un des premiers et des plus illustres modèles de cette alliance de la vie religieuse avec la vie intellectuelle qui devait tant honorer l'Ordre monastique. Cette passion littéraire qui enflammait le noble vieillard ne servait qu'à redoubler son zèle par le stricte observance de la régularité monastique. 'Dieu nous fasse la grâce,' écrivait-il, 'd'être semblables à des boeufs indefatigables pour cultiver le champ de notre Seigneur avec le soc de l'observance et des exercices régulières.'

"Avant de mourir Cassiodore abdiqua la charge d'abbé, afin de se livrer entier à la contemplation de l'éternité. Mais il n'en vivait pas moins dans une tendre et vigilante union avec ses religieux. Il terminait tous ses écrits en leur demandant avec instance, et comme l'acquit d'une dette de coeur, de prier pour son âme. . . . On calcule qu'il a dû vivre près de cent ans."—*Montalembert, Les Moines d'Occident.*

Some ruins still remain at the spot called **Coscia di Stalletti** from a Basilian monastery dedicated to S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, which succeeded that of Cassiodorus. A spring close by is still called Fontana di Cassiodoro. This is the fountain of Arethusa "in Scylatino territorio," which is described by Cassiodorus as answering to the human voice, becoming agitated in proportion to the loud tones or even the cough of those who look into it. Three arches of an *Aqueduct* built by the Emperor Antoninus remain near this, at a spot called Simari.

The storms of the bay of Squillace—"navifragum Scylaceum," are celebrated by Virgil, but the natives believe that they have ceased since the evil spirits who caused them were driven out of the neighbouring grotto of Stallati by angels bearing the body of S. Gregory, to whom it is now consecrated.

The railway now crosses the *Ancinale*. On the right bank *Satriano* occupies the site of Caecinum. The scenery now becomes uglier and uglier.

Monasterace-Stilo, on the Assi, is supposed to occupy the site of Mystia, mentioned by Pliny. The village contains the ruins of a convent of the Knights of Rhodes.

About six miles from hence is the picturesquely placed town of *Stilo*, on the Stillaro, situated on a mountain-shelf with precipices above it. Near this is the Byzantine church, *La Cattolica*, a quadrangular building with three eastern apses, supported by ancient marble pillars, the first of which (right) bears a Greek inscription and cross. It carries five cupolas.

* Var. xii. 15.

The railway now crosses the Rio Alaro, the ancient Sagras, famous for the defeat of the army of Crotona by that of Locri.

On the banks of the Alaro, a few miles to the north-west, in a lofty situation, is **Castel Vetere,** which is believed to occupy the site of Caulonia, a Greek city founded by an Achaean colony from Aegium, which rose to considerable importance, and belonged to the Achaean federal communion in Magna Graecia. Here Apollo of Delphi was held in especial honour. Its power was broken by Dionysius, who carried off the inhabitants to Syracuse in 389 B.C., and gave its lands to the Locri. Across an arid wilderness we reach—

Roccella Ionica, the Romechium of Ovid's description of the voyage of the statue of Aesculapius. After so much weary ugliness, the magnificent rock of Roccella comes as a surprise. The weather-stained houses of the town, propped by every variety of arch and buttress, and broken here and there by a palm, rise from perpendicular cliffs; and farther inland is a second mass of rock crowned by a castle, and threaded to the town by a chain of towers. Artistically, Roccella is one of the finest coast scenes in Southern Italy.

Gioiosa (11,000 inhabitants) is placed inland, upon the Fiume Romano. There is no inn here, yet it is the best point whence to make an excursion to the grand ravine of the **Novito**—the Buthrotus of Livy, at **Canalo,** which is situated amid Titanic rocks, the town itself seeming almost crushed amid the precipices.

Gerace (Hieraca) (Albergo Locri) is a considerable town five miles from the sea, on a hill (1570 ft.), and not visible from the railway, with a **Cathedral,** finished in 1054, which has suffered terribly from earthquakes, but retains a magnificent crypt, supported by twenty granite and marble columns deriving from the temples of Locri Epizephyrii. The *Church of S. Francesco* has a beautiful Gothic portal of *c.* 1300. The Convent was destroyed during the wars of the Sicilian Vespers.

"Gerace, one of the three Sott' intendenze, into which Calabria Ulteriore I. is divided, is a large cathedral town, full of beautifully placed buildings, situated on a very narrow ridge of rock, every part of which seems to have been dangerously afflicted by earthquakes, splits, and cracks, and chasms, horrible with abundant crookednesses of steeples, and a general appearance of instability in walls and houses. Toward the north-west, the sharp crest of rock ends abruptly in a precipice, which on three sides is perfectly perpendicular. Here are the dark and crumbling ruins of a massive Norman castle, from which, by a scrambling path, you may reach the valley below; but all other parts of the town are accessible only by two winding roads at the eastern and less precipitous approach. The great height at which this place is situated, and its isolated site, give it a command of views the most wide and beautiful in character: that towards the sea being bounded by Roccella on the north, and Capo Bruzzano to the south; while the inland mountain ranges towards the west are sublimely interesting. . . . Each rock, shrine, and building at Gerace seems arranged and coloured on purpose for artists, and the union of lines formed by nature and art is perfectly delicious. A beautiful trait of the place is its admirable colour; its white or fawn-coloured cliffs, and gray or dove-coloured buildings, coming beautifully off the purple of mountains."—*E. Lear, Landscape Painter in Calabria.*

The village of **Torre di Gerace,** five miles from Gerace, on the seashore, marks the site of Locri Epizephyrii, one of the most

celebrated of the cities of Magna Graecia. It was probably founded soon after Crotona, 683 B.C. It possessed a written, probably the earliest *written*, code of laws, called that of Zaleucus, and, even in the days of Pindar and of Demosthenes, was regarded as a model of good government and order. The most important event in the history of the Locrians is their conquest of Crotona, on the banks of the Sagra, with an army of 10,000 against 130,000 men. In its quarrels with other States it was protected by an alliance with Syracuse, which was strengthened by the marriage of the elder Dionysius with Doris, daughter of Xenetus, one of its most eminent citizens. The younger Dionysius, when expelled from Syracuse, took refuge here, and, seizing the citadel, ruled with despotic power for six years. Locri continued to exist, after a humble fashion, in the sixth century A.D., and probably owed its final destruction to the ravages of the Saracens. The inhabitants regarded themselves as descendants of Ajax, son of Oileus. A great number of fragments of masonry remain on the sea-coast, and, at the farm called *Casino dell' Imperatore*, a mile from the sea, is the basement of a Doric temple, probably the celebrated temple of Proserpina, of which the treasures were carried off by Pyrrhus, restored owing to a violent storm which followed his impiety, and again carried off by the Roman Pleminius (205 B.C), but restored by command of the Senate.

[Equestrians may make a beautiful excursion from Gerace through the wooded defiles of Aspromonte to the western coast at Gioja, or by Palmi and Scilla to Reggio. By a divergence at Castelnuovo, the grandly situated **San Giorgio** may be visited, its houses piled on rocky plateaux, rising on a hill mantled with woods. Both seas are visible. The top of the pass reaches 3125 ft.]

Ardore, formerly called Odore, says Pacichelli, from its many flowers and vines, was rebuilt on its hill, by Ferdinand IV.

Bovalino. The town, situated on a height above the olive-woods, commands an exquisite view.

The low headland called **Capo di Burzzano**—the Zephyrium Promontorium, under which, according to Strabo, the Locrian colonists first settled, before removing to the site of their permanent city.

Brancaleone. The mountains are clothed with the glorious forests of **Pietrapennata,** "full of pictorial effect—Claude and Salvator Rosa at every step." High in the mountain of Aspromonte, passing through **S. Agata,** a humble village with a great castle, is the *Convent of S. Maria di Polsi*, situated in a close valley gloriously wooded below Montalto. The masses of ilex, chestnut, and Pinus (Laricio Calabra) in these mountain forests are indescribably beautiful. It was from these Calabrian forests that King Robert in 1308 sent supplies of "legnamina et trabes" to Rome in order to rebuild the Lateran after the fire in the previous year. Queen Giovanna I. repeated the gift on the occasion of the later conflagration in 1362. Legend asserts

that the shrine was built to commemorate the sagacity of an ox, which, having guided one of the Norman princes to this remote spot, there dug up a buried picture of the Virgin with his horns.

Leaving **Capo Spartivento,** the ancient Promontorium Herculis, to the left, the railway reaches—

Palizzi. The town is a strange vast cluster of houses built under the shadow of precipitous spiral rocks, leading up to a ruined castle.

Bova. The aerial town is like an eagle's nest, delightfully irregular, with streets like staircases, built on masses of cactus-growing rock, overlooking the most glorious view of wooded hills and sea and the distant Sicily. This place vies with the neighbouring Amendolea in claiming to be the birthplace of the sculptor Praxiteles. Its people are known by their neighbours as "Turchi," and speak a bastard Greek: they partly derive from a settlement under Charles III. de Bourbon in 1744. The silkworm is carefully cultivated here.

Melito, where Garibaldi landed in September 1860, and again in August 1862, when he was compelled to surrender to the Bourbon forces. A rugged path leads hence to the marvellously picturesque Pentedatilo.

"This strange town is so placed, that although seen from all the country round, you may pass close to it without being aware of its proximity. The ravine in which the river flows is crowded and blocked up with crags to the south of the great rock on which the town is built; so that it is necessary to cross to the western side of the stream, and ascend the heights which enclose it before finally recrossing it, in order to reach the remarkable crag itself. But having gained the high ground opposite, the appearance of Pentedatilo is perfectly magical, and repays whatever trouble the effort to reach it may so far have cost. Wild spires of stone shoot up into the air, barren and clearly defined, in the form (as its name implies), of a gigantic hand against the sky, and in the crevices and holes of this fearfully savage pyramid the houses of Pentedatilo are wedged, while darkness and terror brood over all the abyss around this, the strangest of human abodes. Again, a descent to the river, and all traces of the place are gone; and it is not till after repassing the stream, and performing a weary climb on the further side, that the stupendous and amazing precipice is reached; the habitations on its surface now consist of little more than a small village, though the remains of a large castle and extensive buildings are marks of Pentedatilo having once seen better days."—*E. Lear, Landscape Painter in Calabria.*

To the left is the **Capo dell' Armi**—the ancient Leucopetrae, still remarkable for the white rocks mentioned by classical authors, the last point in Italy where Demosthenes and Eurymedon touched with the Athenian armament before crossing over to Sicily and the point whence Cicero was forced to turn back when on his way to Greece, after the death of Caesar.

We are now completely in the beautiful South. On the right the most picturesque villages rise on every fantastic spur of the barren-looking hills, on the left we have the dreamlike vision of Sicily, with remote Etna across the blue waters. The very bank of the railway is overgrown with tamarisk, rosemary, and the trailing mesembryanthemum, with its huge purple flowers, at which humming-bird hawk-moths are dallying, and the bees hum against the waves.

Reggio (rebuilding after the disaster of 1908), though by no means attractive, enjoys a glorious view of Sicily. The country round is one vast garden of "agrumi." The harvest of oranges is of as great importance here as that of corn in England; and the fragrance from the warehouses in which they are packed, and the carts which bear them along to the wharfs, is most delicious. These carts are in themselves a study, being often richly carved, and almost always painted in gaudy colours with the history of Genoveva, King Roger, or some other "saint of the people," whose favourite oath is "Santa Diavalu!" Endless are the charming walks amongst the orange-groves, which also contain pomegranates and bananas. Once there were vast numbers of palm-trees in this part of Italy, but, after the expulsion of the Saracens, they were for the most part cut down, as being memorials of the infidel dominion. Still, here and there a palm is seen overhanging an old gateway near Reggio; and the artist will find many other lovely incidents in pergolas with waving tresses of amber-coloured vine, and wayside fountains with women filling great two-handled vases of the old Greek pattern, or (rarer, now) zampognari playing on their bagpipes (utricularii).

The natives maintain, as in ancient times, that Italy and Sicily were once united, and were torn asunder by an earthquake—

> "Haec loca, vi quondam, et vastâ convulsa ruinâ,
> Tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas
> Dissiluisse ferunt, quum protinus utraque tellus
> Una foret; venit medio vi pontus, et undis
> Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit; arvaque et urbes
> Littore diductas angusto interluit aestu."
>
> *Aen.* iii. 414.

It is mentioned by ancient as well as modern authors that the cicale, so noisy through the summer day in other parts of Italy, are mute at Reggio and in that district of Western Calabria; a fact which Church tradition accounts for by saying that S. Paul was so disturbed by them whilst he was preaching at Reggio, that he cursed them and bade them be dumb for evermore.

No one will visit Reggio without driving along the lovely coast to Scilla, with its castle on a sea-girt cliff. Advantage may be taken of the railway to make longer excursions to Pentedatilo, Gerace, into the glorious forest scenery of Pietrapennata, and to other points already mentioned in the mountainous region of Aspromonte, where Montalto rises to a height of 4380 ft. The natives cherish the belief that the terrible earthquakes, which are the scourge of this coast would cease for ever if a volcano would burst forth from Aspromonte, and thus relieve the throes of the earth. Catastrophes, such as that of 1908, have too often visited it (*see* p. 212).

CHAPTER XI

REGGIO TO SALERNO

Reggio : Aspromonte : Scilla : Palmi : Casalnuovo : Rosarno : Serra : Capo Vaticano : Tropea : Bivona : Monteleone : Porta di Piazza : S. Eufemia : Pizzo : Casino Chiarico : Maida : Vena : Tiriolo : Nicastro : Nocera : Terina : Amantea : Cosenza : Fiume Freddo : Paola : Acri : Fuscaldo : Guardia : Casalicchio : Belvedere-Maritimo : Cirella Maiera : Scalea : Dino : Tortora : Maratea : Punta degli Infreschi : Sapri : Policastro : Buxentum : Cape Palinurus : Ascea : Vallo : Cape Licosa : Torchiara : Agropoli : Capaccio : Lipari Islands : Stromboli.

On December 28, 1908, at an early hour, Reggio and Messina were destroyed by the last great earthquake. "And thence [Syracuse] we fetched a compass and came to **Rhegium**" (Acts xxviii. 13). The ancients, according to Strabo and Virgil, considered that Sicily had been broken off the mainland; hence, they referred its name to *ῥήγνυμι*. Its foundation as a town is referred to a Messenian colony, augmented by other and later Greek immigrations, in 743 B.C. It was sufficiently powerful a republic to defy Dionysius the Elder, who asked of it a wife, and was offered the daughter of their executioner, an insult which he severely revenged, and which well-nigh cost it its existence, 387 B.C. A hundred years later, in the rising of the Italic peoples and Campanian Greeks against Rome, the Lucarians and Bruttians took a prominent part with the Tarentines under Pyrrhus, King of Epirus; and the Roman garrison of **Rhegium** mutinied and murdered the Roman authorities there, thus delivering this important stronghold into the enemy's hands, which the victory of Pyrrhus at Heraclea further confirmed, at least in the hands of the mutineers. Rome, however, was bent upon driving the stranger from political footing on Italian soil. These were the great days of her Monroe-ism; and although Pyrrhus desired peace, it was not granted, even to the victor. In 270 B.C. Rome saw her opportunity for punishing the rebels who still ruled at Rhegium, and with the assistance of **Hiero**, the King of Syracuse, stormed the town, and after scourging the survivors of the garrison, beheaded them in the market-place. The town of **Messana**, opposite, was similarly punished by Hiero at the same time. The colony was reinstated. It then became the policy of Rome to firmly establish

a network of marine fortified towns around the coasts of Southern Italy: and to distinguish their Greek inhabitants by especial exemption from taxation and service, so as to strengthen their loyalty. Rhegium, Locri, and Thurium were all freed from contributing to the land-service. In consequence Rhegium remained faithful during the Punic Wars as well as during the Social outbreak of A.D. 90; although it had severely suffered from an appalling earthquake just prior to the latter event. Augustus settled a number of his veterans here, and it became known as Rhegium Julium, in contradistinction to Rhegium Lepidi, on the Via Aemilia (modern). The Byzantines under Belisarius occupied it in A.D. 536, after that general had left garrisons in Syracuse and Palermo, and there received important surrenders from the Goths, and thence marched up unchallenged to Naples, and supported by the Roman fleet. After the rout of the Romans in 542, at Mugello, by Totila, the whole of Southern Italy was at the mercy of that king, who occupied Rhegium, so as to prevent help being sent from Sicily; and a little later (549) reduced it by siege and crossed over thence in order to plunder and devastate Sicily. In 918 the Saracens took it; in 1005 the Pisans, at which period it belonged to the Greek dukedom of Naples and was ruled by a Praetor Calabriae; for most of the older Calabria (now the Province of Lecce) having been lost, its name was transferred to the ancient land of the Bruttii. This the Greek emperors held until the Saracen invasions, Reggio being the metropolitan city of the province to the Patriarchs, having no less than thirteen suffragan bishops assigned to it. It was left to the Normans, who captured it in 1060, to hand it over to the See of S. Peter. It has formed the chief point of vantage for all the invasions of Sicily from the mainland in all periods; and has suffered equally from political as from physical earthquakes. Rising from the ravages of the Turks in 1552 and 1597, the great earthquake of 1783 laid it in desolate ruins. The ancient point of embarkation, called "Columna Rhegina," is placed at a spot called Torre del Cavallo, a hundred stadia north of the present town, which was occupied by the British troops after the battle of Maida (July 1, 1806) until 1808.

The cathedral, dating only from the seventeenth century, bore on its façade the quotation from S. Paul given above, but it was not attractive. The main beauty of Reggio consisted in its position, and the view up and down and across the beautiful Straits of Messina, which are here just under eight miles in width, to the dreamy highlands of Sicily, crowned by "many-treed Etna." Fascinating effects of mirage may be witnessed here occasionally in tranquil weather, which are known as **Fata Morgana** (*i.e.*, Morgan the Fay)—the **legend of King Arthur** having been transferred, perhaps with the Normans, to their new possession. It is gravely related that the wounded Arthur lies stretched upon his royal bed waiting under Etna for the

coming of Christ, and that at certain times he can be seen through the mist in the straits, in the heart of the great mountains. Avalon has thus become Etna in this version. The author of the original *Lohengrin* declares that hero to lie in a mountain in India, and other historical figures are likewise related thus comfortably to await the day of return. It was a current belief, even down to the days of Queen Mary, that Arthur would some day return to his own : and it is said to be mentioned in the marriage contract with Philip II. of Spain.

Albergo Centrale, Del Genio, Café Giordano (rebuilding).
Consul : E. R. Kerrich. American Agent : C. Celesti.
Steamer twice a day to and from Messina, fare 2 lire, in connection with the trains to Palermo and Naples. In going to the latter, it is better to provide food beforehand, as none is supplied in the train. The port station (Reggio Porto) is that required for passengers travelling to Sicily.

Aspromonte (Montalto, 4380 ft.) can be ascended in eight hours, but is best done from Villa S. Giovanni, a station on the coast railway. In the battle near Reggio, called after this height, Garibaldi was wounded and captured by General Pallavicini, August 29, 1862.

Leaving Reggio, the line, closely following the coast, sees the straits growing narrower towards the **Faro** (Pelorus), on the north-east point of Sicily, and reaches Villa S. Giovanni, with a small stream flowing from the valley to the sea. Soon after this the line turns north-east, and brings grandly into view the Rock of **Scilla**, as localised here by Strabo, with the little modern town, roof upon roof, rising from a small bay beside it, and the remains of the palace of the Princes of Scilla. Philip Gualtier, a thirteenth-century writer, has verified the proverb,

" Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare charybdim [Alexandreis],"

which Horace had in his mind when he wrote—

" Ah, miser,
Quanta laborabas Charybdi
Digne puer meliore flamma ! "
Carm. i. xxvii.

The coins of Girgenti represent Scilla as a female marine monster, having the central body triplicate, that in the middle of a woman, and the lateral ones those of fierce dogs, all ending in a dolphin-like tail, Amphitrite, according to one tradition, having thus transformed a beautiful girl beloved by Poseidon, to spite her. The stories of Homer, Ovid, and Virgil concerning her vary very considerably. Probably all have grown out of the peculiar perils of the sea-currents here and elsewhere, but have been especially applied to this locality by the later poets. In the cottages one hears the " tricchi-tracchi-tra " of the laborious spinners ; no family but has a weaver. There are also silk-weavers. The men are mostly fishermen, and do considerable trade in sword-fish, anchovies, and molluscs. The scenery continues to be very beautiful, the olive and chestnut plantations on the right leading up to the furrowed and lonely mountain

CASTLE OF SCILLA *Dr. T. Ashby*

slopes of Aspromonte, while to the left stretches the **Golfo di Gioja,** with distant view of the Lipari Islands and, nearer, Sicily. Most of the towns are away up on the hill-sides, but lovely **Palmi** crowning a cliff, and girdled with orange-gardens and olive-woods, stands overlooking the blue waters (Albergo Trinacria).

"Straight from the sea-beach rise mountains of distinguished form, not capped with snow or clothed with pines, but carved of naked rock. Light and colour are the glory of these mountains. Valleys divide their flanks, seaming with shadow-belt and bands of green the broad hillside, while, lower down, the olives spread a hoary greyness, the skirts of which are kissed by tideless waves."—*J. A. Symonds, The Greek Poets,* p. 324, 1st series.

And yet one scarcely forgets for five minutes together that all the vicinity of our route has over and over again suffered most cruelly from earthquakes. "I am now on the spot which suffered so much from the earthquake, in 1783, destroying many thousands of the inhabitants; yet it is astonishing how tranquilly the mind can contemplate danger when it has once been accustomed to it. The houses are now built principally of wood, as few months pass without a shock more or less severe being felt, and yet they speak of the insecurity of their situation with the utmost nonchalance. Several of the inhabitants were old enough to have a very vivid recollection of what had taken place in 1783, and shuddered at the thought of what they had witnessed. They said the appearance of the sky gave warning of some fearful catastrophe impending: close dark mists hung heavily over the surface of the plain: even the waters of the river (Mesima) had a turbid colour, and a strong sulphurous smell was diffused around. It was on February 5 that **Casalnuovo** more particularly suffered, when the greater proportion of the inhabitants were crushed under the ruins of the houses. I was anxious to see some of the more striking effects of the convulsions, and I was conducted a few miles to a deep glen, which they said had been formed by the earthquake. They pointed to a forest which had been hurried down to the bottom of a deep ravine, without having been in the least separated by the shock. To the south my host pointed to the highest mountain, Aspromonte, and said that all their calamities arose from that central point. They would be safe if a volcano would burst out there, and give ease to the throes of the earth, letting off gases or pent-up air." Sir William Hamilton places the focus of the earthquake of 1783 at **Oppido,** a village on the flank of Aspromonte, and, let us add, close to our right hand among the folds of that mountain whence, *via* **Casalnuovo** and the Passo del Mercante, formerly beset with brigands, the road leads through splendid forests and defiles with a steep descent by **Agnana** to **Gerace,** near ancient Locri.

Continuing to **Gioja Tauro,** in the river Marro, which flows into the sea from beneath us, we have to recognise the Bruttian **Metaurus,** where Orestes, by the virtue of the waters of seven small streams, was restored to reason. Gioja is at present suffering from depression in the lemon market, chiefly owing

to foreign competition. Hence the old carriage-road travels gradually inland for eight miles to **Rosarno,** gleaming among the olives on a hill-side above the Medma, or Mesima. The luxuriance of the Mediterranean heath and arbutus, as well as the olives, attest the richness of the soil. The road in ten miles reaches Melito, while the railway continues to cling to the coast, passing Nicotera, rebuilt since 1783, which was surprised by Tunisian pirates, on the night of the festival of S. Peter, A.D. 1074, and had lost its women and children and gold and silver, in consequence of which Robert Guiscard, returning from Sicily and bent on subduing the republic of Amalfi, strengthened the castles at Mileto. Here Roger (the Great Count, as he called himself) died in 1101, and was interred in the abbey beside his first wife, Eremberga, " Linquens terrenas, penetravit Dux ad Amaenas, Rogerius sedes ; nam caeli detinet aedes." His second wife, Adeliza of Montferrat, gave birth here to Roger, King of Sicily. The sarcophagus is now in Naples. In all these strongholds of the Norman dukes and kings became established the Norman monk, belonging to the newly created Orders of S. Bernard and S. Bruno. In fact, at **S. Stefano del Bosco,** up beyond the rich forest of Soriano, near **Serra,** are the remains of the great mother monastery of the Carthusians, Della Torre, in which their founder lived, ruled, and was buried, A.D. 1101. The coast runs out into a bold promontory to **Capo Vaticano** (Taurianum Promontorium), with a lighthouse and island, while the railway makes a direct line to **Tropea,** the seat of the bishopric, situated on a conical crest of rocky cliff, half separated from the mainland, and overlooking a picturesque spiaggia, or beach, alive with fisherfolk, boats, nets, and all that can please the landscape painter. The older portion of the town above is partly surrounded with its mediæval walls, with three gates, and is crowned by the Duomo. In the days of King Robert the Wise (1338) civil war raged here between the noble families of Ferrucci and Nomicisia. The mountain scene behind it gives the place an attractive setting, with the villages of **Zungri** and **Drapia.** The costume of the women, often wearing many rings and heavy necklets of gold, or coral, is picturesque. Fine Calabrese coverlets, with diagonal lines or lozenges, can be found here. Some miles further north we reach **Bivona,*** regarded as the port of the Greek city of Hippo, or modern **Monteleone,†** till lately a castellated town of 12,000 inhabitants (Vibo Valentia of Livy, xxi. 51), seven miles inland upon a hill. " The plains here are famed for the beauty and variety of their flowers ; and hence the Greek colonists of Hipponium maintained it to be the place from which Proserpina was carried off. I find that the festival of the Madonna is now celebrated very much in the same way as we may suppose that of Proserpina was in ancient times. As her statue is carried through the streets, flowers are strewed before it by young virgins, and

* The ruined church here has a noble pointed arcade of the twelfth century.
† Destroyed 1908.

arches decorated with flowers are erected in various parts of the city through which she has to pass. The remains of the ancient walls are still to be seen, and are of a construction similar to those I found at Paestum, being immense square blocks of stone, placed on each other without mortar. At the **Porta di Piazza** there are some sepulchral inscriptions in the Roman character built into the wall of a house. At the church of **S. Leoluca,** the patron saint of Monteleone, there is a mosaic pavement in good preservation, though it is of coarse design."—*C. T. R.*, p. 1131. Vibo became a Roman colony 194 B.C., and continued to flourish during the early Empire. Many of the neighbouring villages have Greek names, although they are more often traceable to the Byzantine domination than to Dorian colonists. There are many silk-mills in Monteleone, and the cultivation of "gelsi," or mulberry trees, is everywhere evidenced; and this branch of agriculture is only second to that of the vine. The exports of silk from Italy have risen during recent years with such rapidity that she now produces a third of the entire silk of the world's commerce; and the more intelligent Calabrians are fast adopting the methods which have brought such profit to their compatriots in Lombardy. We now skirt the shores of the **Sinus Napetinus,** or **Golfo di Sta. Eufemia,** which has been the scene of many a mediæval as well as ancient seafight (Thucid. vi. 104; Caesar, *Bell. Civ.* iii. 101), until we reach the spot where the Maltese adventurer, into whose hands Murat had given his fate, betrayed his master, and sailed away with the ship, leaving the desperate king shouting himself hoarse on the shore, while the local adherents of the Bourbons surrounded the boat into which he had thrown himself in order to escape. Rescued from maltreatment, he was taken to **Pizzo,** and imprisoned until orders from Naples for a court-martial arrived. He was immediately condemned, as an enemy to his country, to be shot; and the sentence was carried out in the castle, he himself giving the order to the soldiers to fire (October 13, 1815). His body was placed in a vault in the Duomo; while **Pizzo** was honoured with the title of Città Fedelissima.

"'**General Murat,** our consciences are clear: you are condemned to death by your own law; and you must die. If you wish a confessor, you shall have one summoned immediately.' It is said that General Nunziante was so deeply affected at the part he was obliged to act that he retired from the room, and did not again make his appearance. . . . Permission having been given him to give the word of command, he called out, in a clear and firm voice: 'Soldiers, form line!' when six drew themselves up about ten feet from him. 'Prepare arms—present!' and having in his possession a gold repeater with his wife's miniature upon it, he drew it from his pocket, and as he raised it to his lips called out: 'Fire!' He fell back against a door, and as he appeared to struggle, three soldiers who had been placed on a roof above, fired a volley at his head, which put him out of pain. It appears that Murat had shown considerable favour (while king) to this village of Pizzo, and it was probably from a recollection of this that he selected Pizzo for his foolhardy attempt."—*C. T. R.*, pp. 107–8.

"Most of the welfare of Pizzo is due to the tunny-fishery. The harbour is not well sheltered, the libeccio blowing straight in-shore. From Monte Petrizzi the Gulf of Squillace on the other side of the peninsula is equally in view with this of S. Eufemia, the breadth being about twenty-one miles. The whole coast is instinct with the

sense of those first settlers who, coasting round the silent promontories, ran their keels upon the shelving shore, and drew them up along the strand. Vesuvius was a peaceful hill on which the olive and vine might slumber. Those fishing-boats with lateen-sail are such as bore the heroes from their ten years' toil at Troy. Those shadowy islands caught the gaze of Aeneas straining for the promised land. Lilies and jonquils and hyacinths stand, each straight upon his stem—a youth, as Greeks imagined, slain by his lover's hand, or dead for love of his own loveliness, or cropped in love's despite by death. Scarlet and white anemones are there, some born of Adonis' blood, and some of Aphrodite's tears. Beneath the olive-trees, among the flowers and ferns, move stately maidens and bare-chested youths. Some are singing in the fields an antique, world-old monotone of song. Yonder tall, straight girl whose pitcher, poised upon her head, might have been filled by Electra or Chrysothemis with lustral waters for a father's tomb, carries her neck as nobly as a Fate of Pheidias. Her body sways upon the hips, where rests her modelled arm."—*J. A. Symonds, Greek Poets*, pp. 416–17, 1st series.

One of the nearest villages to us, Filadelfia, on yonder hill, recalls the vanished Greek, whose blood, however, does still flow unmistakably here and there among these mountains. Casino Chiarico brings us to the nearest point to Maida, across some flat land, where Sir John Stuart defeated a French army which came over the Lamato to give him battle for the occupation of Calabria, in July 1806. The results were not important, and the British fortified Scilla and crossed into Sicily.

"The plain extends for upwards of twenty miles, is low and marshy, being traversed by the river Lamato, the ancient Lametes, which overflows its banks in the winter season. Except in the immediate vicinity of Nicastro the country was uncultivated, serving, however, for pasture to large herds of buffaloes and wild horses. The few peasants whom we passed had a sickly appearance and showed evident marks of being subject to the pestilential effluvia of the marshes. Maida, situated on a hill overlooking the plain and situated almost equidistant from two seas, and in that part of Calabria which is least mountainous, enjoys a free current of air that renders a sojourn here delightful. . . . The isthmus which separates the two seas here is narrow, and it is said that Dionysius the elder proposed to erect a fortification across to defend the southern part of Italy from the wild Bruttians; the Greek cities, however, were unwilling that this should be done."—*C. T. R.*, p. 97.

A few miles from Maida, at the junction of the roads from Nicastro and Tiriolo, occurs the village of **Vena**, where there is a fifteenth-century colony of Albanians, like that at Piano dei Greci, near Palermo (1488).

The old carriage-road continues, leaving Vena above it on the right, to **Tiriolo** (2165 ft.), with two parish churches, and remains of an unknown ancient town in its neighbourhood.

"The inhabitants of Tiriolo * are a race of sturdy mountaineers, and its women are particularly striking for their Amazonian figures. Their dress adds to their masculine appearance. I met several who were carrying water on their heads, and I could not but admire the magnificence of their forms. They had their gown tucked up so completely behind them that it could scarcely be observed, while a piece of red cloth, employed as a petticoat, was carelessly wrapped round them, and as it opened displayed a snow-white chemise reaching to their knees. They wore neither shoes nor stockings. The men were clothed in a loose mantle, and wore the conical-shaped hat which is the usual protection for the head in the South of Italy. . . . I ascended to the summit of a lofty hill behind the village, from which Etna and Stromboli can easily be distinguished, when the horizon is unclouded. . . . The plains of Maida and Catazaro lay before me, and beyond them the mountains again

* Taurianos.

rose with the same abruptness and continued their course. To the north my view was confused by mountains towering one above another; to the east my eye rested on a point of land which I knew to form the promontory of Capo delle Colonne, the site of an ancient temple."—*C. T. R.*, p. 135.

The railroad is joined before approaching S. Eufemia by a line to Nicastro and Catanzaro, which forms the easiest way of reaching Tiriolo. **Nicastro** retains its mediæval walls and a Norman castle, wherein Frederick II. detained his rebellious son Henry, who is erroneously said to have died here, 1235. He died at Martirano. A Duomo was built in honour of S. Pietro by Eremberga, daughter of the Duke of Calabria, outside the town, in 1100; but it was ruined in 1638 by an earthquake, which demolished the archives and the palace of the bishop. The inhabitants preserve traditions of the Greek Church rites. In the vicinity are mineral baths. Martirano, some eight miles north of this, on the slope of Monte Goliero, is a bishopric, dating from the seventh century. Near it are the remains of Mamerkim (Strabo, p. 261). Near the sources of the Bruttian Metaurus Angelo Greco, bishop in the days of Pius II. (Eneas Sylvius), was a humanist poet of fame.

Nocera Terinese is on a slope, planted with mulberries, overlooking the Savuto, which reaches the bay at a distance of three miles; near its mouth are the ruins of Terina, from which the gulf derived its ancient name, "Sinus Terinaeus" (Thucid. vi. 104). It was destroyed by Hannibal during the Second Punic War. It had been one of the towns of the Italian Achaean league, with Croton, Caulonia, Temesa, and Pyxus, which ruled from sea to sea, and struck its own large silver coins. The spot is called Torre del Piano. "I met several shepherds at breakfast on excellent curds, and I was not sorry to partake of their hospitality. I bought a few coins and terra-cotta figures that had been found in this vicinity. The variety and beauty of the silver coins of **Terina** prove the importance of the town, and belong, for the most part, to the best period of Greek art. There is usually a winged female figure on the reverse, which is probably intended for the Siren Ligeia, who is reported to have been buried on a rocky islet known as Pietra della Nave. The ridge of the Apennines runs along about a mile from the shore, rising to no considerable height, and wooded to the summit."—*C. T. R.*, p. 96. **Amantea** is regarded as the **Clampetia** which Pliny (iii. 72) mentions as being in ruins. Monte Coccuzzo, lifting itself 5060 ft., forms a grand feature in the otherwise beautiful landscape here, behind which lies **Cosenza** (10 hours' diligence). The train brings us to **Belmonte** and **Longobardi,** whose name tells us of the Lombard dominion and its stronghold in the struggle with the Greek emperors and the Popes; in fact, of the frontier of their Duchy of Beneventum in its early form. **Fiume Freddo Bruzio**, between two glens, has mediæval ruins, and the women make lace ornaments similar to those at **Paola** (Palycus ?), with a still finer ruined castle of the Spinelli, situated overlooking a ravine spanned by a bridge,

which in *c.* 1416 gave birth to the famous **S. Francesco di Paola,** founder of the Order of Minims, and special Confessor to Louis XI., who built for him a convent at Plessis, and another at Amboise. He had been educated by the Franciscans of S. Marco, ten miles northward, and thence made a pilgrimage to Assisi. Returning thence he took up his abode in a cave on the coast near Paola. Joined by other devotees, and helped by the charitable religions, he was enabled to formalise a Rule for his disciples, whom he enjoined to consider themselves the least (Minimi) in the house of the Lord. Sixtus IV. gave them his patronage, and they took "Caritas" as their motto; and the rumour of miracles wrought by the Holy **Francesco** speedily spread his fame into Europe. He died, aged ninety-one, in 1508, at Plessis-les-Tours, where his remains were buried. In 1562, however, the Huguenots burnt them. In the **Monastery of S. Francesco di Paola,** beautifully situated, a mile from the town, and built in 1626, is a fountain, which the saint, like Moses, is held to have caused to gush from the earth, and of which the waters are considered a specific for every disease. The pigeons are regarded as sacred to him.

Paola has 9000 inhabitants, a fairly comfortable inn (*Regina d'Italia*), and a direct road through beautiful scenery to Cosenza, already described. In all historic periods practically the whole of this region has suffered, in addition to what has been inflicted upon it by earthquake and struggles, from the scourge of brigandage, to which the said struggles have supplied natural force. The nature of the country, with its lofty mountains, grand forests, and tortuous ravines, has provided a convenient theatre for the tragic events which have helped to desolate it, and the recollection of them has written itself in letters of blood and fire in the minds of the people. Above all districts has been signalised this region known as Regia Sila, comprised between **Catanzaro, Cerenzia, Acri,** and **Cosenza.** One of the most notorious of brigands, Marco Berardi di Mangone, driven to the life of a Calabrian outlaw by the iniquities of the Holy Inquisition in 1561, became known as the **Re di Sila,** or King of the Mountains, the terror of Spanish viceroys, the barons, and of the Inquisitors. He was the Grand Signor, with really noble ideas for the freedom of his land and compatriots; not one of the degraded cut-throats, like Musolino, taking to a life of murder for sport and love of it. The Inquisition, after promising pardon to any of his followers who abandoned him, hanged and burned some of them. In spite of these defections, Marco held his own against Papal excommunication, viceregal generals, and the Holy Office for several years. Success did not spoil him or obscure his ideal of liberating Calabria from its oppressors; but it had the effect of undisciplining his comrades in arms, and causing many to degenerate into vulgar spies. In the end he defeated all his enemies and false friends by retiring with his mistress, Giuditta, to a favourite

cavern, and dying perhaps by self-administered poison. There the Spanish officers found the bodies entwined in a last embrace.

Another terrific period of brigandage prevailed when **Cardinal Ruffo** overshadowed Calabria with his iniquitous despotism. Many of the brigands of that period were also men who took to crime in order to obtain justice. Doubtless plenty of criminals of lower kinds joined them. That was chargeable to the maladministration of the Bourbons and their officials—the extortionate descendants of Verres and Flaccus. On August 15, 1806, the populous townlet of **Acri** found itself beset with brigands from Corigliano, Casali di Cosenza, and Longo-buco, while its rich proprietors, their friends and retainers, were fleeing half naked in all directions. All of these that were caught were tied by the legs and brought back half dead to the Piazza, spitted and sliced, and set to roast, amid the howling applause of the maddened people. **Francatrippa,** the commander of the bands, was nicknamed Tacca-pitta, *i.e.*, the cake-cutter, from his ferocious quartering of bodies. He was at length taken by the French troops and roasted by them between two fires, blaspheming to the last. The methods resorted to under Murat in order to suppress brigandage were on a level with the ferocity of the brigands themselves. The brigands who did not die fighting usually died under torture or at the stake, or succeeded in fleeing to Sicily. Benincasa, a leader betrayed by some of his followers, was tied, like Samson, while he slept in a wood near Cassano, and taken into Cosenza. There General Manhes ordered his hands to be struck off, and him to be taken mutilated round the town of **S. Giovanni,** his native place. First, they cut off his right hand and tied up the stump, so as to keep him alive. He did not utter a sound, but with terrific cynicism held out the other hand to the board. The two hands were then hung by strings upon his chest. The same day he was escorted from Cosenza to San Giovanni, in Fiore. One of the soldiers gave him some food and drink. The next evening he slept, but in the morning he refused the ministrations of the priest sent to him, and ascended the ladder to his death with *sang-froid*.

In 1865 a brigand band, commanded by the famous **Pietro Bianchi,** appeared at **Colle,** near **Petrona,** and captured seven men and fourteen women, whom they took away to a place called **Maccolata.** News of this enormity reaching the authorities, they sent a force to encounter the brigands. The latter, finding themselves in a difficult pass, cut off two heads of their victims and sent them to the officer in command, threatening to send the rest if the pursuit were continued. While this was going on, some of the brigands were dancing and drinking, and others were playing the guitar, and . . . and the authorities retired.

In 1876 Sijnardi and his band took vengeance on a headherdsman of Signor Berlingieri, of Cotrone, boiled him alive

in the forest of Sila, and compelled his subordinates to eat him.

The Calabrian brigand, as the trial of Musolino only the other day (1902) revealed, is full of superstitious fancies. If he wishes his affair on hand (*affaruccio*) to go well, he sends to the *curé* of his village a few soldi to say a mass to the Madonna for him. If it turns out well, he will perhaps send a rich necklace to the image of the Virgin in the church. To the Madonna he owes all, and would on no account offend her by eating meat on the day sacred to her—Wednesday. It is therefore kept over till Friday or Saturday.

Continuing by **Fuscaldo, Guardia** is passed, where a colony of Waldensians has been settled since the fourteenth century on land said to have been given to them by the Spinelli. The first settlement of the sect in Calabria, however, was at Borgo d'Oltremontani, near **Montatto.** In 1500 more came from *Freyssinieres* and settled at the town of **Volture.** At the Reformation those in *Guardia* numbered about four thousand. They used to be visited every two years by "reggitori," or elders, who made circuits of visitation which were reported to General Councils of the sect. In 1530 Calabria housed ten thousand of them, and Venetia six thousand. The toleration of King Robert the Wise, or rather the peculiar patronage of the heretical **Fraticelli** by Queen Sancia and all the Majorcan royal family, enabled the Waldenses and other heretics (so called) to lead comparatively immune lives in these remote districts of their realm. **Guardia**, consequently, is called Guardia Piemontese. In 1561 the Church of Rome authorised a severe persecution under the Viceroy of Naples, the Duke of Alcala, who ordered Scipione Spinelli, Count of Guardia, to arrest the heretics. This resulted in a siege of that town, which at last fell by Spinelli's treachery to the besieged. The end was a massacre, and Luigi Pascale, the head of the Waldenses, was burned alive by order of the Inquisitor. The duke, having killed a great many, forbade all communication with the survivors, and prohibited marriage with them until such time as the true faith should flourish amongst them, and their false doctrines be entirely rooted out. The Neapolitans experienced great difficulty in keeping the Inquisition from being established in their midst after the Spanish model. Several individuals were burnt there for heresy in 1564. They sent a successful embassy to Madrid, requesting that Naples should have imposed upon her the Holy Office. A Dominican friend assures me that this was deplorable, and that it accounts for the present wickedness of Naples. The costume at Guardia is pretty—a blue skirt edged with scarlet, a scarlet petticoat, a black velvet bodice, laced behind, white linen sleeves, and panni over the head, with gold earrings.

The line passes by **Casalicchio,** Cetraro, and several picturesque fishing villages, some low down on the coast, and some perched

on cliffs above the sea, with distant views of Monte Montea (5850 ft.) to **Belvedere-Maritimo,** and S. Gineto on the right between, all of which mainly live on the harvest of lemons and anchovies; though Belvedere also boasts excellent wine and raisins. Moreover, the so-called manna forms an article of commerce here. This is an exudation obtained in July and August from the ash-tree (Fraxinus ornus), which is assisted by gashes made in the trees near their bases. It issues in slow drops which harden into long lumps, smelling like honey. The peasants call it "forzata" when obtained in this way.

Passing well behind **Cape Diamante,** we reach **Cirella Maiera** with its island, beyond which a little was situated **Cirella Vecchia** of the ancients. It would be difficult to describe anything more ominously impressive than a storm that overtook us here on crossing the mountains from Tarsia. The morning had been quite sunny, and Nature wore her freshest mantling. The air became hazy, and soon clouds rose in the south, which gradually caked into smoke-like wreaths and curls, like huge steel-grey nuggets, seeming highly agitated within themselves, although beneath them all remained calm as the sea, which was like oil. Then we noticed birds fleeing inland, as if in affright, uttering quick staccato cries. Over the distant waters the deep shadows began to betray roughness, and white breakers could be descried. Then the first thunders muttered and rolled, and a blast of sudden wind, like a mad being, swept over and around us, and then fell to abrupt silence again. The dry heat became more and more intolerable. Suddenly the lightning sprang out from the mountains behind: another storm had risen and broken there. Then large flashes whipped across the sea in front of us and from side to side, while the air became dark with an electric fog, through which the hail and thunder began to rage.

Five miles northward the river **Lao,** which formed the ancient delimitation between Bruttium and Lucania, descending from **Viggiarello,** finds the sea. The city of Laos (Strabo, vi.) had been founded by the Sybarites, after being driven out of their own town by the people of Croton. It remained a Greek city, even under the later Samnite rule. Traces of an aqueduct, and cipollino and other marbles are found, indicating some life in comparatively late days. "The marshes formed at the mouth of the river cause the autumnal months to be particularly unhealthy." The line crosses the marsh to **Scalea** (Locanda degli Orefici), overlooked by a mediæval castle, which, situated at the declivity of a branch of the mountains, and formed by terrace above terrace, thus receives its name. Among the superstitious notions entertained here "per allontanare la malia," is one that the repetition of the numbers eight and nine will prove sufficient. *La strega,* or the witch, is held in lively awe. In spring-time birds arrive in the neighbourhood from Africa, fat thrushes feasting on the olive, starlings, ducks, quails, and woodcock,

and the favoured swallow. The oranges and lemons are especially good here, and we recollect the exquisite vino Moschato, or Moscadella of Diamante. Beyond **Scalea** is the rocky island of **Dino,** and the landscape on our right becomes flattish once more as the mountains turn inland by **Tortora** to **Castelluccio.** The line runs along the coast by Castrocucco, piercing several tunnels, to **Maratea,** at the mouth of a valley, and on the slope of a hill girdled with mountains. Above it stands the monastery of S. Biagio (S. Blaise), where an annual miracle was formerly provided by the ingenious monks in the shape of medicinal manna exuded by a statue of Christ. Blanda Julia is situated not on the coast near here, but two miles from the mouth of the Noce, on the summit of a hill, with good traces of polygonal walls, and plenty of rough pottery. Maratea drives trade in cheese and pork. From this point we follow the northern arm of the Gulf of **Policastro,** with Punta degli Infreschi, while on our right a new line traverses the base of another spur to Lago Negro. The next spot of any interest is **Sapri.** The ancient Scidros, where another portion of the inhabitants driven out of Sybaris, 510 B.C., are known to have settled, was perhaps situated at Camarelle, half a mile to the north. "Here many coins and cameos have been found, and the foundations of houses are still to be seen. More particularly are considerable remains of a theatre, with eight arches and some of the steps, still existing, two small aqueducts, city walls of a reticulated structure, a porticus of considerable length." The line now turns north of M. Bulgheria, leaving the town of **Policastro,** the ancient Buxentum, originally Pyxus, founded by Micythus, tyrant of Messana, 471 B.C., and one of the cities of the Italic Achaean League, but later a Roman colony. It was destroyed in A.D. 915, by the Saracens, and again, by Robert Guiscard, in 1065; and was sacked yet once more by Raimondo di Cardona, the Catalan admiral employed by Frederick, King of Sicily, against King Robert the Wise, of Naples, in 1320. Four years later the latter monarch handed it over to Bartolommeo Roveto, of Genoa, to repopulate with Genoese exiles. The Turks sacked it in 1542, and it never afterwards recovered, although the fishery is productive.

Buxentum gave birth to the Emperor Severus Libius (461–465); but after another century, in 591, it became deserted owing to the ravages of Zotto, Duke of the Lombards of Beneventum, after he had stormed Monte Casino. "Political feelings run very high here, and they show thus their secret feelings to each other, condemning their enemies by the Sanbenito Cross, used in former times by the Inquisition to indicate the flames in which the impenitent were to be destroyed. The Neapolitans call a door thus marked, 'Macreata,' and at one period it became so serious a nuisance, and created such bad blood, that a law had to be passed against the practice, inflicting the severest penalties on all who should be guilty of damning

their neighbours in this way."—*C. T. R.*, p. 49. The line entirely misses the lofty limestone **Cape Palinurus,** which juts forth whitely into the sea beyond the mouth of the Molpa, immortalised as the spot where the plucky pilot of Aeneas was wrecked, swam ashore, but was murdered (or sacrificed to the sea?) by the natives.

"O Nimium coelo et pelago consise sereno
Nudus in ignota, Palinure, jacebis arvena."
Aen. v. 870.

"Ossa piabunt,
Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo solemnia mittent,
Eternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit."
Ibid. vi. 379.

"As we cleared the promontory, I found Palinurus to present three distinct headlands, called by the inhabitants Punto di Quaglia (Quail-point), where quails are taken in great numbers; Frontone, which is the principal point; and Punto di Molpa—so called from the river close beside it. It was the scene of several shipwrecks mentioned in ancient writings, and was particularly fatal to a fleet of Augustus, who himself narrowly escaped a watery grave at this spot. The bones of his sailors were, according to a tradition of the inhabitants, collected and placed in a grotto, which I was on my way to visit, called from that circumstance La Grotta di Osse. I found it a cave containing a fine collection of stalactites. I left it satisfied that it had no pretensions to be considered the natural curiosity which native writers would have the world to imagine."—*C. T. R.*, p. 40.

The reputed tomb of Palinurus is pointed out at Torrione, three miles away, in a mediæval tower. Before the Alento flows into the sea occurs the hill-village of **Ascea,** the Dorian Elea (Castell' a Mare della Bruccà), founded by the Phoceans. It possessed two good harbours * in former days, as well as a good climate. Zeno was born here, and it became the centre of his Philosophical School. It boasted also a famous temple of Demeter. Cicero tells us that Trebatius had estates here (*Ep. ad Fam.* vii. 20), and it was probably from hence that the orator wrote to Trebatius during his flight, after Caesar's death, to Rhegium. In his *Epistles* (i. 15) Horace, being of a mind to try some other southern port than Baia for his health, asks Vala (C. Numonius) for information about them: "Quae sit hiems Veliae?" The **Alento** is, of course, the Hales, "nobilis amnis," fed by three streams. The large townlet above the line is Vallo, abounding in tanneries, and with a Dominican convent. The myrtle is largely used in the tanneries. After the skins have been soaked in lime-water they are covered with dried leaves of the plant, which both absorb the moisture and impart a pleasant odour to them.

We now have the Lucanian mountains on both sides, with white or mud-coloured villages sprinkled on their flanks, and the line cuts through the valley toward the plains of Paestum, in

* "Portusque require Velinos."—*Aen.* vi. 366.

order to avoid the fine promontory of **Cape Licosa**.* These are the Monte Petelini, whose inhabitants so bravely withstood the Phoenician troops of Hannibal in maintaining their loyalty to Rome. Here also, in 71 B.C., Spartacus defeated the Roman vanguard during his retreat before Crassus. The scenery here is wild and grand, with hanging chestnut woods and oak, clinging to solemn rocky ravines and gullies. After woody **Torchiara**,† the blue Gulf of Salerno is reached, with little grey **Agropoli** clinging like a clot of limpets to the rocky coast, on our left, and the two **Capaccio** towns, once the haunt of "briganti," upon the lonely hills before us, on our right. The inhabitants of Agropoli maintain that S. Paul lingered there while on his way to Rome, and they still show the print of his foot. In the ninth century, owing to the shameless debility of the Lombard Princes of Salerno, the Saracens took and held Agropoli for about forty years, pillaging the neighbouring coast-towns at their pleasure. Campo Saraceno still commemorates their unwelcome sojourn.

"A flat promenade or platform half surrounded by seats, and a balustrade, the resort of the evening idlers of Palmi, is terminated at one end by the clustering churches and other buildings of the town, and at the other sinks down into the blue sea, a perpendicular cactus-clothed precipice. Immediately above the town frowns a bluff point, the sides of which also shelve downward, and are lost in a world of olive and orange groves, a feathery palm-tree peering here and there over the little houses embosomed in the luxuriant foliage. Beyond is spread a wide expanse of sea, with the single town of Scilla sparkling at the foot of its cliff, while pale Etna, with its snowy point, closes this most beautiful prospect. There are many pretty bits of landscape around this charming spot—grey rocks and olives, or gay gardens, with the town of Bagnara seen afar off between the graceful branches of the trees."—*E. Lear, Landscape Painter in Calabria.*

The **Lipari Islands** (Aeoliae Insulae, from Aeolus, King of the Winds), the nearest being Vulcano (1637 ft.), Lipari, Panaria, and Stromboli; the others, Saline, Filicudi (2540 ft.), and Alicuri (2175 ft.). The eruptions on the first-named island, Monte Aria, in ancient days gave a name to all similar activities of nature. In classical times it was regarded as the forge of Hephaestus; in the Middle Ages as the place of torment of the Arian emperor, Theodosius. Its fires still emit sulphurous vapours. Lipari (13½ sq. miles) is the most important island of the group, and is the see of a bishop, whose cathedral is enclosed in the castle built by Charles V.

* Posidium of Strabo (p. 252).

† Description of a locanda, or tavern, at **Torchiara** by *C. T. R.*: "There was only one apartment, and it was crowded with peasants. It was not plastered, was low-roofed, dark and dingy, though it perhaps looked more so from the bright sunshine which I had just left. I glanced hurriedly over the contents of the little shop while I called for a flask of wine. As the apartment was small, they had everything suspended from the roof, except the wine; hams, which seemed to be well dried and smoked; long strings of sausages; small round cheeses made from goat's milk; and a variety of dried fruits, such as raisins and figs, which were hung up in nets. Two tolerably sized casks of wine completed the contents of the shop. There were three small tables and several benches of the rudest construction, on which were lolling several Salvator-Rosa-looking men, their countenances exhibiting the same angular form and the same dark piercing eye. Some had evidently drunk a sufficient quantity of my host's wine, and were very boisterous in their mirth."—

"Viewed at night-time, Stromboli (50 square miles; 3040 ft.) presents a striking and singular spectacle. The mountain, owing to its elevation, is visible over an area having a radius of more than 100 miles. When watched from the deck of a vessel anywhere within this area, a glow of red light is seen to make its appearance from time to time above the summit of the mountain; this glow of light may be observed to increase gradually in intensity, and then as gradually to die away. After a short interval the same appearances are repeated, and this goes on till the increasing light of the dawn causes the phenomenon to be no longer visible. The resemblance presented by Stromboli to a 'flashing light' on a most gigantic scale is very striking, and the mountain has long been known as 'the lighthouse of the Mediterranean.'

"When we land upon the island, we find that it is entirely built up of such materials as we know to be ejected from volcanoes; indeed, it resembles on a gigantic scale the surroundings of an iron furnace, with its heaps of cinders and masses of slag. This great heap of cindery and slaggy materials rises to a height of more than 3000 feet above the sea level, but even this measurement does not give an idea of its vast bulk. Soundings in the sea surrounding the island show that the bottom gradually shelves around the shores to the depth of nearly 600 fathoms, so that Stromboli is a great conical mass of cinders and slaggy material, having a height of over 6000 feet and a base whose diameter exceeds four miles."—*Judd's Volcanoes.*

The *Duomo* of Lipari is dedicated to S. Bartolommeo. His resting-place was pillaged by the Saracens A.D. 831, who hurled his leaden coffin into the sea. It, however, floated, was noticed by a Greek monk, who fished it ashore. He then perceived that the bones were luminous, and thus knew they belonged to the disciple. Forthwith he carried them, together with his story, to Benevento, where they became enshrined by the Lombard Duke Sicardo, A.D. 839.

CHAPTER XII

CASSANO TO POTENZA *via* METAPONTO

Torre Cerchiara : Francavilla : Trebisacce : Amendolara : Roseto : Capo Spulico : Rocca Imperiale : Policoro : Nova Siri : The Sinno : Anglona : Scanzano : Tavola dei Paladini : Metaponto : Ferrandina : Tricarico : Potenza : Muro.

Sibari (station), a few miles north of the Crati, was formerly called Buffaloria, is a junction situated ten miles from Cassano, on a rich plain watered by the Coscile as it descends to join the Crati. The first station reached is **Torre Cerchiara,** many miles distant from the town, on the high ground inland.

"Immediately after leaving Cassano, I crossed a small stream, **Raganello,** the ancient Cylistarrus, and soon reached **Francavilla,**, a wretched-looking village, though myrtles, pomegranates, figs, and oranges showed that nature was ready to bestow her choicest blessing. The villages still continued to be situate on the heights at several miles from the sea to protect them from the Turkish corsairs, who used to land and carry off the inhabitants as slaves. This state of things still continued to exist within the memory of the present generation, as I found a coastguard at the village of **Trebisacce,** where I stopped a few hours during the heat of the day, who had been taken prisoner about thirty years ago and carried off to Algiers."—*C. T. R.*, pp. 157–8.

Eight miles north, after **Trebisacce,** occurs **Amendolara,** the birthplace of Pomponio Laeto, the Humanist antiquarian (1425–1497), who was persecuted as a heretic by Paul II. It crowns an insulated cone of rock commanding extensive views, and leads to **Roseto,** in beautiful scenery (too often missed by travellers passing in the night), with **Capo Spulico** stretching into the Gulf of Taranto, on the right. Most of the rivers we have passed, the Coscile, Straface, and now the Ferro, have their sources **in Monte Pollino** (7450 ft.) and its chain, but have more the character of torrents than of true rivers. The cotton grown in this region is of high grade, and becomes ripe to gather in November.

Rocca Imperiale takes its name from a stronghold of Frederick II., which crowned its summit. In the war of the Sicilian Vespers it was besieged, together with **Cotrone** and **Squillace,** by Frederick III. (Aragon), and fell in 1294, although gallantly held by John de Montfort for Charles II. of Naples. At **Policoro** a hundred Frenchmen were taken and killed. This was at the time when Ruggiero di Lauria, the redoubtable, was the Sicilian commander-in-chief on the seas. After **Nova Siri** and the Canna, which separates the province of Calabria from Basilicata, we reach the ancient Siris, with Torre de Sinno at its mouth.

"The Sinno is a considerable stream. It is said to have been navigable for several miles into the interior. I passed it about a mile from its mouth on the back of my mule, and I am sure that at present no vessel could ascend it except a very flat-bottomed boat. When I left the banks of the Sinno, which were certainly very beautiful, the appearance of the country no longer bore any resemblance to the glowing description given it by the poet Archilochus, who asserts that there was no spot more lovely than the country around Siris (*Athenaeus*, xii. p. 523 c.)."—*C. T. R.*, p. 160.

The scenery, with marshes dark with myrtle, arbutus, and lentisk-bushes, is interesting. Of **Anglona*** nothing remains but its **Church of S. Maria,** on the top of a hill, the Emperor Frederick having first destroyed it. Paul III. (Farnese) transferred its bishopric to Tarsi (1546).

Policoro, the Polychorion of the Byzantine rulers, had a university in 1303, when it was granted by Charles II. of Anjou an annual fair. After being long deserted, it came into the hands of the Order of Jesus.

"The famous Heraclean Tables of Bronze (at Naples since 1760) were found at **Luce** in 1735, between **Heraclea** and **Metaponto.** They refer to the Lex Julia Municipalis, dating 458 B.C., and contain police regulations for the city of Rome, and rules for the constitution of communities and local legislation (*cf. Vermischte Schriften Savigny*, vol. iii. pp. 279–313). The flourishing state of the arts in this town is proved by the beauty and variety of its coins. What a change from the busy scenes of former days! It is now haunted by the wild buffalo and droves of untamed horses."—*C. T. R.*, p. 162.

Scanzano and **San Basilio Pisticci** are passed, and at **Metaponto** we are two hundred and sixty-seven miles from Reggio, by the old route. Horses can be hired at the ristorante of the station for visiting the remains of the ancient city and the **Tavola dei Paladini,** an hour and a half's walk inland. (Better bargain for guide and horses, 3 lire.)

"In the political disturbances which attend the struggle for power, hundreds of citizens were forced to change their residence. So we find the mother cities sending settlers to Italy, to Sicily, and to the islands. In these colonies the real life and vigour of Hellas show themselves at this stage more than in the mother States. It is in Sicily, on the coast of Magna Graecia, on the seaboard of Asia Minor . . . that the first poets and philosophers and historians of Greece appear."—*Symonds, Greek Poets*, p. 13, 1st series.

And again:

"The only true poets of the last (and fifth) period (of the decline) are the Sicilian Idyllists. Over the waning day of Greek poetry, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus cast the sunset hues of their excessive beauty. Genuine and exquisite is their inspiration; pure and sincere and true is their execution."

Metaponto is held to have been founded by Leucippus and a colony of Achaeans on the site of a still earlier settlement. Driven out of **Croton** (Cotrone), Pythagoras is believed by some

* *Anglona* is held by some authorities to have occupied the site of the camp of King Pyrrhus, previous to his great victory over Laevinus, 280 B.C., near Heraclea; after which the victors found 7000 dead Romans and 4000 of their own forces strewing the battlefield, and which caused almost all the Greek towns to join Pyrrhus and greatly tried the faith of Venusia and other Romanised towns. "Another victory of this kind, and I shall return alone to Epirus," exclaimed the king after all was over.

to have settled, together with his philosophic sect, and to have died here. His tomb was shown in Cicero's day, though the city had disappeared from history after the Second Punic War. Pausanias describes it as being in ruins. The beautiful coins bear, obverse, the head of the founder helmeted, and reverse an ear of corn. Strabo says that the Metapontines once dedicated a harvest at Delphi. They, like their compatriots at **Tarentum,** bravely resisted Hannibal and his Phoenicians, and he departed into **Bruttium** (Calabria). In the gladiatorial war of Spartacus the city was stormed, and the citizens were massacred, or made to kill one another (71 B.C.). Now, the circuit of the city, which was west of the Bradanus, is only marked by the elevation of the soil and the quantity of Greek coins and fragments of terra-cotta found by the Contadini. A collection is to be seen in a house near the station, where the usual forgeries of Roman and Greek lamps and vases also occur. The farmhouses, far and near, are built out of the remains, which, however, are now duly protected by the Government. The **Lagone di S. Pelacina** may represent a portion of the ancient harbour. At **Tavola dei Paladini** is to be seen the principal ruin of Metapontum. The peasants assert that a Saracenic leader has dined on the top of each of the columns of this Doric temple. The north and south side columns (10 north, and 5 south) of the peristylium alone remain, and are crumbling fast. In 1828 the Duc de Luynes excavated the remains of another Doric temple,* the beautiful frieze of which used to be in the Cabinet de Médailles at Paris. The neighbouring farm and church, "di Sansone," are mainly constructed of its fine blocks. South-west of the **Tavola dei Paladini** is a line of tombs, which doubtless followed the line of a road outside the walls.

"**Metaponto** is an interesting spot as the scene of the last days of the philosopher Pythagoras, whose house was consecrated as a temple of Ceres, and whose tomb was still to be seen in the days of Cicero. It had been for several hundred years one of the most opulent of the cities of Magna Graecia; its territory was distinguished for fertility; especially in the growth of corn, and now it only serves as pasture ground for a few half-fed cattle and wild horses. The few inhabitants whom I saw had the pale emaciated look of malarial fever, to which the whole of this coast is subject, though the nature of the ground has in no way changed, and I do not doubt that it might again be made fit for the residence of a large population if the streams were confined within their banks, and the land was brought under regular cultivation. Cicero (*De Amicitia*, 4) speaks of the decayed state of all the cities in this part of Italy, and Pausanias (vi. 19), who lived about 130 A.D., mentions Metapontum as being in his time completely in ruins, and says that nothing remained of it but the theatre and the circuit of its walls. It is curious he does not refer to the Temple which still exists, as it must have been a remarkable object even in his time.

"The ruins of Metapontum are found at a spot called Chiesa di Sansone, near the mouth of the river **Bradano**, the ancient Bradanus. Here are considerable remains of the foundations of buildings. I proceeded about two miles up the bank of the Bradanus until I reached the largest remains of any ancient monument that I had seen since I left the temples of Paestum. It is a temple situated on rising ground near the right bank of the river, and known as the **Tavola dei Paladini** (Arthur's Table). There are fifteen columns still remaining, five on one side and ten on the other. It is of the Doric order, though it has not the imposing massiveness of the columns adorning the temples of Paestum."—*C. T. R.*, p. 164.

* Attributed to Apollo.

The line to Naples, *via* **Potenza,** now passes up the valley of the **Basento,** through country where the chief branches of industry are the cultivation of cotton and saffron. Many plants used in dyeing grow in Southern Italy, among which are the alder, various species of polygonum, carthamum (or bastard saffron), and robbia, or madder—the rubia of Pliny (xix. 47 ; xxiv. 94), all of which were used by the ancients, both for tinting their food and their raiment, together with many more derived from remoter sources. **Bernalda** (eight miles) was a fortified place, with remains of ancient walls and two gates. **Pisticci** is in rich forest-land.

Ferrandina owes its name to Ferdinand of Aragon (King of Naples), grows excellent wine, and boasts many charitable institutions. Thence we took mules and crossed the valley of Pomarico to Montescaglioso, once a fief of the Del Balzo family (fourteenth century), and thence to Matera, which, however, is best reached from Altamura. **Salandra Grottole,** with a castle, near the source of the Salandrella (above Accettura), stands amid grand scenery.

At **Tricarico** the inhabitants believe their town (the seat of an important bishopric*) to have been founded by Diomedes after the siege of Troy. It is a small but picturesque town. **Albano** follows. In the neighbourhood between these two, at Piano della Cività, are the remains of an unidentified walled city. There are still more remains near Pietrapertusa and Calciano (ruined castle of S. Caterina), and at Trivigno. At Brindisi-Montagna is a mediæval castle.

Potenza (Albergo Lombardo) (12,300 inhabitants) is the capital of the province of Lombardo, rebuilt since 1857, situated on a gentle hill of the Apennines. The Duomo is dedicated to S. Gerardo, and the bishopric dates from the fifth century (Potentia). Below it flows the Basento, which we have been following since Metaponto, the ancient Casuentus. The original town lay at La Murata. Potenza was destroyed by earthquake in 1268. From here Acerenza ought to be visited *via* Avigliano and Pietra Galla. The entire vicinity is pre-eminently beautiful, with splendid defiles and wooded cliffs, and peaks not to be forgotten. **Acerenza,** on Monte Volture, occupies the site of Horace's "Celsae nidum Acherontiae" (*Od.* iii. 4, 14). The Duomo, dedicated to S. Cano, though seriously dilapidated, is one of the most interesting ones in Southern Italy, an not nearly enough known to the tourist or the antiquary. It dates from the thirteenth century, with a lofty quadrangular tower of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, at the south-west front, built in emulation of that at Sta. Chiara, Naples, chiefly out of the remains of classical edifices, restored, as a valuable inscription on one of the stones tells us, in the days of Julian the Apostate (A.D. 362), whose (supposed) fine portrait-bust, until lately, as an "antefixa," adorned the apex of the façade,

* Suffragan to Matera, 1068.

having, like the statue of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, escaped the fury of priest or fanatic, through being supposed to be that of Constantine. Acherontia was besieged in A.D. 547 by John, the colleague of Belisarius, in vain. Morras was still Totila's governor of it four years later. Narses restored it to the Empire. In 663 the Emperor Constans vainly attempted to wrest it from Romoald, the Lombard ruler. King Grimoald, father of the latter, is held to have built here a church and palace.

Avigliano may also be visited. **Muro-Lucano,** otherwise reached by road from Eboli (*see* p. 173), is a walled episcopal town of 8000 inhabitants, on the slope of a mountain of the same name, not far from the source of the **Bianco.** The brown walls look down over the valley below, and over the earthquake-riven land, league upon league. Here, in May 1382, Queen Joanna I. is related to have been suffocated by emissaries of Louis, King of Hungary, or by those of her adopted son, and successor (by force), Charles III. of Anjou. Chroniclers heighten the mysterious tragedy in various ways; but Boccaccio, who knew her well, and had his information from Florentine merchants, distinctly says: "Some say (and this is the more general belief) that she died a natural death, not thinking life worth living; nor herself deserving so wretched a fate. . . . Others, delighting in heightening the occurrence, have not hesitated to say that she was strangled with a rope, albeit not by the King's orders."

The train, after **Tito,** passes through very striking glen-scenery, having splendid views of precipices with sloping forests of beech and chestnut, some very old ones, hanging above the line. This forms the beautiful **Gola di Romagnano,** in which flows the **Platano;** and so by **Balvano,** with a Norman ruin, we can reach **Eboli,** and Naples.

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